

TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE:

NUMBERS XIX.—XXII.

FOR

**OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, 1833, AND
JANUARY, 1834.**

FIAT JUSTITIA.

VOLUME IV.

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM TAIT, 78, PRINCE'S STREET;
SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, LONDON; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN
MDCCCXXXIV.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

THE vacillating policy of the Whig Administration will not carry them through another Session. They must change their measures, or resign their places. The People are waxing powerful, as they become enlightened; and are already loud in their demands for relief from oppressive laws, passed during the long reign of Tory corruption and misrule. On every side resound cries for the Abolition of the Corn Laws, Tithes, Church Rates, Pensions, and Sinécures; for a total Separation between Church and State; for the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge; and for those grand securities for responsible Government, the Ballot, Short Parliaments, and an extension of the Electoral Franchise. Not one of these just demands will, we fear, be conceded by the Whigs, until the alternative appear less of place. Last Session, they resisted them all; they will resist them again in the Session immediately to be opened, unless the other alternative be forced upon them.

The vehemence with which the demands for relief will be reiterated by the People, and by the popular Members of the House of Commons, will cause a division of the nation into two great parties,—those who take their stand on the BILL, and those who would employ it as the instrument of progressive Reform. On one side will be the Aristocracy, consisting of the Tories and Conservative Whigs: on the other, the real Reformers, including the avowed Radical Reformers, and those who, although they call themselves Whigs or Independents, entertain Radical principles. The contest will be one of town against country; but it will be nearly the whole population of the towns against only the aristocratic part of the rural population. Fierce will be the strife between these two great divisions of the nation—long and severe the struggle for victory. We cannot be idle spectators of this great conflict. Our part is taken. For the rights of the People, and against the oppressive laws by which the Aristocracy seek to retain the means of plundering them, we shall contend with that earnestness and decision which enemies and friends alike admit to have distinguished the whole of our career.

How we shall be able most efficiently to serve the great cause of Civil and Religious Liberty has occupied much of our thoughts, since the Whig policy was developed in the last Session of Parliament. We have long been of opinion, that fighting on the People's side against the Aristocracy, with so aristocratic a weapon as a Magazine, the annual cost of which exceeds that of our chief adversary, the *Edinburgh Review*, by no less

than 25 per cent., was not the most effectual mode of maintaining the warfare. The idea of obtaining, by means of a reduction of price, a very large extension of that good circulation which we had instantaneously attained, notwithstanding the rather incongruous association of democratic principles with aristocratic price, constantly occurred to our minds. But having so much reason to be pleased with the success of this Magazine as a high-priced periodical, we had the natural reluctance of those who have done well and have something to lose, to venture upon a change. Among the numerous Monthly Magazines, published at 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d., we have every reason to believe that *Tait* has occupied the *third* place in point of circulation, and the *second* in point of profit to the proprietor. Were we inclined to make emolument, derived from catering for the public amusement, our sole object, not one of our monthly brethren has greater facilities for procuring an abundant supply of merely amusing matter; and were it our choice to retain our present high price, our prospects as a high-priced magazine are at least equal to those of the other magazines, one only excepted. But we have noted the universal decline in circulation of the expensive periodicals, for several years; and have watched the astonishing progress of cheap literature, with attentive eyes. A powerful current has set in against the dear periodicals, and in favour of the cheap. By the prodigious increase of the reading public, an immense circulation can now be obtained for any popular work, the price of which is made to correspond with the circumstances of those to whom the work is addressed. And the printing-machine, which is now getting into general use, affords the means of throwing off large impressions with the rapidity and cheapness required by the new system of publication, but which were previously unattainable. There is no doubt that the proprietor of a really popular work, such as *Tait's Magazine* is allowed to be, can now derive the same benefit from a cheap price, and an extensive circulation, which, according to the old system, he could obtain from a high price with a comparatively low circulation.

In this belief, we have determined to adapt our Magazine to the prevailing tendency of publication, by taking that decided step which alone is wanting to give us the means of greatly extended usefulness, in labouring for the good cause which it is our chief object to maintain. We have resolved that *Tait's Magazine*, hitherto, by its cost, confined to the few, shall, in future, be sold at a price which can be afforded by the many.

Instead of HALF-A-CROWN monthly, the price of *Tait's Magazine* will henceforth be ONE SHILLING; the annual charge being thus reduced from *Thirty Shillings* to *Twelve Shillings*.

This "sweeping reduction" in our "estimates" for the ensuing year, will be attended with little, if any, diminution of the quantity, and with no deterioration whatever of the quality of the Magazine. The same eminent political writers whose contributions have earned for this work the high character for ability, earnestness, and independence, which it

possesses, will continue to make our pages the monthly vehicle of their thoughts on all the great questions that interest the nation; with energy increased by the consciousness of acting upon a much more numerous body than heretofore. An earnest politician, like an earnest actor, always performs best before a full house.—Those who enliven our pages with literature, tale, and poetry, as liberally remunerated for their labours in our cheap, as in our high-priced Magazine, must rejoice in the wider diffusion of the fruits of their genius among their countrymen.

To those who are unacquainted with the economics of publication, we may seem to have promised more than we can perform without a pecuniary sacrifice, which cannot be expected from private individuals however devoted to the cause they advocate. Every one knows that great cheapness of price produces great increase of demand; but many do not know how very much a large impression, and other concomitants of cheap publication, diminish the expense of the individual copies of a periodical. Those who wish to obtain a little insight into these matters, may turn to the article, *CHEAP AND DEAR PERIODICALS*, in this number; where they will also find materials that may enable them to judge of the comparative prospects of the cheap and dear systems of publication. We intend to commence by giving as much letter-press at the rate of *Twelve Shillings annually*, as at the rate charged by the *Edinburgh Review*, *Metropolitan*, *New Monthly Magazine*, &c. would cost *Thirty-six Shillings*.

That we cannot reduce the price of *Tait's Magazine* still lower, so as to bring it within the means of every citizen, whatever be his pecuniary circumstances, we deeply regret; for we are very desirous of being read by that important section of our countrymen, now fast emerging from ignorance and apathy as to the great questions in which they are really the persons most interested. Only a certain number of the industrious operatives can afford to pay even one shilling per month for political, moral, and literary instruction. But if they cannot, even at our new price, purchase a work, which advocates their interests, they can more easily either borrow from a circulating library, or join in clubs to procure a shilling than a half-crown publication.

By the middle classes, we have always been extensively read in our expensive form. But in its cheap form, we are led to believe that *Tait's Magazine* will be purchased, and carefully perused, by thousands who have hitherto contented themselves with a hasty glance at the articles in the high-priced magazine, at a reading-room or circulating library. Whatever influence we may attain, by the wide circulation we confidently anticipate, shall never be used for party or selfish purposes. The good of the people, or, in the words of our great master in political and moral science, "The greatest happiness of the greatest number," is our leading object. From that object we shall never be diverted, to serve a mere party. But professions are superfluous. Our past conduct must speak for our future steadfastness and endeavours.

THE LIBEL CASES.

IN the month of December, 1833, the working of the Libel Law reached the ultimate point of injustice, caprice, and absurdity. The cases have been numerous. The most ridiculous is that of matchless Hunt, against the *True Sun*, or the *Fudge* case; the one most disgraceful to the Government is the case of the Editor of the *Dublin Pilot*, who re-published a letter of Mr. O'Connell's which has passed unquestioned in a London paper. But the case marked by every kind of legalized injustice, which renders the existing Libel Law oppressive, tyrannical, and dangerous to freedom, is that of Mr. Cohen, the Editor of the *Brighton Guardian*. In that paper, which is distinguished by talent and liberal principle, a paragraph appeared, from a correspondent, enumerating the incendiary fires in Sussex, and remarking, that while in the neighbourhood of certain magistrates they had been frequent, other quarters where the justices were not oppressive to the people, and where the middle classes acted in sympathy with the poor, had escaped. A Grand Jury, consisting almost wholly of Sussex magistrates, found this paragraph a libel on the Sussex magistracy. The case was tried, and the libel found by a jury of Sussex squires. The measure of punishment is the affair of the Court of King's Bench, and the sentence is a fine of £150, imprisonment for six months, and bail to be given for three years, the prisoner in £100, and two sureties in £50 each. The expenses of this vexatious case must amount to a very considerable sum. But this is not the worst of it: The term of imprisonment must be endured at such a distance from the connexions and business of the prisoner, as makes it next to impossible for him to superintend his own affairs. He is, for the libel found in Sussex, imprisoned in the distant jail of Chelmsford in Essex: precisely as if an editor, condemned to imprisonment for a libel published in Dublin or Edinburgh, were sent to endure his punishment at Cork or Aberdeen, to the utter ruin of his business. At a public meeting held in Brighton, it was resolved to indemnify Mr. Cohen for his pecuniary losses by a public subscription. But this case concerns every man in Britain as nearly as the inhabitants of Brighton. It is, we think, impossible that the present libel law can be endured for another six months. Mr. Cohen will, in all probability, have the honour of being its last victim; but until it is abolished, a *Rent* ought to be organized for the protection and security of the freedom of discussion, through the only efficient medium, the public press. We should have no objection to the Editors of the *Standard* and the *Times* being among the trustees of such a national fund. The Press has evinced a warm sympathy for the Editor of the *Brighton Guardian*; so it did in the case of Mr. Alexander of the *Morning Journal*, and so it does in every case, but the annoyance or ruin is not the less certain to the suffering individuals. We must have a *Press Rent*, were it only as a means of urging on an equitable law of libel.

PARLIAMENTARY CONSTITUENCIES.

IN consequence of vacancies caused by the death or retirement of members of Parliament, some of the constituencies may soon have another opportunity of choosing a tried friend of popular rights as their representative. That constituency which secures the valuable services of any of the following gentlemen, may conceive itself pre-eminently fortunate:—Dr Bowring, Mr. J. Crawford, Mr. Albany Fonblanque, Colonel T. Perronet Thompson: All who know these gentlemen, know them to be distinguished no less by first-rate talents and extensive acquirements, than by steadfast attachment to the cause of the People.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. XIX.—OCTOBER, 1833.

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WILLIAM TAIT, EDINBURGH;
SIMPSON & MARSHALL, LONDON; AND JOHN COCHRAN, DUBLIN.

By W. TAIT, Publisher of *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, is regularly issued,

THE

EDINBURGH WEEKLY CHRONICLE,

LITERARY JOURNAL ;

A NEWSPAPER OF THE MOST LIBERAL PRINCIPLES, AND TOTALLY
UNCONNECTED WITH PARTY.

The EDINBURGH CHRONICLE embodies, in a condensed form, the whole news of the week ; including the Latest London News of importance, extracted from the London Papers which arrive in Edinburgh on Saturday Afternoon. From its large size, and the quantity of small type used, the CHRONICLE contains more News and Original Articles, than a single number of any other Edinburgh Newspaper.

While some of the Edinburgh Newspapers, which have been long distinguished for the liberality of their principles, have become little more than zealous partisans of the present Administration, the EDINBURGH CHRONICLE steadily adheres to the CAUSE of the PEOPLE ; supporting Ministers only when their measures deserve the approbation of Independent Journalists.

Office of the EDINBURGH WEEKLY CHRONICLE, 19, James' Square, Edinburgh ; Orders and Advertisements received by ROBERT HEWARD, 2, Wellington Street, Strand, and BARKER and Co., Fleet Street, London ; and all News Agents in Town or Country. The circulation of the EDINBURGH WEEKLY CHRONICLE is one of the largest in Scotland.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.



RIDGWAY'S APOLOGY FOR THE WHIG MINISTERS.

IN the duration of the Whig Administration could be calculated upon, for even one year, with anything like certainty, the *Edinburgh Review* ought to be immediately converted into a monthly publication. At present, with the advocacy of one or two newspapers, the Reform Ministry get on, lamely enough, by the help of an occasional apologetic pamphlet like the present. If they remain in office, this may probably grow into a sessional periodical, with a title somewhat like RIDGWAY'S SIX MONTHS' APOLOGY FOR HIS MAJESTY'S WHIG MINISTERS.

Before us lies the yearly eulogium up to August, 1833. It would make a fairly-sized volume full of well-considered enditings. It is alleged that this is a joint production—every Cabinet Minister being permitted to defend his own measures. To the apologist-pamphleteer is then committed the duty of dovetailing the separate pieces of cabinet-work, and polishing the whole, so far as it will take on a smooth or glossy surface.

The pamphlet sets out with stating, that “the present Ministry wisely commenced the work of general reform, by a reform of the constituency.” But by what other conceivable means could they have held place for a day, save by a Reform Bill, and that a sweeping one? Until the Duke of Wellington, in a fortunate fit of spleen and obstinacy, declared against all reform, his Grace was at least as popular with the country as the Man of the Order—Earl Grey.

“And surely,” continues the dovetailer, “no party can accuse them of want of integrity or courage.” No one party, but the whole country, suspected their integrity, or their courage, or both, when the ten-pound clause, two-thirds of the value of the whole Bill, would have been swamped by the Whig Cabinet, save for the vigilance and prompt interference of the People. The manner in which the leading Members have at different times backed out of suspicious situations, and explained away suspicious sayings, showed fully more dexterity of address than courage and integrity. Run up to the wall, they were brought to bay; but their conduct, on such occasions, will not tend to convince the world of the reasonableness of the reproaches of the pamphleteer against the nation, or any part of it, for wanting confidence in the REFORM MINISTRY.

“Trust in Ministers—trust in the Reform Ministers,” has been the cry. The Irish nation trusted to them, and have obtained a Coercion Bill which was ten times more tyrannical and venomous as it came from the Cabinet, than when it passed through Parliament. Soldiers trusted to them to do away flogging. Seamen expected the Impressment Act to be repealed. The cities trusted Ministers for a repeal of the Assessed Taxes;

the whole country for Commutation of Tithes, the revival of the Corn Laws, and the abolition of the Taxes on Knowledge. The People trusted to them for a sweeping Church Reform ; and, in the mock Irish Church Reform Bill, they are plainly told, by this pamphleteer, they have "a clue to the future conduct and feelings of Ministers regarding the Church."

We may yet look back to what they have done, as it is blazoned in this pamphlet. At present, we must glance rapidly at what they have omitted ; what was anticipated that has not been accomplished ; what has been eluded, that was confidently, and on good grounds, expected ; and what, that was fairly promised, has been flatly refused. The mode of denial has often been as irritating and ungracious as the act. We shall pass for the present the early suspicious indications of the session ; the election speeches of Mr. Stanley and Lord Althorp against *more* reform ; the choice of the Tory Speaker, and the menaces to Ireland.

In the very first days of the session cursory remarks and incidental questions drew from Lord Althorp information which took the people by surprise. They were given to know that Ministers had no *present* intention of making any change in the Corn Laws. This important measure, which gave the Reform Bill half its value with the manufacturing millions, was three times brought forward during the session, and as often discomfited or eluded. It was brought forward in no rash or sweeping way ; first, by a nobleman in whom the country and the government have the utmost confidence, Earl Fitzwilliam. His enlightened and very moderate resolutions were met by a leading member of the government, the Earl of Ripon, (late Lord Goderich,) with the most flat and unqualified determination to resist all change—"He objected to Lord Fitzwilliam's resolutions, in the first place, because the time and circumstances were not favourable to the discussion ; secondly, on account of the gross fallacies on which the resolutions were founded ; thirdly, on account of the fallacious conclusions drawn by the noble Earl from those false premises ; and, finally, because the noble Earl proposed to pull down the present structure without being prepared with materials for a better building. He knew that, by coinciding in his view, they might be denounced as selfish, and that a popular clamour might be raised against them ; but he considered it to be the duty of the government not to *yield to anything like popular clamour on this subject.*" Two days after Earl Fitzwilliam's patriotic attempt had failed in the House of Peers, Mr. Whitmore brought forward a series of resolutions in the House of Commons on the same subject, on which Mr. Hume proposed the following amendment:—"That it is the opinion of this House that any sort of corn, grain, meal, and flour, which is now imported into the United Kingdom, shall be admissible at all times, on payment of a fixed duty." In the debate Lord Althorp committed himself by speaking against the Corn Laws ; but he, at the same time, expressed his intention of voting against the amendment. The previous question was accordingly carried by an "overwhelming majority."

* In this debate on the Corn Laws, Mr. O'Connell complained, that this question was always discussed without reference to the wants of the great body of the people, as one of protection to agriculture. But there would be no magic in the Reformed Parliament unless they gave the people cheap food. The country would say to such proceedings as these—"You gentry of England, who have the power to make laws, heed not the poor man's claim ; but at his expense add to your riches, and aggravate his poverty tenfold."

When, at a later period of the session, Mr. Fryer moved for leave to bring in a bill to alter and amend the CORN LAWS, Lord Althorp appeared to consider himself an ill-used man. "That question had been thoroughly discussed this session already, and it was not necessary to go over it again." One of the questions answered by Lord Althorp early in the session related to the ABOLITION OF THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE, an act of justice confidently expected from a Reformed Parliament led by a Reform Ministry. It was openly declared that government intended to introduce no such change, which the *Globe* corroboratively stated could not fail to produce a Revolution! Thus were two great questions disposed of. The subsequent efforts of Mr. E. L. Bulwer produced no change of opinion on this point.

The conduct of the House and the Ministry on the motion made at the beginning of the session by Mr. Hume on NAVAL AND MILITARY PENSIONS AND SINECURES, made a strong impression on the nation. This was a measure palpable to many who could not see all the iniquity of the Irish Coercion Bill. The Government expressed a determination to fill up the sinecure office of Governor of Berwick; and Ministers and Whig Members barefacedly defended almses against which their eloquence had been levelled for the fifty previous years. Sir Francis Burdett said the holders of these appointments (these sinecure places) were not *sinecurists* but *emeriti*; and he would conscientiously vote against Mr. Hume's motion for the abolition of such *emeriti* as the Governors of Blackness, Carlisle, Chester, St. Kitts, &c. &c.

The result of this question gave a staggering blow to the Ministry; 138 members voted against them, but there was also an alarming host of skulkers. On this motion, only eight Scottish Members voted with Mr. Hume; but they drew to better heart afterwards. It led the way to the triumph of his subsequent motion for the abolition of civil and colonial sinecures upon the decease or removal of the present holders. On a subsequent occasion, Lord Althorp and Lord John Russell were filled with alarm for "vested rights." Mr. Harvey's motion for the regular publication of LISTS OF THE DIVISIONS was another test of the sincerity of the Reform Ministry. They opposed and they procured a thin House, and carried their point by a majority of 48 members only. And on all these divisions, it must be kept in view, that the "overwhelming majorities" of the pamphleteer were swollen by Tories. On Mr. Atwood's first motion for inquiry into the public distress, their majority was 34. Against Mr. Hume's motion for the insertion of a clause in the Mutiny Bill abolishing the flogging of soldiers, their majority was only 11, for they were still supported by the Tories; and many Members who would have voted with Mr. Hume were neutralized by the expectation of the practical abolition of this atrocity implied in the speech of Mr. Ellice.*

* In this debate, Mr. Hume made a good hit. "He now observed, he said, many gentlemen sitting on the Ministerial benches who supported him upon that occasion. Amongst the forty-seven Members who voted for the proposition, were Lord Althorp, Mr. Baring, Mr. Denison, Mr. Kennedy, Lord Duncannon, Mr. Lamb, Mr. Lennard, Mr. Lushington, Colonel Maberly, Mr. Phillips, Sir M. W. Ridley, Lord Stanley, and Sir J. Wrottesley; and the Tellers were Joseph Hume and J. C. Hobhouse. (*Cheers and laughter.*) Of course he expected all those gentlemen to vote with him upon the present occasion; but he regretted that he should not have the assistance of the late Secretary at War as Teller." (*Laughter.*) He quoted from the speech of Sir John, then Mr. Hobhouse, some very strong expressions condemnatory of the practice of flogging in the Army. Lord Althorp was sur-

THE BALLOT was one of those questions which deeply interested the people. While the elections were going forward, and Tory influence bearing hard upon them, several members of the government appeared favourably inclined to this mode of voting. Immediately before Parliament assembled a public meeting was held in London, attended by all the City Members, at which Mr. Grote was instructed to bring in a Bill sanctioning vote by BALLOT; Sir John Key a Bill for the repeal of the ASSESSED TAXES; and Mr. Alderman Wood a Bill for the repeal of that ancient and famous Whig measure the SEPTENNIAL ACT. How did these measures fare at the hands of the Reform Ministry?

Lord Althorp's Budget retained the Assessed Taxes; and repeated attempts made to remove this grievance were afterwards frustrated; while London, and several of the great English towns were almost in a state of insurrection. When Mr. Grote brought forward his motion for voting by Ballot, which he supported by what was probably the ablest and most convincing speech made in Parliament during the session, Lord Althorp, who had avowedly been favourable to Ballot, as he had been to the abolition of the Corn Laws, and of Military Flogging, acknowledged that he had voted for Ballot with O'Connell; but he had never, not he, thought it a *sine qua non* of good government—nor was it proved to be necessary in a Reformed Parliament. Sir R. Peel's objection to the Ballot was near of kin to Lord Althorp's: "It would make the House more democratic than Reform had made it." The Tories supported Ministers heartily against Mr. Grote, and that "overwhelming majority" of the nation whose sentiments he represented, and defeated his motion by a majority of 105. The Ballot, on trial, was proposed by Col. Evans in the case of the Hertford electors, convicted of gross corruption. It was not carried.

THE IMPRESSMENT OF SEAMEN is a subject which is deeply affecting to the feelings of justice and humanity which distinguish the British people, and to the national honour. Three times during the session, had Mr. Buckingham, the Member for Sheffield, attempted to bring on a discussion on this legalized injustice, and as often was he baffled. At his final attempt, immediately before the adjournment, Sir James Graham was haughtily, if not insolently astonished, "at what could induce him to make such a motion so late in the session," though this same Sir James had himself twice before entreated Mr. Buckingham to forego his motion till a more convenient season. "There was no such haste. They had not yet got to Annual Parliaments."

SHORTENING THE DURATION OF PARLIAMENTS is naturally as obnoxious to our Reform Ministers, as electing Members by Ballot. Lord Althorp was astonished that Mr. Tennyson should think of such a measure so late in the session as the middle of July. Every proposed Reform, in short, when no other objection could be raised, has come either too late or too early. Lord Althorp is like the valet of a man of fashion annoyed by an importunate dun. The tradesman can never hit the proper time. "My Lord is just gone out—My Lord is engaged, and must not be disturbed—My Lord has not yet returned from his club." My Lord is never to be found; and when caught is—bankrupt.

NATIONAL EDUCATION is a subject on which there is now little real difference of opinion. All men are convinced of its importance, save a very

prised that he should have been one of Mr. Hume's minority on the occasion alluded to.—Another proof of the good faith of Ministers is disclosed the other day by an order to flog away as before!

few Tories and High Churchmen. It lies at the foundation of all Reform. The *Edinburgh Review* had been essaying, and the Whig philanthropists prating about National Education for thirty years. At an early period of the session, this, the most important, though it may not be the most pressing of all questions, was brought forward by Mr. Roebuck, the liberal Member for Bath. His eloquent exposition recalled to Lord Brougham's recollection an abandoned Bill of 1826. His Lordship moved that a message be sent to the Commons for copies of certain returns. He made a speech in praise of the diffusion of education. He hoped that some plan would be devised for extending the advantages of education, especially in the large towns; and there the matter rests. Mr. Roebuck's motion met with every discouragement from the Reform Ministers.

Reforms or amendments on the Reform Bill have been suggested at different periods of the session, so obviously necessary to its proper operation, that it is inconceivable on what principle they can have been resisted. The pamphleteer boasts of the readiness with which the Ministry have granted, as soon as asked, committees of inquiry into the Metropolitan Police, or the Coldbath-Fields Meeting. This is made a great merit. But Mr. Tooke's motion for the appointment of a select committee, to consider and report what alterations and amendments might be made in the Reform Act, with a view to lessen the expenses and difficulties of registration, was strenuously resisted by the whole members of the government. They probably thought the constituency large enough already. Lord John Russell, and the Solicitor-General, thought it best to wait till the effect of another registration was seen. The motion was lost in a thin house.

THE BUDGETS have been a distinguished feature of the Reform Ministry. Each successive Budget has come upon the country with stronger evidence of financial incapacity than its predecessor; and, modelled and re-modelled, has been passed with difficulty at last. The Budget of this year, while it drove the cities almost into rebellion, satisfied no one. The omissions were grievous, the relief trifling, and so scattered among an infinity of small objects, that no class or individual felt benefited. The chief advantages, as lauded in the Apology, are, that the nation, for the last few months, consumes, or may have consumed, double the quantity of physic and macaroni pudding, and has laid in a triple supply of *sponge*; not, it is to be hoped, to be applied under the vigorous direction of Mr. Cobbett. The pamphleteer must be much at a loss for subjects of gratulation, who has recourse to the increased consumption of vermicelli, and senna and manna, as tokens of national prosperity!

THE TIRE COMMUTATION BILL for England and Wales, was a measure as important to the counties as the repeal of the Assessed Taxes was to the towns. Under the auspices of the Chancellor of the Exchequer a Bill of this kind was brought into the House—only to walk out again!

SCOTLAND was not forgotten by the Reform Ministers, though the

* Mr. C. Buller's speech in support of Mr. Tooke's motion, was a piece of exquisite irony. Mr. Buller said, he would beg of the honourable mover to divide the House on the question, and not leave the subject to the discretion of the government. —1st, Because his Majesty's Ministers might not, perhaps, be always in office, and the motion should therefore not be postponed; 2dly, Because his Majesty's Ministers had quite enough to do already; 3dly, Because his Majesty's Ministers did not do everything so well that he thought the House ought to confide more to them than was absolutely necessary; and, 4thly, Because the motion was one which ought to emanate from the House generally, and not from the Ministers.

Bankrupt Bill, which roused the whole country, the Edinburgh Clergy Annuity Bill, and the Community Estates Bill of Edinburgh, all and severally knocked on the head by the knowledge and spirit of the people, are gracefully passed over by the apologist, and totally lost sight of in the Scotch Burgh Bill, which, after its important amendments, remains so unsatisfactory, that it is now regarded merely as a make-shift Bill, to fill a gap till a better measure can be obtained. This imperfect Bill, unsatisfactory because it is imperfect, was carried at last by barely one vote: 53 Members to 51 voting against it on the third reading. A commission of inquiry into the state of the municipalities of Scotland, resisted or declined before the Bill was brought in, is appointed now— inquiry, not preceding, but following legislation. The other Whig Scotch Commissions receive their note of praise; and the reforms in the collection and management of the Revenue, and in the Exchequer Court, deserve praise; but the former government should have its share. These measures were not originated by the Reform Ministry. For the Whig measure,—“to prevent the maladministration of Church Patronage, which (we are told here) is now under the consideration of Government,”—we shall wait the result, briefly remarking, that the immense majority of the people of Scotland, churchmen as well as dissenters, looked to the Reform Ministry for the complete and instant abolition of Church Patronage. The Tories would have corrected maladministration.

Between the present time and the re-assembling of the Parliament, we shall have full opportunity of sifting and weighing the claims of the Reform Ministry, item by item. We have but hastily noticed some of the things they led the country to hope for and, have failed to perform; some that they have evaded; others that they have openly opposed, and others again—as the Irish Church Bill—which they have compromised or *sold*, and certainly placed upon a worse footing than they found them. A limb fractured, waiting skilful surgery, is better than one ill-set. During Tory supremacy, a real and thorough Church Reform, a revision of the Corn Laws, Retrenchment, the Abolition of Taxes on Knowledge, National Education, the Ballot, and other important measures, possessed the advantage of Whig advocacy, at least so far as words go. The accession of the Whigs has neutralized Lord Brougham, and Lord Durham, and placed Earl Grey, Mr. Stanley, Lord Althorp, and their hangers-on, generally in direct and active opposition to the hopes and interests of the people; and often to their former declarations and recorded votes. Lord Althorp is believed the most honest, sincere, and single-minded man of their number. Is he then a fair specimen of the Reform Ministry? He makes no bones of his full-faced wheel, to the left-about. “I voted for Ballot, but I won’t vote for it now. I voted for putting an end to flogging in the army, but I shan’t now. I wished for a revision of the Corn Laws, which I still think injurious even to landholders, but I want that no longer; because it would offend the Tories, and thus it does not suit the policy of a Reform Ministry. I have confessed the abuses of the Church, but that was long ago. Mr. Faithful must know now that I am a churchman if he is a dissenter. I now believe that the people of England like to see the Bishops in Parliament. Did I speak of retrenchment and the repeal of the Assessed Taxes?—a ha! that was before I became Chancellor of the Exchequer.” This is a specimen of the men, and of their acts, in whom the people are called to trust. A better office could not be performed to the country than dissecting their Manifesto, clause by clause, and their conduct individually, as well as collectively; comparing their late deeds with their past professions. We shall not neglect this duty.

A FRAGMENT OF DILWORTH REDIVIVUS.

BEING AN EXAMINATION TOUCHING FASHIONABLE LITERATURE.

Ex. How many Schools are there of Fashionable Literature?*A.* Two.*Ex.* Which be they?*A.* The *Silver-Fork School* and the *Lackey School*.*Ex.* Explain the origins and peculiarities of each.

A. The *Silver-Fork School* was founded by Theodore Hook, and was remarkable for discoveries, from the chief of which it derives its name: namely, the custom, in "good society," of using a silver fork, and the restrictions on the knife; also the concord of wine and meats, and the suitable fabric of footmen's stockings. The principal disciples of Mr. Hook were the authors of *Vivian Grey* and *Grainby*. The *Lackey School* grew out of the *Silver-Fork School* in this way. After discovery was exhausted, and the government of knives and forks was made known, the agreements of wines and meats, and the materiel of footman's stockings in various walks of life,—derision of ignorance followed the pride of knowledge, and infinite scorn and ridicule were heaped upon persons and parishes out of the pale of "good society." The licentiousness of the knife was held up to abhorrence; addiction to kitchen wines; suppers of cold meat and pickled cabbage; eating gooseberries in opera-boxes, and spitting out the skins on the carpet; beady eyes, and pepper-and-salt pantaloons, were, together with many other similar enormities, dwelt upon with contempt and detestation.

Ex. You make out the *Silver-Fork* distinct from the *Lackey School*, and yet composed of the same teachers?

A. I do. The first was revelation; the second, the reviling of those who were ignorant of the truths revealed. In the *Silver-Fork* era the great homage was to usages; in the *Lackey* followed an adulation of the great, and a vehement contempt of the middle and humbler classes. It was called the *Lackey School*, because of this mixture of servility and insolence, which commonly characterizes the liveried order.

Ex. You have spoken of the fabric of footmen's stockings amongst the discoveries of the *Silver-Fork*—explain your meaning.

A. In navigation, the place of a ship is often known by the soundings: sand of such a colour, mixed or unmixed with shells, denotes a higher or a lower latitude. Mr. Hook showed that the latitudes of society could be known by the quality of footmen's stockings—cotton unerringly marking the beast in the master.

Ex. Does he point out no other indication to be observed in footmen?

A. Yes. He remarks that people whom nobody knows, and who live where nobody goes, are waited on by *stumpy* footmen. But I think he relies more on their stockings as a criterion, than on their height. He judges *ex pede*.

Ex. You have spoken of the abomination of "pepper-and-salt trousers, and beady eyes." Explain.

A. *Vivian Grey* describes a *monster*, a *wretch*, by these marks.

Ex. What is the moral code of these two Schools?

A. Boyle's Court Guide.

Er. State the rule by which praise and blame, respect and ridicule are distributed.

A. The streets or the squares determine the character of the residents. Folks who live in certain quarters of the town are devoted to ridicule. What is emphatically termed *good society* lives in Grosvenor Square, May Fair, &c.; and is bounded on the north by Oxford Street, on the south by Piccadilly and Pall Mall, on the west by Park Lane, and on the east by Portland Place and Regent Street.

Er. Is there not a *terra incognita*?

A. Oh, yes. Everybody knows that. The only thing of which Mr. Croker ever confessed ignorance was Russell Square. Mr. D'Israeli improving on it, pronounces the Regent's Park hyperborean.

Er. What particular reproach does he urge against the inhabitants?

A. That they do not know a Duke when they see him.

Er. How do you rank the great masters?

A. Hook, first; then Vivian Grey; last, Cranby.

Er. What is the chief distinction of Cranby?

A. That he is nephew of Lord Ribblesdale.

Er. What is his style?

A. In the *Lackey School* the place of butler has been assigned him. He wears plain clothes; and is supercilious rather than saucy. He is a tedious person; extremely particular in explaining motives for every action and movement of his characters; very precise and minute, like one accustomed to count up the forks and spoons.

Er. There are many more writers of fashionable novels than you have named?

A. There are; but their books are forgotten before the authors have got a name. Lady C. B.'s were, for a short season, in great favour with the milliners' girls and the would-be fashionables.

Er. Where do you class the Romance and Reality of L. E. L.?

A. It is of the Lackey-School sort; but the writer is a lady.

Er. Give me an account of her style?

A. She is a sort of *precieuse*, in whom Moliere would have delighted. Complaining of the difficulty of providing her hero with a name, she says, "I have read the Peerage through twice, and actually became interested in the divisions of the House, to see if there were a pretty name in either majority or minority." She could not think of taking a name which was not genuinely aristocratic, or at least worn by a Member of Parliament.

Er. Does she not lay down some canons for dress?

A. She does.

Er. What are they?

A. That it is the mark of a beast in man to wear a blue coat with gilt buttons; and she seems to recognize no colour but pink for ladies.

Er. State her opinions respecting walking.

A. She holds, that no female of any female pretensions should be seen walking except upon a carpet, the turf, or a terrace.

Er. Mention the last apostle of refinement.

A. Mrs. Trollope.

Er. How did Mrs. Trollope find herself out? I mean, how did she discover her qualifications for passing judgment upon the manners?

A. She visited the United States, and was disgusted at the spitting. The consciousness of this degree of delicacy has made her conceal herself

The Monthly Observer.

an oracle of the elegancies ; and she has published a poem called the *Mother's Manual*, in which she satirizes maternal contrivances.

Ex. There is the book before you, in a pink cover ; open it at random, and read a passage.

A. " And made them read Telemachus all day,
Trusting that it would put them in the way,
With elegance and safety, to adore
The hero, like his Sophie did before."

Ex. Stop—like his Sophie did before. Is that English ?

A. It must be of a new fashion.

Ex. Open again.

A. Now, see—we'll take the former line again,
And give it for a triple to dear Jane.
Little, tender, fluttering dove,
That spend'st thy wanton life in love.
Now, Jane, another rhyme for dove.

Jane, (*musings.*) Love and dove—why, shove above.

Lady Hook, (*kissing her.*) Oh, you nice creature !

Ex. Can you say as much of the authoress ?

A. Not exactly. She does not seem *nice*.

Ex. To what School does she belong ?

A. I don't think she is to be classed. The *Quarterly Review* tried to cry her up as an authority to run down the Americans : but when Mrs. Trollope ventured beyond the censure of spitting and gobbling, &c., and attempted to describe manners as they should be, the undertaking became desperate, and was abandoned.

THE MONTHLY OBSERVER

Whig Aversion to Tory and Radical Criticism.

It was lately settled by the Ministerial organs, that discussion was an impertinent interruption of the business of Parliament, and should be put down. Members, we were given to understand, should not speak, unless indeed in commendation of the measures proposed by Ministers ; which should be passed with no other delay than might be caused by praising their wisdom, and claiming the gratitude of the nation for the authors of them. The *Globe*, with the saucy air of my Lord Duke in "*High Life below Stairs*," recommended to the *élite* of the House, "a contemptuous disregard of inconsequential handlers of necessary, though disagreeable subjects." The mover of a question of admitted importance is (if he be deemed "*inconsequential*") to be treated with neglect and scorn by the *élite* of the Representative Assembly. All Members in the House are on the same footing ; all are, or are supposed to be, the representatives of the people, and in that character entitled to respect and attention. What part of the House, arrogating to itself authority as the *élite* of the House, is to presume to exclude particular members from a share in discussion ?—for that is the end which the "contemptuous disregard" is to accomplish. We know well enough what *The Globe* means by the *élite*

The *élite*, according to the *Globe*, is composed of its patrons and their creatures: the *élite* of the *Globe* is the Ministerial majority. It is for electoral bodies to look to this. Will they permit their representatives to be treated as black sheep by a set of placemen and serviles, who assume to be the *élite* of the House? Will they suffer a Ministerial conspiracy, having for its object the suppression of every independent voice? The attempt has already been made, not exactly as suggested—by “contemptuous disregard;” but by the worse than beastly clamour of the pages of the Ministry; the boyish dandies, the exquisites, who serve them in quality of barkers. These curs, who shall be duly named next session, have made it their business to yelp down Members, whose speeches Ministers did not wish the country to hear.

The organs of the Ministry having very comfortably settled it among them that there is to be no talk in Parliament, but such as is acceptable to the *élite*, or Ministerial party in the House, next proceed to the more difficult task of silencing the criticisms of the press. Journals, we are told, are not to find fault with the Government, or with each other; or at least Radical journals are not to find fault with Whig journals, though Whig journals are to be quite free to rail against Radicals. Thus the *Chronicle*, the very day after it had expressed its disapproval of criticism upon contemporaries, and its distaste for controversy, has a column and a half of virulent attack upon Cobbett. Its rule must be that it shall be free to criticise others, but that it shall not be allowable to the criticised party to defend his opinion, or maintain his arguments. It shall be all fair for it to strike, but not for another to strike it, or to retaliate; for that is fighting, that is controversy,—which it disapproves.

In the *Globe*, the following dissertation appeared:—

—We have no objection, in a conventional sense, to what are termed decided party papers, for two or three good reasons. One of these is, that they tolerably well instruct all those who know how to read them with the strong and weak points, both of the party they espouse and of that to which they are opposed. Thus allowing for a portion of *fudge* directly constructed for the class of persons who like to pursue their own real or fancied opinions in print exclusively, there is always something to be acquired from this class of journals. There is another description, however, to which we feel much less indulgent, and which, like Horace's mediocrity, are sustainable “nor by gods, nor men, nor columns.” We more especially advert to those sage persons whose excess of genius is expended in finding fault with whatever is said or done. This generic fault, Voltaire, in his usual arch and felicitous manner, satirises by his Venetian senator Pococurante, who was too great a genius to be pleased with anything;—the exact converse of the real state of the case, for positive genius is by no means so difficult. We could point out journals whose sole pretensions to sagacity are founded on an eternal propensity to grumble, in the style of *Crockery* in the farce. Everything is as it ought not to be; and if measures of magnitude are under consideration, the favourite practice is to skip over all the leading points of improvement or policy, and to dwell upon some minor consequential and unavoidable evil, and drum upon it to the end of the chapter. We have read columns of exceptive writing, which are constructed upon no other principle. The air of wisdom assumed on such occasions forms the most ludicrous part of the story; for it is scarcely necessary to say that this sort of wisdom is of the very commonest description. No small number of the bright things against free trade, foreign policy, the police, the criminal law, and we know not what besides, are composed in this spirit; and it is astonishing what a reputation may be acquired by it, in public-house back parlours. We will not say that this cant is not as intrinsically good as indiscriminate panegyric; but, as Sterne says of that of criticism, it is indisputably, if not of the worst kind, the most tormenting. We can conceive, indeed, nothing more insufferably asinine than the exulting complacency with which some difficulty, or undeniable evil in the course of a critical course of diplomacy or arrangement, is hailed by scribes of this description. It amounts to a species of God-send, and the poor reader is buried in

an avalanche of commonplaces forthwith. Now this we deem insufferable, especially in quarters which seldom unfold or develop a principle of any kind; and who, even in respect to what they censure, never advance to the dignity of proposing a feasible alternative. The mass of this sort of observation which it has been the fate of the first session of the reform Parliament to encounter, need not be dwelt upon: it has been truly stupendous. Half its own supererogatory oratory, and much, even, that was written about it, amounted to little more. People begin now to perceive the real state of the case; and, while much remains to be altered and improved, no small portion of evil has been abated, and difficulty overcome.

There is also a minor walk of this sort of wisdom, which principally consists in watching for some tilting inaccuracy or mistake in contemporaries. A *Weekly Paper*, certainly capable of better things, shames amazingly in this province of the *very little*; for which if it has a motive, it may be assured it will never be answered. To be sure, there is some advantage in hunting for "this small deer"—such game is always to be discovered when the owl-like propensity exists to look for it. Such practices however, never either made or supported a reputation yet; and if people do not perceive, they feel that they do not like it; and we never knew the habit effect any thing for a journal in the long run. The Scotch baker, whose object in repairing to the club was chiefly "to contradict a bit," was sometimes deemed sagacious by his companions, but never agreeable.

So ends our Chapter "Of Hats."

It requires but a slight handling to shake this illogical argument to pieces.

The *Globe* has no objection to decided party papers; as they instruct those who know how to read them with the strong and weak sides; but it has a vehement antipathy to papers which deal in indiscriminate censure. Why, the party papers tolerated by the *Globe*, should be the papers intolerable to the *Globe*; for they deal in indiscriminate censure. When in opposition, the Whig party papers find all wrong in the conduct and policy of Government; when in opposition, the Tory papers are equally exceptive. So that, by the showing of the *Globe*, it should not endure the party papers, to which it allows so impartial a toleration; seeing that it is one of the order, and a thorough thick-and-thin-going hack.

The *Globe* observes that, with certain prints, which it cannot abide, "Every thing is as it ought not to be; and if measures of magnitude are under consideration, the favourite practice is to skip over all the leading points of improvement or policy, and to dwell upon some minor, consequential, and unavoidable evil, and drum upon it to the end of the chapter."

Is the evil "minor, consequential, and unavoidable?"—that is the whole question begged by the *Globe*. Until evils are probed, they are not known to be minor; until they are combated, they are not proved to be consequential and unavoidable. "The enterprise is impossible," said an officer to Nelson. "Have you tried?" was the question of the chief in rebuke.

A measure, in part good and in part defective, or positively mischievous, is proposed by government; that the bill supported by a servile majority will pass is certain; it is certain then that the sound portion of it is secure, and is it not wisdom to apply to the correction of the defective or the evil portion? By praising the good, the good will not be made better, or the bad less bad; by condemning the bad, the bad may be made less bad, or altogether expunged, and the good is not disturbed: there it remains. It were pleasanter, and more desirable, to give to each the due measure of praise and blame; but, if there be a question to which the main energy should be devoted, we say unhesitatingly, let it be to the correction of the faults. By the omission

of the praise, the designed good is not lost to society ; but by the omission of the censure, the evil is inflicted on society.

The parasite observes, " If you withhold the incense, what motive has the most excellent of ministers to propose the good which you do not deny to be combined with exceptionable arrangements ? " Our reply is, that a Minister who has not a sufficient motive to beneficial measures without applause, is a Minister whom the public will lose little by disgusting.

A surveyor examines a ship of exquisite model, and perfectly rigged, and he finds some rotten planks in her bottom. Shall he launch out in praise of her fine run, her beauty, the faultless arrangement of her gear, and her probable capacities for sailing ? or shall he fix upon the fault under water, and expatiate on the necessity of repairs ? The crew will have all the advantage of the good qualities of the vessel, whether they be commended or not ; but if the rotten planks be unnoticed, the crew will be drowned. The surveyor says, " The ship is a fine ship, a beautiful ship ; but she is not sea-worthy ; " and then, after the generality of praise, he goes into a very particular and detailed account of the defective part, and a critic of the *Globe* sort, says, " What a carper this is ! to say so much of a rotten plank of a few square inches, in a gallant vessel having so many points of excellence ! "

Indiscriminate praise and indiscriminate censure are both to be avoided ; but, in public affairs, indiscriminate praise is more mischievous than indiscriminate censure. Praise and blame are the two powers for the government of the moral world, and the misapplication of either is a mischief ; but the misapplication of the first to power is by far the most perilous, as it strengthens and induces errors having the largest scale of operation. The misapplication which is commonly deemed most venial is the bestowal of all praise on the rulers, and all blame on those who are dissatisfied with the rule. From courtly scribes we never hear any lectures upon the villany of calumniating the people, or those who advocate the interests of the people. The *Morning Chronicle*, which so decorously deprecates imputations, and recommends forbearance and good-humour, describes a large portion of the labouring classes as " slaves broke loose ; " and writes, the next day, of " Ultra-Radical Savages. "

The comparison of the preaching of the one day with the practice of the next, will not be unamusing. The first extract is from the *Chronicle* of the 13th ; the second from the same paper of the 14th :

For our part, the longer we live, the less we feel disposed to indulge in contronersy ; and we have a strong distaste in particular for controversy of a carping and splenetic description. By pecking incessantly at our adversary, and insinuating that he is influenced by all manner of corrupt motives, we do not necessarily establish the goodness of our own cause. There is much truth in the remarks of the *Globe*. What a nuisance a newspaper would be, were it to meet in a kindred spirit all the daily and weekly vituperation by which it is assailed. In fact the only way to render discussion supportable for any length of time, is to exclude from it all which draws the attention of the reader to the writers, rather than to the subject of dispute. A little good-humoured pleasantry now and then may be borne with ; and we would not proscribe the application of ridicule where it is fairly called for ; but a certain breadth of manner and jocularity are necessary even to ridicule ; and strictures constantly inspired by ill-nature are regarded with the feeling we entertain towards snarling dogs, or towards a person who should be found running a sharp instrument into every one who passed him.

These remarks are not dictated by any peculiar sensitiveness to splenetic criticism ; for, from temperament, we are, perhaps, less affected by ill-natured remarks than most people. But we are much mistaken, if the Press do not suffer in general esti-

mation by offensive and personal controversy. The public, too, we suspect, are charitable enough to attribute the lessons read by one Journalist to another, to envy and a spirit of rivalry, rather than to a strong love of truth. The homely adage of "two of a trade" will be but too apt to suggest itself to the reader, when he sees one Journalist overflowing with zeal to expose the sins of his brother Journalist.

Now see the practice:—

We may observe, that to judge from the copiousness of the abuse in the present *Register*, Mr. Cobbett is beginning to be himself again. During the session, he was quite overlaid. People have been so long accustomed to his extravagant ecstasies and his racy abuse, that the absence of his weekly exhibitions was a sort of calamity. The Scotchman reconciled himself to his wife's *flyting* (scolding,) because when a woman ceased to *flyte*, it was all over with her.

In like manner, as on the question of the celibacy of Priests, Mr. Cobbett dislays his prejudices and lust for personal abuse on the question of Corporate Reform. If a liberal Ministry continue Tories in office, Mr. Cobbett protests and abuses; if they select men of liberal, or even Radical political opinions, to accomplish or clear the way for necessary Reforms, Mr. Cobbett vilifies their promoters, and denounces those honourably appointed to useful station.

Such is the Ministerial demonstration of real and practical reforms, gratefully received by the country, which Mr. Cobbett denounces in that habitual style of vituperation, which in rotation he indulges in against *all* public men—indeed all men, save one, with whom he is never out of revolt, namely, himself. It is by this habitual vice of contemptible detraction and vulgar prejudice that he has long lost all moral station as a political writer, and is read only by those who estimate his real power, and are amused by his command of the vulgar tongue at the same time, but despise his prejudices and slanders.

Like the man who, under the lash, was dissatisfied whether the drummer hit high or low, we may observe, that Mr. Cobbett hates some Commissions because they are paid, and others because they are unpaid. In short, hating with him is the great matter; and one reason serves his turn as well as another. It is not astonishing that Mr. Cobbett should revile Mr. Spring Rice, Sir Robert Peel, and the Members of the Reformed House of Commons, among whom, as a senator and logician, he speedily found his level, as all such persons do in a Representative Assembly; but it is somewhat unnatural that any man, excepting Mr. Cobbett, should spend a long public life, now drawing to a close, in constant enmity to those most nearly approximating to his own popular opinions. We remember hearing it observed on one occasion, by a certain individual, that Mr. Cobbett hated all mankind; those who thought as he did, as rivals; and those who differed with him, as enemies. We recollect, a few years since, when he wrote, in one week's *Register*, against the Bible, Potatoes, and Inoculation for the Cow-pox. This week he opposes Education, the Diffusion of Knowledge, Corporation Reform, and Marriage; and, nevertheless, recommends the study of the Scriptures, as a means of putting down the Church of England.

ENGLISH MORALITY.

There is the *Chronicle's* distaste for controversy, or sharp observation on writers, and such the practical example of the suspicious zeal "to expose the sins of a brother Journalist." So true is it that the fastest thief cries loudest, fie!

English morality is a very incomprehensible thing. Where does the dishonour of falsehood begin? What is the distinction between the lying which is accounted infamous, and that which is held venial, or passes with the applause of a good joke? In Mr. Grattan's account of his acquaintance with Kean, published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, there is the following story:—

He had never, I believe, yet disappointed a London audience, but on one occasion. The circumstances of this one he often related to me. He had gone to dine somewhere about ten miles from town, with some friends of early days, players, of course, fully intending to be at the theatre in time for the evening's performance. But temptation and the bottle were too strong for him; he outstayed his time, got drunk, and lost

all recollection of Shakespeare, Shylock, Drury-Lane, and the duties they entailed on him. His friends, frightened at the indiscretion they had caused, despatched Kean's servant with his empty chariot, and a *well-prepared story, that the horses had been frightened near the village where Kean had dined, by a flock of geese by the roadside; that the carriage was upset, and the unfortunate tragedian's shoulder dislocated.* This story was repeated from the stage by the manager; and the rising indignation of the audience (who had suffered the entertainments to be commenced by the farce) was instantly calmed down into commiseration and regret. The following morning Kean was shocked and bewildered at discovering the truth of his situation. But how must his embarrassment be increased on learning that several gentlemen had already arrived in town to make anxious inquiries for him! He jumped out of bed, and, to his infinite affright, he saw, amongst the carriages, those of Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Whitbread, and others of his leading friends, whose regard for him brought them to see into his situation in person. *Luckily for him, his old associates, the actors, had, with great presence of mind, and practised effrontery, carried on the deception of the preceding night. The village apothecary lent himself to it, and, with a grave countenance, confirmed the report; and Kean himself was obliged to be a party, volens volens, in the hoax.* His chamber was, accordingly darkened, his face *whitened*, his arm bandaged. A few of the most distinguished inquirers were admitted to his bedside—no one discovered the cheat; and, to crown it completely, he appeared, in an incredibly short time, on the boards of old Drury again, the public being carefully informed, that his respect and gratitude towards them urged him to risk the exertion, notwithstanding his imperfect convalescence, and to go through the arduous parts of *Richard, Macbeth*, and *Othello*, on three successive nights, with his arm in a sling."

This is called a hoax: we call it a lie, and a very shameful lie to all the parties concerned in it, but chiefly to the medical man, in whose professional statements a confidence is placed, which it is an injury to society to abuse. The consequence of all such frauds is a distrust which at some time or other deprives those of indulgence and sympathy who have a fair claim to it. No one experienced in the tricks of the stage now believes a theatrical apology. The manager makes the most solemn protestations, and the audience laugh and scout it as a pretence; the medical man's certificate is produced, and the veracity of Kean's apothecary is remembered. Upon the real sufferer thus falls the penalty of the falsehoods put forth to screen the misconduct of others. And morality laughs at this!

EDINBURGH CASTLE.

A THOUSAND years ago, and what wert thou,
 Thou crag that risest from the common earth,
 As if an earthquake triumph'd at thy birth?
 Nameless rock thou wert—what art thou now?
 War's iron tiara hath cinctured round
 Thy giant forehead. Verily thou art
 Dear—oh, how dear to every Scottish heart!
 In thee the regal diadem that bound
 The head of Kenneth and the Bruce, hath found
 A resting-place; sceptre and sword repose
 That sway'd our fatherland, or crushed her foes,
 Before the Border was pacific ground,
 Before good James the First and last arose,
 And bade the jubilee of peace resound.

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES OF THE GREAT WORLD.

"Has your ladyship been to see Miss Kelly, at her new theatre?" inquired Frederick Lorton, one evening last summer, of his venerable hostess, the Dowager Lady Dunmaly.

"I seldom venture into a playhouse. The tragedies are growing too funny for me, and the comedies too serious."

"But Miss Kelly's performances scarcely come under the denomination of plays; they are rather a series of sketches."

"Represented by a very clever actress; but still—an actress! To say the truth, I have no great opinion of actresses!—I was for many years attached to the profession."

"As an amateur, of course?" interrupted Lorton, who had his Burke and Debrett by heart, and knew that, instead of addressing a rival of the Ladies Craven and Derby, he was lounging on the sofa of a lady boasting two more quarterings on her escutcheon than the House of Guelph. "Did you belong to the Margravine's company, at Brandenburg House, or to that of Wynnstay, or Waldershare?"

"To neither! And the cut of my wig and gown may alike assure you that I was born too long ago for the theatricals of Bridgewater House, or of the Duchesse d'Uzes."

"*Hereusement!* for both turned out as dull as one of Hannah More's moral dramas, enacted at a boarding-school on the governess's birthday. But pray, my dear Madam, relieve my curiosity, by informing me the when and whereabouts of your *début*?"

"Some three-score-and-five years since, in a pink sash and hanging sleeves, at my father's dinner table; where I was brought round to beg for a kiss from grandpapa, whose snuff used to make me sneeze all the way back to the nursery; a misfortune that did not prevent me from putting my little hands together, evening after evening, and begging to be stifled! My first part was taught me by my nurse, and her pupil did her honour; 'dear grandpapa' bequeathed me a legacy of five thousand pounds."

"Upon which, you quitted the stage?"

"By no means! I had as yet achieved only the cupids of the ballet, or sprites of pantomime. The graver business of the profession lay before me. My next *emploi* was as a pattern young lady; with eyes cast down—the prudence of Harriet Byron—the economy and early rising of Clarissa—the timidity of Pamela."

"And you succeeded?"

"In my main object—the dismissal of the governess! Miss Sophia required no further *surveillance*. Miss Sophia was an angel!"

"After which, I trust you eloped with a Captain of Dragoons? You could do no less!"

"I tried; but such an action was too much in the routine of nature: I was destined to succeed only as a mime. Nor did I long want opportunity; Lord Dunmaly's heir demanded my hand. He was a vulgar Irishman, addicted to whisky-punch and low company; and I hated them all three. 'Marry him!' cried my father, 'for I am a beggar.' How could it occur to me to suppose that he was as great an actor as I was an actress? I believed him; and having, in the implicitness of my obedience, determined to close my eyes to the odiousness of the Hon. Colonel

Luthett, my nose to the fumes of his whisky, and my ears to the brogue of his disgusting parasites, I played my part to perfection: smiled *à la* Harriet Byron, when he presented me my diamonds; listened to the recital of my deeds of settlement, *à la* Clarice; and trembled when I pronounced the fatal 'Yes,'—*à la* Pamela Andrews! I even fainted when I found myself on the point of entering a travelling carriage with any other than my beloved Adolphus. But there I forgot my part; that was no acting; I humbly beg pardon of the dramatic muses."

"And, subsequently, it became your cue to play the doating wife.—Fie!"

"By no means. I *was* his wife, and that was all the Colonel cared for. But I was obliged to play *submission*; to ride, walk, stay at home, as he pleased, and to *seem* pleased, all the while myself! The part was worse than tedious! But *there* stood the manager to forfeit me, if I ran restive!"

"You had at least the glory of popularity. Never was there a greater favourite with the public than the beautiful Mrs. Luthett."

"Unfortunately I could not content myself with this general favour. I made my three curtsies for the applauses of the gallery, but my eye was fixed upon a private box."

"Aha! from which you were applauded with a silent smile?"

"My fellow-comedians grew jealous of me; for that box belonged to the Lord Chamberlain. They contrived even to provoke hisses among the audience. But I played my part in a manner that Clairon might have envied, pretending perfect unconsciousness of public disapprobation; till one night, when the hisses and catcalls were at their loudest, I bathed myself in tears, and, advancing to the foot-lamps, appealed to the magnanimity, the generosity, the justice of the public!"

"Bravissimo!"

"An audience is easy to move, if you touch it at the right time and place. *Mine* had been supping sumptuously on Burgundy and Champagne. They even clapped their hands to their swords, and swore they would die in my cause; the women unfurled their fans, and vowed I was a martyr."

"And then?"

"And then—the curtain fell. But there was still a farce to come. It was hinted to me, that although the public would no longer be permitted to testify their disapproval of my acting, they might take it into their heads to try a show of hands against the private box. I was advised to enlist in another company."

"And what said Colonel Luthett?"

"That, since I had lost my engagement, I must make up my mind and patience to his Castle Rackrent, for that he could not afford to live in England."

"And you consented to retire from the stage ere your laurels had half expanded?"

"To what purpose? No, no! I made a face which he interpreted into consent; and, after half-a-year's apprenticeship to whisky, peat-smoke, and Luthett's Irish cousins, thought it time to play the invalid. Pray, believe me, that my edition of the *Mulade Imaginaire* was one of the best on record. My Irish doctors gave me over without hesitation; I was ordered to London for further advice; and even the great Dr. Warren, after feeling my pulse, pronounced the case to be hopeless."

"A serious illness must be a prodigiously disagreeable piece of acting ; blisters, leeches, potions, pills—?"

"Novice! the merit of the experienced performer lies in dying, like 'The Fair Penitent,' to soft music; in languishing upon a diet of whey, and improving upon conserve of roses. The difficulty consists in making a sufficiently-slow recovery; in relapsing at the proper moment; in sending your husband to his distant home with the certainty that you are too weak to travel, but safe enough to be left alone."

"Hypocrite!"

"No, no,—actress; everything is tragedy or comedy in this world of vizards. Our wits were given us to make the piece pass off fluently, brilliantly, and for the greatest satisfaction of the greatest number. Do you suppose that Luthett was angry with me when he found that the excellence of my performances at Windsor Castle, the air of graceful and modest dignity with which I trode the stage, and the noble sentiments I had studied by rote, had secured me a place at court?"

"A place at court!"

"Stay," cried Lady Dunmaly, rising from the sofa, and assuming an attitude of mingled deference, amenity, and nobleness; "I believe my memory will yet enable me to show you my *pose* as a lady in-waiting."

"Just so," cried the enraptured Frederick, "have I seen the immortal Siddons reproduce all the illusion of her Volunna or Lady Macbeth!"

"And now," cried Lady Dunmaly, changing suddenly in air and countenance to the sportiveness of the Queen of Coquettes, "admire in how different a guise I contrived to make good my footing at Carlton-House: At Frogmore I was an angel; when Frogmore grew too prosy for me, I became a goddess at the Pavilion. Are the transitions of Miss Kelly more effective?"

"Mrs. Parthian is a tyro to you!" cried Frederick Lorton, laughing heartily. "Besides, your acting had already procured places to the amount of five or six thousand a-year for your family!"

"And the command of a regiment for poor Adolphus. I was a great favourite with the Duke of York. I had been at the trouble of throwing a touch of the Widow Chcerly into my acting, only to please him. It was but right he should take a box at my benefit."

"Surely Lord Dunmaly's interest might have been counted for something? He came to his title, I think, while you were woman of the bed-chamber?"

"Exactly; and the business of the stage required that the pattern-young-lady should assume the pattern-wife. Lord Dunmaly had not two years to live when he succeeded his uncle; and I protest to you, my dear Frederick, it nearly wore out the corners of my mouth in screwing them down to the dolefuls of my proper disconsolateness. A common-place actress wrings her hands, to look despairing. My grief, you see, requires no such washerwoman gesticulation."

And again Frederick Lorton was compelled to do justice to the admirable skill with which the Dowager contrived to mingle in her face the sentiments of despondency and anxiety.

"My widowhood demanded only a trifling variation," said her ladyship, lowering her elevated eyebrows into the expression characteristic of resignation. "This one grimace lasted me two years; with the introduction of a trifle of comfort, when I exchanged my weepers for silk and fringed linen; and a gleam of cheerfulness when, at the eighteen months' end, I ventured into French grey."

"And by what efforts of the histrionic art did you contrive to make known to society your intention of remaining a widow?"

"I had not made up my mind; and therefore contented myself with looking deliberation,—inquiry,—tender melancholy."

"For how long?"

"Till I found that Adolphus was married to another!"

"And then you enacted indignation, disgust, misanthropy?"

"*Gardez vous de la croire!* I looked delightfully with all my might; coquetted to the verge of folly; became the very Jordan of light comedy; and was applauded to the echo!"

"What a triumph for a woman of a certain time of life! At length, my dear Lady Dunmaly, you must have been satisfied?"

"Why, yes!—I could now retire behind the scenes, to conceal my tears of disappointment. No one had a right to suspect that the most applauded of prima donnas, smothered in laurel, and triumphing in the highest salary, had solicited a provincial engagement—and been refused!"

"Refused?—Ungrateful Adolphus!"

"Ungrateful, perhaps, but prudent!" sighed the Dowager. "What man in his senses would marry an actress?"

"But why enlist in a profession you seem to have despised?"

"It was forced upon me:—at *that* time it was forced upon most women of my degree. One and all, we were estimated by our seeming! After my first lesson in the nursery, my mother required me to assume a particular air and attitude for visitors, a grimace of docility for my father. I was taught nothing but deportment. No other example was pointed out to me, no other lesson afforded. I came into the world, and found myself surrounded by actors! Without a mask, I fancied that my face would get scratched in the crowd. Nothing natural was admired, nothing true appreciated; why expose my *naïveté* to contempt, when, by studying a part, I could command the applause of the theatre? I had no children to call forth my better affections. I had learned to look to nothing but the world.—Alas!"

"And yet, perhaps, I had done better to dispense with its plaudits; for there comes a time when the rouge seems to blister one's cheeks, and the prompter's voice to sound insulting. I did not like to find myself transferred into the dueena parts; to assume the tone of age, when my energies were unimpaired. I acquired a grin of *complaisance* likely to captivate the younger generation into endurance of my company; but the sight of it in the glass was hateful to me. I played the courteous hostess, the dignified patroness, the gracious winswoman, till I grew tired of listening to my own studied periods; and at length hired a companion on whom, for the first time, I could vent a good natural fit of the spleen. From that period, my dear Frederick, I have kept to my natural character of a cross old woman."

"Full of wit, full of wisdom, full of indulgence!" cried the young man eagerly. "For mercy's sake do not follow the fashion of other retired performers, and return to the stage. You are charming as you are. But why, if I may venture to ask, have you deigned to confide in me these secrets of your art? Do you consider that I have a vocation for the calling?"

"I trust not."

"And yet —"

"I was on the point of improvisating a grimace to mislead you, so strong is the force of reminiscence! But, to tell you the truth, I fancy

I have been making no confession with which you were not previously acquainted. I cannot but fancy that poor Adolphus, during his slow decline, must have imparted a lesson of worldly wisdom to his son, at the expense of Sophia Dunmaly. He could not, my dear Frederick, anticipate my intention to adopt you as the heir to my fortune, and the confidant of the frailties of my youth."

"My dearest Madam—"

"And now then, perhaps, you can understand my distaste for the theatre; and my dislike of—ACRONS and ACTRESSES."

TO THE MEMORY OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Where is Alastor gone?

* * * * *

Has the far-scenting roebuck, at the time
Appointed, shed his antlers? does the pride
Of the wide solitary forests lie,
Moss-overgrown, in creeping lizard's nook?
Has the swift ostrich of the desert lost
The lithe limb of his strength, and laid him down
On the low earth, which erewhile his feet spurned,
Where mole and burrowing owl,
And beetle and slime-worm prowl?

Must he, too, die like other men,
Who lived not like them? he who knew no world
But the spirit's home,—
The spirit's home whose roof is Heaven, which Heaven
Is boundless, an infinity within;
The undomed vault of mind, in which shine out
Imaginations, as shine our stars in their
Blueness of wondrous height, each thought a world
As are our stars; pursuant of its end
Of being, speculating, working, fresh,
Having its rayings wrought .
Around its brother thought.
• •

An earthless garden grew
About him; aromatic phantasy
Sprung twining there;
Flowers of all heavenly nature strengthened there,
Transplanted from the wizard's world of dream;
Yea, that old wizard's wand itself did shoot
Like the Jew priest's, and gave strange blossoming,
And fruit intoxicating mightily.
A spiritual nourishment was poured out free
From the deep holy font of his clear soul
Upon this gardened plain
Where Fancy held her reign.

To the Memory of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

A shrine was in the midst;
 Luxuriously bedecked in its own fire,
 As is the sun.
 And his heart beat, and his brain whirled when he
 Looked towards it; and words leaped from his tongue,
 As its light glorified him Memnon-like;
 And the words were as pundit, sanscrit-learned,
 Revivified from most old manuscripts,
 Drawn from the deepest wells of feeling, which
 The world received not; but he had forgot
 The world, and he spoke to
 Himself, as men in slumber do.

The goddess of that shrine
 No man hath e'er held commune with, nor seen
 With unblanched eye.
 But thou, wild herdless antelope, paused not,
 But entered to the blaze where gods alone
 Can worship; and didst make libations till
 Thou wast so purified, they knew thee not,
 For thou spakest language of a different life.
 Would I could trace thy footsteps up the porch,
 And to the altar thou hast raised; there I
 Would sacrifice in rath
 To thee who worshipped Truth.

Where is Alastor gone?
 He scarce has left a name upon this earth;—
 His lovelorn corsè
 The Brother Spirits of this opening age
 Gave th' immediate elements, and Heaven
 Was perfumed:—Ever wandering winds that bear
 The thunder and the lightning, whose free fields
 Are fanned by eagles' and doves' wings: the waves
 That wafted the rich cohorts of old Rome;
 Marble-zoned Italy—
 Vine-nurtured Tuscany,—

The capitaline shreds
 Of old austerity; the upper air
 Man never breathes
 Of Alps omnipotent:—these took him to
 Themselves, the first high-priest of Nature, in
 The life themselves had nourished. Who shall mourn?
 Who shall be pilgrims to the land where now
 Alastor travels, goal-ward, to the land
 Of Fame, that takes two centuries beyond
 Our death to reach? Who'll say God-speed to him—
 To him who lived and died
 To be our prophet-guide?

Few mourners have appeared:
 And meet it is; for he was ever grieved
 By others' grief:

Few staves are lifted for the pilgrimage,
To follow him ; few of the busy world
Can go up to the realms where he did go ;
Or breathe the atmosphere he breathed ; or cast
The old shell off, and come forth winged as he :
Few, few have striven
To make Earth Heaven.

Men say that he fell blind
By daring to approach the source of light :
That he fell lame
By travelling far in desperate paths ; even so—
Yet reverence we not the martyr ? None
Are left us like him ; none are left to tune
The cythera, as he did tune it o'er
The timid flowers on Adonais* grave :
Lone *Adonais* and *Alastor*† lone !
Their spirits went together ; and their earths
Resolved each to the element they loved,—
One to sunshine and storm,
One flowers and fruits to form.

Oh ! had there been an age
Of golden happiness, with no alloy
Of passion—pain :
And hadst thou lived, Alastor, in that age,
What a sunbeam of blessedness acute
Hadst thou then been ! and well thou wrought'st to gain
The world that dowry,—vainly some have said :
But Poesy, to whom thou vowedst thyself
Before the shrine of Truth, pleads " Not in vain
Is a new star upon the breast of heaven ;
And he hath lit a flame to blaze for ever,
A flame to pierce and roll
Thorough and thorough the human soul.

'Twas I who poured in him
The breath of life ; 'twas I who set amidst
His tressed hair
The lily and the snow-flower, with its tear
Of sympathy : throughout the azure dusk
Of the interminable length of years,
Have these flowers bloomed, like waiting spirits, on
The studious ones, whose path is by the brink
Of that great chasm, Knowledge ; that high depth
Down which the Mighty of the earth attempt
To urge, by midnight and by shadowy lore ;
By labouring to scan
The inner thoughts of man.

* *Adonais*. Shelley wrote an elegy on the death of Keats, in which he bestowed this name on the young poet.

† *Alastor*, the Spirit of Solitude. A poem by Shelley, in which, it may be affirmed, that he describes his own mind.

The Swiss Hunter's Address to his Rifle.

" Sage follows sage afar ;
 Dark lapse of time between, now marked alone
 By their advent. •
 As star by star arises on the night,
 Up, through the shades of time past they appear
 Like lambent haloes burning steadily
 On thousand ages, still unquenchable.
 Progressing onward, the eternal wheel
 Circles ; and still a track from those high flames
 God kindled, follows on. Another flame,
 Subtle as lightning,
 Is added to their brightening."

Still sage shall follow sage,
 And still the light doth thicken to the dawn.
 Redness of morn
 Gilds now our horizon ! Alastor, thou
 Shalt be nurora to the unknown time ;
 And we will bind upon thy name beloved,
 The laurel, the soft olive, and the rose,
 And poppy, and the graceful ivy plant ;
 Glow-worms shall gather with their tiny lamps,
 And thou shalt nourish them who wast so rich.
 And, when our chains are burst,
 We'll say, " Alastor, thou wast first !"

THE SWISS HUNTER'S ADDRESS TO HIS RIFLE.

My rifle, my rifle, thou pride of my heart,
 Thou best friend of Hoffner, thou best gift of art ;
 Come, come ! let me clutch thee, dread weapon, again,
 And together let's rove over mountain and plain.

Let others rejoice in the goblet, or find
 In a mistress the joys that are most to their mind
 Give me my loved rifle, the pride of my heart,
 The best friend of Hoffner, the best gift of art.

In vain the swift chamois in terror would fly thee,
 And idly the eagle would seek to defy thee ;
 Let thy voice be but heard, and the chamois is dying,
 Or dead on the snow-wreath the eagle is lying.

Of happiness oft hath false friendship bereaved me,
 But thou, my good rifle, hast never deceived me ;
 With thee, my true friend, in thy aim still anfailling,
 Ne'er shall Hoffner be heard his hard fortunes bewailing.

Away, let's away, then, our freedom still prizing,
 To where the rude glaciers in grandeur are rising ;
 Or, on Blanc's icy top to the clouds lonely soaring,
 We'll list to the dread avalanche's loud roaring.

WINE.

" Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine!—if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—
devil!"

SHAKESPEARE.

SOME eighteen months, or two years ago, I was doing my duty to my country and myself on board His Majesty's frigate the *Astræa*, by undergoing seventeen games of chess per diem, with our first lieutenant, and filling up every pause with murmurs at the continuance of these piping times of peace. We had been cruising some months in the Mediterranean, chiefly for the amusement of two dandy cousins of an honourable Captain, whom we picked up at Malta, basking like two yellow, over-ripe gourds in the sunshine. We had touched at most of the ports of the Ionians, where cyprus may be had for paying for; and where *faldettas* are held by hands as fair as their coquettish folds are black and lustrous. We had done due service to the state, by catching agues snipe-shooting in the Albanian marshes; listening to five-year-old operas, screeched by fifty-year-old prima donnas; by learning to swear by Saint Spiridion, and at his Klephtic votaries. We had spouted in the school of Homer, and shouted at Lepanto; poured libations on the grave of Anacreon; and voted the Leucadian leap a trifle, compared with a Leicestershire fence!

At length, one beautiful evening, one of those twilights of chrysolite and gold, such as poets dream of, and the Levant alone can realize, (having been for three preceding days, not "spell-bound," but "calm-bound among the clustering Cyclades,") it was the pleasure of our honourable Captain, and his cousins, to drop anchor in the Bay of —, (I have reasons of my own for not being more explicit;) where, after swearing the usual number of oaths at the quarantine officers, and the crews of the Venetian and Turkish traders, who make it part of their religion to give offence to the blue-jackets, where offence can be given with impunity, I had the satisfaction to find myself, at about seven o'clock, P. M., seated at the mess of His Majesty's gallant —th, doing as much justice to the roast beef of Old England as if we had not been within a day's sail of the Island of the Minotaur. It was, indeed, refreshing to listen to the king's English, in its own accents; to eat of the king's sirloin, in its own gravy; and to join in the jargon of horse-flesh, in its own slang;—to hear the names of Newmarket, White's, Tattersall's, Ellen Tree, and Fanny Kemble, familiar in their mouths as household words; to throw off, in short, for an hour or two, the tedium of professional existence. A bumper of port appeared as palatable in a climate where the thermometer stood at 88° in the shade, as amid the clammy fogs of the cold North; and, at length, after a liberal indulgence in Hudson's best, (only the more relished because the richest Turkey tobacco, and a pipe of cherry wood was in the hands of every soldier in the garrison,) proposals were made for a bowl of "Gin-Punch!" Lord Thomas Howard, a lieutenant in the —th, was announced to be a masterhand in the scientific brew; and the very name of gin-punch affords, in the fatherland of Achilles, a sort of anticlimax, which there was no resisting. The materials were brought. The regimental bowl, in which Picton himself is recorded to have plunged the ladle; lemons from the islands redolent of romance and poetry; and a bottle of Hodger's best, redolent of Holborn Hill, appeared in as orderly array as though we had been supping at Limmer's.

"Are you a punch-drinker?" inquired my neighbour, Captain Wargrave, with whom, as a school-fellow of my elder brother's, I had quickly made acquaintance.

"If I may venture to own it, no!" said I; "I have swallowed too much punch on compulsion in the course of my life."

"I judged as much from your looks," replied Wargrave, who had promised to see me on board the frigate. "If you want to get away from these noisy fellows, we can easily slip off while Lord Thomas and his operations engage their attention."

And, in compliance with the hint, I soon found myself sauntering with him, arm in arm, on the bastions of —. We had an hour before us; for the Captain's gig was not ordered till eleven; and, in order to keep an eye at once on the frigate and the shore, we sat down on an abutment of the parapet, to gossip away the time; interrupted only by the measured tramp of the sentinels, and enjoying the freshness of the night air, perfumed by jessamine and orange blossoms, proceeding from the trelliced gardens of the Government House. As I am not ambitious of writing bad Byron, my readers must allow me to spare them the description of a night, in Greece: a lieutenant of H.M.S. the *Astræa*, and a captain of H.M.'s gallant —th, may be supposed to entertain Hotspur's prejudices against ballad-mongers!

"There seem to be hard-going fellows in your mess," said I, to Wargrave, as he sat beside me, with his arms folded over his breast. "Thornton, I understand, carries off his two bottles a-day, like a Trojan; and the fat major, who sat opposite to me, made such play with the champagne, as caused me to blush for my squeamishness. For my own part, I should be well-content never to exceed a couple of glasses of good claret. Wine affects me in a different way from most men. The more I drink, the more my spirits are depressed. While others get roaring drunk, I sit moping and despairing; and the next day my head aches like an artilleryman's."

"You are fortunate," said Wargrave drily.

"Fortunate?" cried I. "I wish I could appreciate my own luck!—I am voted the sulkiest dog unchanged, whenever it is my cue to be jolly; and after proving a wet blanket to a merry party over-night, am ready to shoot myself with the headach and blue devils next morning. If there be a fellow I really envy, it is such a one as Thornton; who is ready to chime in with the chorus of the 36th stanza of *Nancy Dawson* between his two last bottles; and keeps his head and legs an hour after all the rest of the party have lost theirs under the table."

"I fancy Thornton is pretty well seasoned; saturated like an old claret hogshead!"

"Enviably dog! From time immemorial, odes have been endited to petition the gods for an insensible heart. When I turn lyricist, it will be to pray for an insensible stomach! 'Tis a monstrous hard thing, when one hears the trolling of a joyous *chanson à boire*, or *trinkied*, under the lime-trees of France or Germany, to feel no sympathy in the strain save that of nausea. There is something fresh and picturesque in the mere sound of 'the vine—the grape—the cup—the bowl!' It always appears to me that Bacchus is the universal divinity, and that I alone am exempted from the worship. Think of Lord Thomas's gin-punch, and pity me!"

Wargrave replied by a vague unmeaning laugh; which led me to conclude that my eloquence was lost upon him. Yet I continued.

"Do you know that, in spite of the prevalence of the Bacchanalian idolatry, I think we hardly give honour due to the influence of wine. It has ever been the mania of mankind to ascribe the actions of their fellow-creatures to all motives but the true; but if they saw clearly, and spoke honestly, they would admit that more heroes have been made by the bottle than the sword."

"Have you any personal meaning in this tirade?" suddenly interrupted my companion, in a voice whose concentration was deadly.

"Personal meaning!" I reiterated. "Of what nature?" And for a moment I could not but fancy that poor Wargrave had taken a deeper share in the Chateau Margoux of the fat major than I had been aware of. A man rather touched by wine, is sure to take fire on the most distant imputation of drunkenness.

"I can scarcely imagine, Sir," he continued, in a voice, however, that savoured of anything rather than inebriety, "that any man acquainted with the misfortunes of my life should address *me* on such a subject!"

"Be satisfied, then, that your indignation is groundless, and most unreasonable," said I, still doubtful how far I ought to resent the ungraciousness of his demeanour; "for, on the word of a gentleman, till this day, I never heard your name. Your avowal of intimacy with my brother, and something in the frankness of your manner that reminded me of his, added to the hilarity of an unexpected reunion with so many of my countrymen, has perhaps induced too sudden a familiarity in my demeanour; but, in wishing you good night, Captain Wargrave, and a fairer interpretation of the next sailor who opens his heart to you at sight, allow me to assure you, that not a shadow of offence was intended in the rhapsody you are pleased to resent."

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Wargrave, extending his hands, nay almost his arms, towards me. "It would have afforded only a crowning incident to my miserable history, had my jealous soreness on one fatal subject produced a serious misunderstanding with the brother of one of my dearest and earliest friends."

While I frankly accepted his apologies and offered hand, I could detect, by the light of the moon, an expression of such profound dejection on the altered face of Wargrave—so deadly a paleness—a *haggardness*—that involuntarily I reseated myself on the wall beside him, as if to mark the resumption of a friendly feeling. He did not speak when he took his place; but, after a few minutes' silence, I had the mortification to hear him sobbing like a child.

"My dear fellow, you attach too much importance to an unguarded word, handsomely and satisfactorily explained," said I, trying to reconcile him with himself. "Dismiss it from your thoughts."

"Do not fancy," replied Wargrave, in a broken voice, "that these humiliating tears originate in anything that has passed between us this night. No! The associations recalled to my mind by the rash humour you are generous enough to see in its true light, are of far more ancient date, and far more ineffaceable nature. I owe you something, in return for your forbearance. You have still an hour to be on shore," he continued, looking at his watch. "Devote those minutes to *me*, and I will impart a lesson worth ten years' experience; a lesson of which my own life must be the text—myself the hero!"

There was no disputing with him,—no begging him to be calm. On his whole frame was imprinted the character of an affliction not to be

trifled with. I had only to listen, and impart, in the patience of my attention, such solace as the truly miserable can best appreciate.

"You were right," said Wargrave, with a bitter smile, "in saying that we do not allow ourselves to assign to wine the full measure of authority it holds among the motives of our conduct. But you were wrong in limiting that authority to the instigation of great and heroic actions. Wine is said in Scripture to 'make glad the heart of man.' Wine is said by the poets to be the balm of grief, the dew of beauty, the philter of love. What that is gracious and graceful is it not said to be? Clustering grapes entwine the brow of its divinity; and wine is held to be a libation worthy of the gods. Fools! fools! fools!—they need to have poured forth their blood and tears like me, to know that it is a fountain of eternal damnation! Do not fancy that I allude to DRUNKENNESS; do not class me, in your imagination, with the sensual brute who degrades himself to the filthiness of intoxication. Against a vice so flagrant, how easy to arm one's virtue! No! the true danger lies many degrees within that fearful limit; and the Spartans, who warned their sons against wine by the exhibition of their drunken Helots, fulfilled their duty blindly. Drunkenness implies, in fact, an extinction of the very faculties of evil. The enfeebled arm can deal no mortal blow; the staggering step retards the perpetration of sin. The voice can neither modulate its tones to seduction, nor hurl the defiance of deadly hatred. The drunkard is an idiot: a thing which children mock at, and women chastise. It is the man whose temperament is excited, not overpowered, by wine, to whom the snare is fatal."

"Only when unconscious of his infirmity," said I bluntly.

"Shakspeare makes Cassio conscious, but not till his fault is achieved."

"Cassio is the victim of a designing tempter; but an ordinary man, aware of his frailty, must surely find it easy to avoid the mischief?"

"Easy, as we look upon the thing from hence, with the summer sky over our heads, the unshackled ocean at our feet, and the mockery of the scorner unheard; but, in the animation of a convivial meeting, with cooler heads to mislead us by example, under the influence of conversation, music, mirth, *who* can at all times remember by how short a process it turns to poison in his veins? Do not suppose me the Apostle of a Temperance Society, when I assert, on my life, my soul, my honour, that, after three glasses of wine, I am no longer master of my actions. Without being at the moment conscious of the change, I begin to see, and feel, and hear, and reason differently. The minor transitions between good and evil are forgotten; the lava boils in my bosom. Three more, and I become a madman."

"But this constitutes a positive physical infirmity," said I. "You must of course regard yourself as an exception?"

"No! I am convinced the case is common. Among my own acquaintance, I know fifty men who are pleasant companions in the morning, but intolerable after dinner; men who neither like wine nor indulge in it; but who, while simply fulfilling the forms and ceremonies of society, frequently become odious to others, and a burthen to themselves."

"I really believe you are right."

"I know that I am right; listen: When I became your brother's friend at Westminster, I was on the foundation,—an only son, intended for the Church; and the importance which my father and mother attached to my election for college, added such a stimulus to my exertions, that, at the early age of fourteen, their wish was accomplished. I was

the first boy of my years. A studentship at Christchurch crowned my highest ambition; and all that remained for me at Westminster was to preside over the farewell supper, indispensable on occasion of these triumphs. I was unaccustomed to wine, for my parents had probably taken silent note of the infirmity of my nature; and a very small proportion of the fiery tavern port, which forms the nectar of similar festivities, sufficed to elevate my spirits to madness. Heated by noise and intemperance, we all sallied forth together, prepared to riot, bully, insult. A fight ensued; a life was lost. Expulsion suspended my election. I never reached Oxford; my professional prospects were blighted; and, within a few months, my father died of the disappointment! And now, what was to be done with me? My guardians decided, that in the army the influence of my past fault would prove least injurious; and, eager to escape the tacit reproach of my poor mother's pale face and gloomy weeds, I gladly acceded to their advice. At fifteen, I was gazetted in the —th Regiment of Light Dragoons."

"At least you had no cause to regret your change of profession?" said I, with a sailor's prejudice against parsonic cloth.

"I *did* regret it. A family-living was waiting for me; and I had accustomed myself to the thoughts of early independence and a settled home. Inquire of my friend Richard, on your return to England, and he will tell you that there could not be a calmer, graver, more studious, more sober fellow than myself. The nature of my misdemeanour, meanwhile, was not such as to alienate from me the regard of my young companions; and I will answer for it, that on entering the army, no fellow could boast a more extensive circle of friends. At Westminster, they used to call me 'Wargrave the peacemaker.' I never had a quarrel; I never had an enemy. Yet, twelve months after joining the —th, I had acquired the opprobrium of being a quarrelsome fellow; I had fought one of my brother officers, and was on the most uncomfortable terms with four others."

"And this sudden change——"

"Was *then* attributed to the sourness arising from my disappointments in life. I have since ascribed it to a truer origin—the irritation of the doses of brandy, tinged with sloe juice, which formed the luxury of a mess-cellar. Smarting under the consciousness of unpopularity, I fancied I hated my profession, when in fact I only hated myself. I managed to get on half-pay, and returned to my mother's tranquil roof; tranquil to monotony—tranquil to dulness,—where, instead of regretting the brilliant life I had forsaken, my peace of mind and early contentment came back to me at once. There was no one to bear me company over the bottle; I was my mother's constant companion; I seldom tasted wine; I became healthy, happy, beloved."

"Beloved in a *lover's* sense?"

"Beloved as a neighbour and fellow-citizen. But higher distinctions of affection followed. A young and very beautiful girl, of rank and fortune superior to my own, deigned to encourage the humble veneration with which I regarded her. I became emboldened to solicit her heart and hand. My mother assured her I was the best of sons. I readily promised to be the best of husbands. She believed us both; accepted me—married me; and, on welcoming home my lovely gentle Mary, all remembrance of past sorrow seemed to be obliterated. Our position in the world, if not brilliant, was honourable. My mother's table renewed those hospitalities over which my father had loved to preside."

Mary's three brothers were our constant guests ; and Wargrave—the calm, sober, indolent Wargrave—once more became fractious and ill at ease. My poor mother, who could conceive no fault in *my* disposition—concluding that, as in other instances, the husband had ~~discovered~~ in the daily companionship of married life, faults which had been invisible to the lover—~~ascribed~~ to poor Mary all the discredit of the change. She took a dislike to her daughter-in-law, nay, even to Mrs. Wargrave's family, friends, and acquaintances. She saw that after they had been dining with me, I grew morose and irritable ; and attributed the fault to my guests, instead of to the cursed wine their company compelled me to swallow."

"Your wife was probably more discerning?"

"No! On such subjects, women are not enlightened by experience. Even the vice of drunkenness is a mystery to them, unless when chance exhibits to their observation some miserable brute lying senseless in the public streets. Mary probably ascribed my fractiousness to infirmity of temper. She found me less good-humoured than she had expected, and more easily moved by trifles. The morning is the portion of the day in which married people live least in each other's society ; and my evenings seldom passed without a political squabble with some visiter, or a storm with the servants. The tea was cold ; the newspaper did not arrive in time ; or all the world was not exactly of my own opinion respecting the conduct of Ministers. Fortunately, poor Mary's time was engrossed by preparations for the arrival of her first child, a pledge of domestic happiness calculated to reconcile a woman even to greater vexations than those arising from her husband's irritability. Mary palliated all my bursts of temper, by declaring her opinion that '*any* man might possess the insipid quality of good humour ; but that Wargrave, if somewhat hasty, had the best heart and principles in the world.' As soon as our little boy made his appearance, she excited the contempt of all her female acquaintances, by trusting 'that Harry would, in all respects, resemble his father.' Heaven bless her for her blindness!"

Wargrave paused for a moment ; during which I took care to direct my eyes towards the frigate.

"Among those female friends, was a certain Sophy Cavendish, a cousin of Mary's ; young, handsome, rich,—richer and almost as handsome as herself ; but gifted with that intemperate vivacity which health and prosperity inspire. Sophy was a fearless creature ; the only person who did not shrink from my fits of ill-temper. When I scolded, she bantered ; when I appeared sullen, she piqued me into cheerfulness. We usually met in morning visits, when I was in a mood to take her raileries in good part. To this playful girl it unluckily occurred to suggest to her cousin, 'Why don't you manage Wargrave as I do? why don't you laugh him out of his perversity?' And Mary, to whose disposition and manners all these *agaceries* were foreign, soon began to assume a most provoking sportiveness in our domestic disputes ; would seize me by the hair, the sleeve, point her finger at me when I was sullen, and laugh heartily whenever I indulged in a reproof. I vow to Heaven, there were moments when this innocent folly made me hate her! 'It does not become *you* to ape the monkey tricks of your cousin,' cried I, one night when she had amused herself by fillipping water at me across the dessert-table, while I was engaged in an intemperate professional dispute with an old brother officer.—'In trying to make me look like a fool, you only make a fool of yourself!'—'Don't be intimidated by a few big words,' cried Miss Cavendish, when this ebullition was reported.

to her. 'Men and nettles must be bullied into tameness; they have a sting only for those who are afraid of them——Persevere!' She *did* persevere; and, on an occasion equally ill-timed, again the angry husband retorted severely upon the wife he loved. 'You must not banter him *in company*,' said Sophia. 'He is one of those men who hate being shown up before others. But when you are alone, take your revenge. Treat his anger as a jest. Prove to him you are not afraid of him; and since he chooses to behave like a child, argue with him as children are argued with.'

"It was on my return from a club-dinner, that Mary attempted to put these mischievous precepts into practice. I was late—too late; for, against my will, I had been detained by the jovial party. But, instead of encouraging the apologies I was inclined to offer for having kept her waiting, Mary, who had been beguiling the time of my absence in her dressing-room with an entertaining book, by which her spirits were exhilarated, began to laugh at my excuses: to banter, to mock me. I begged her to desist. She persisted. I grew angry. She replied to my invectives by a thousand absurd accusations, invented to justify her mirth. I bad her be silent. She only laughed more loudly. I stamped, swore—raved;—she approached me in mimicry of my violence. *I struck her!*"

When Wargrave's melancholy voice subsided into silence, the expressions of my countryman, Tabin, (the prototype of Knowles) involuntarily recurred to my mind—

"The man who lays his hand,
Save in the way of kindness, on a woman,
Is a wretch, whom 'twere base flattery to call a coward."

"I know not what followed this act of brutality," cried Wargrave, rousing himself. "I have a faint remembrance of kneeling and imploring, and offering the sacrifice of my life in atonement for such ingratitude. But I have a very strong one of the patient immobility which, from that moment, poor Mary assumed in my presence. She jested no more; she never laughed again. What worlds would I have given had she remonstrated—defended herself—resented the injury! But no! from that fatal night, like the enchanted princess in the story, she became converted into marble, whenever her husband approached her. I fancied—so conscious are the guilty—that she sometimes betrayed an apprehension of leaving our child in the room alone with me. Perhaps she thought me mad! She was right. The brief insanity inspired by wine had alone caused me to raise my hand against her."

"But you had no reason to suppose that, on *this* occasion, Mrs. Wargrave again conferred with her family touching your conduct?"

"No reason; yet I did suppose it. I knew the secret had been kept from her brothers; for, if not, fine manly fellows as they were, nothing would induce them again to sit at my board. But there *was* a person whose interference between me and my wife I dreaded more than theirs; a brother of Sophy Cavendish, who had loved Mary from her childhood, and wooed her, and been dismissed shortly after her acquaintance with myself. That fellow I never could endure! Horace Cavendish was the reverse of his sister; grave, even to dejection; cold and dignified in his demeanour; sententious, taciturn, repulsive. Mary had a great opinion of him, although she had preferred the vivacity of my manner, and the impetuosity of my character. But now that these qualities had been turned against herself, might not a revulsion of feeling cause her

to regret her cousin? She must have felt that Horace Cavendish would have invited an executioner to hack his arm off, rather than raise it against a woman! No provocation would have caused *him* to address her in those terms of insult, in which, on more than one occasion, I had indulged. I began to hate him, for I felt *little* in his presence. I saw that he was my superior in temper and breeding: that he would have made a happier woman of my wife. Yet I had no pretext for dismissing him my house. He came, and came, and sat there day after day, arguing upon men and things, in his calm, measured, dispassionate voice. He could not but have seen that he was odious to me; yet he had not the delicacy to withdraw from our society. Perhaps he thought his presence necessary to protect his cousin? Perhaps he thought I was not to be trusted with the deposit of her happiness?"

"But surely," said I, beginning to dread the continuation of his recital, "surely, after what had already occurred, you were careful to refrain from the stimulants which had betrayed you into an unworthy action?"

"Right. I *was* careful. My temperance was that of an anchorite. On the pretext of health, I refrained for many months from tasting wine. I became myself again. My brothers-in-law called me milksop! I cared not what they called me. The current of my blood ran cool and free. I wanted to conquer back the confidence of my wife?"

"But perhaps this total abstinence rendered the ordeal still more critical, when you were compelled occasionally to resume your former habits?"

"Right again. I was storing a magazine against myself! There occurred a family festival from which I could not absent myself; the wedding of Sophy Cavendish. Even my wife relaxed in her habitual coldness towards me, and requested me to join the party. We met; a party of some thirty—giggling, noisy, brainless, to jest and to be merry. It was settled that I must 'drink the bride's health;' and Mrs. Wargrave extended her glass towards mine, as if to make it a pledge of reconciliation. How eagerly I quaffed it! The champagne warmed my heart. Of my free will, I took a second glass. The bridegroom was to be toasted; then the family into which Sophy was marrying; then the family she was quitting. At length the health of Mrs. Wargrave was proposed. Could I do otherwise than honour it in a bumper? I looked towards her for further encouragement—further kindness; but, instead of the expected smile, I saw her pale, trembling, anxious. My kindling glances and heated countenance perhaps reminded her of the fatal night which had been the origin of our misunderstanding. Yes, she trembled; and, in the midst of her agitation, I saw, or fancied I saw, a look of sympathy and good understanding pass between her and Horace Cavendish. I turned fiercely towards him. He regarded me with contempt; that look at least I did not misinterpret: *but I revenged it!*"

Involuntarily I rose from the parapet, and walked a few paces towards the frigate, in order that Wargrave might recover breath and composure. He followed me—he clung to my arm; the rest of his narrative was spoken almost in a whisper.

"In the mood which had now taken possession of me, it was easy to give offence; and Cavendish appeared no less ready than myself. We quarrelled. Mary's brother attempted to pacify us, but the purpose of both was settled. I saw that he looked upon me as a venomous reptile to be crushed; and I looked upon him as the lover of Mary. One of us

must die to extinguish such deadly hatred. We met at sunrise. Both were sober then. I shot him through the heart!"

"I had once the misfortune to act as second in a mortal duel, my dear Wargrave," said I; "I know how to pity you."

"Not you!" faltered my companion, shuddering with emotion. "You may know what it is to contemplate the ebbing blood, the livid face, the leaden eye of a victim; to see him carried log-like from the field; to feel that many lips are cursing you—many hearts upbraiding you; but you cannot estimate the agony of a position such as mine with regard to Mary. I surrendered myself to justice; took no heed of my defence. Yet surely many must have loved me; for, on the day of trial, hundreds of witnesses came forward to attest my humanity, my generosity, my mildness of nature."

"Mildness!"

"Ay!—Save when under that fatal influence, (the influence which stimulates my lips this very moment,) my disposition is gentle and forbearing. But they adduced something which almost made me long to refute their evidence in my favour. Many of our mutual friends attested upon oath that the deceased had been observed to seek occasions of giving me offence. That he had often spoken of me disparagingly, threateningly; that he had been heard to say, I *deserved* to die! I was now sure that Mary had taken him into her confidence; and yet it was by my wife's unceasing exertions that this mass of evidence had been collected in my favour. I was acquitted. The court rang with acclamations; for I was 'the only son of my mother, and she was a widow;' and the name of Wargrave commanded respect and love from many, both in her person and that of my wife. The Cavendish family had not availed itself mercilessly against my life. I left the court 'without a blemish upon my character,' and with gratitude for the good offices of hundreds. I was not yet quite a wretch."

"But I had not yet seen Mary! On the plea of severe indisposition, she had refrained from visiting me in prison; and now, that all danger was over, I rejoiced she had been spared the humiliation of such an interview. On the eve of my trial, I wrote to her; expressing my wishes and intentions towards herself and our child, should the event prove fatal; and inviting her to accompany me instantly to the continent, should the laws of my country spare my life. We could not remain in the centre of a family so cruelly disunited, in a home so utterly desecrated. I implored her, too, to allow my aged mother to become our companion, that she might sanction my attempts in a new career of happiness and virtue. But, although relieved by this explanation of my future views, I trembled when I found myself once more on the threshold of home. To meet her again—to fall once more upon the neck of my poor mother, whose blindness and infirmities had forbidden her to visit me in durance! What a trial! The shouts of the multitude were dying away in the distance; my sole companion was a venerable servant of my father's, who sat sobbing by my side. He had attended as witness at the trial. He was dressed in a suit of deep mourning, probably in token of the dishonour of his master's house."

"The windows are closed," said I, looking anxiously upwards, as the carriage stopped. "Has Mrs. Wargrave—has my mother quitted town?"

"There was no use distressing you, Master William, so long as you was in trouble," said the old man, grasping my arm. "My poor old

mistress has been buried these six weeks ; she died of a stroke of apoplexy, the day after you surrendered yourself. We buried her, Sir, by your father."

"And my wife?" said I, as soon as I could recover my utterance.

"I don't rightly understand,—I can't quite make out,—I believe, Sir, you will find a letter," said my grey-headed companion, following me closely into the house.

"From Mary?"

"Here it is," he replied, opening a shutter of the cold, grim, cheerless room, and pointing to the table.

"From Mary?" I again reiterated, as I snatched it up. "No! not from Mary; not even from any member of her family; not even from any friend,—from any acquaintance. *It was a lawyer's letter*; informing me, with technical precision, that 'his client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, conceiving she had just cause and provocation to withdraw herself from my roof, had already taken up her abode with her family; that she was prepared to defend herself, by the strong aid of the law, against any opposition I might offer to her design; but trusted the affair would be amicably adjusted. His client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, moreover, demanded no other maintenance than the trifle allowed by her marriage settlement, for her separate use. Instead of accompanying me to the continent, she proposed to reside with her brothers.'

"And it was by the hand of a lawyer's clerk I was to learn all this! The woman—the wife—*whom I had struck!*—was prepared to plead 'cruelty' against me in a court of justice, rather than live with the murderer of her minion! She knew to what a home I was returning; she knew that my household gods were shattered;—and at such a moment abandoned me!"

"Drink this, Master William," said the poor old man, returning to my side with a salver and a bottle of the Madeira which had been forty years in his keeping. "You want support, my dear boy; drink this."

"Give it me," cried I, snatching the glass from his hands. "Another—another!—I *do* want support; for I have still a task to perform. Stop the carriage; I am going out. Another glass!—I *must* see Mrs. Wargrave!—Where is she?"

"Three miles off, Sir, at Sir William's. My mistress is with her elder brother, Sir. You can't see her to-night. Wait till morning; wait till you are more composed. You will lose your senses with all these cruel shocks!"

"I *have* lost my senses!" I exclaimed, throwing myself again into the carriage. "And therefore I must see her,—*must* see her before I die."

"And these frantic words were constantly on my lips till the carriage stopped at the gate of Sir William Brabazon. I would not suffer it to enter, I traversed the court-yard on foot; I wished to give no announcement of my arrival. It was dusk. The servant did not recognise me, when, having entered the offices by a side-door, I demanded of a strange servant admittance to Mrs. Wargrave. The answer was such as I had anticipated. 'Mrs. Wargrave could see no one. She was ill; had only just risen from her bed.' Nevertheless, I urged the necessity of an immediate interview. 'I must see her on business.' Still less. 'It was impossible for Mrs. Wargrave to see any person on business, as Sir William and Mr. Brabazon had just gone into town; and she was quite alone, and much indisposed.'—'Take in this note,' said I, tearing a

blank leaf from my pocket-book, and folding it to represent a letter. And following with caution the servant I despatched on my errand, I found my way to the door of Mary's apartment. It was the beginning of spring. The invalid was sitting in a large arm-chair before the fire, with her little boy asleep in her arms. I had preceded the servant into the room; and, by the imperfect fire-light, she mistook me for the medical attendant she was expecting.

" ' Good evening, Doctor,' said she, in a voice so faint and tremulous, that I could scarcely recognise it for hers. ' You will find me better to-night. But why are you so late?'

" ' You will, perhaps, find me too early,' said I, placing myself resolutely beside her chair, " unless you are disposed to annul the instrument with which you have been pleased to complete the measure of your husband's miseries. Do not tremble, Madam; do not shudder; do not faint. You have no personal injury to apprehend. I am come here, a broken-hearted man, to learn my award of life or death." And, in spite of my false courage, I staggered to the wall, and leaned against it for support.

" ' My brothers are absent,' faltered Mary. ' I have no counsellor at hand, to act as mediator between us.'

" ' For which reason I hazard this appeal. I am here to speak with my own lips to your own ears, to your own heart. Let its unbiassed impulse condemn me or absolve me. Do not decide upon the suggestions of others.'

" ' I have decided,' murmured Mrs. Wargrave, '*irrevocably.*'

" ' No, you have *not*!' said I, again approaching her; " for you have decided without listening to the defence of your husband, to the appeal of nature. Mary, Mary! have you so soon forgotten the vows of eternal union breathed in the presence of God? On what covenant did you accept my hand, my name, my tenderness? On that of a merciful compromise with the frailties of human nature; 'for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health.' It *has* been for *worse*, for I have been perverse, and wayward, and mad; it *has* been for *poorer*, for my good name is taken from me; it *has* been for sickness, for a heavy sickness is on my soul. But is the *covenant* less binding? Are you not still my wife?—my wife whom I adore,—my wife whom I have injured,—my wife, whose patience I would requite by a whole life of homage and adoration,—my wife who once vowed a vow before the Lord, that, forsaking all other, she would cleave to *me* alone? Mary, no human law can contravene this primal statute. Mary, you have no right to cast from you the father of your child."

" ' It is for my child's sake that I seek to withdraw from his authority,' said Mrs. Wargrave, with more firmness than might have been expected; a firmness probably derived from the contact of the innocent and helpless being she pressed to her bosom. " ' No! I cannot live with you again; my confidence is gone, my respect diminished. This boy, as his faculties become developed, would see me tremble in your presence; would learn that I fear you; that'——

" ' That you despise me! speak out, Madam; speak out!'

" ' That I *pity* you,' continued Mary, resolutely; " that I pity you, as one who has the reproach of blood upon his hand, and the accusation of ruffianly injury against a woman on his conscience."

" ' And such are the lessons you will teach him; lessons to lead him to perdition, to damnation; for, by the laws of the Almighty, Madam, how-

ever your kindred or your lawyers may inspire you, the father, no less than the mother, must be honoured by his child."

"It is a lesson I would scrupulously withhold from him: and, to secure his ignorance, it is needful that he should live an alien from his father's roof. Wargrave, our child must not grow up in observation of our estrangement."

"Then, by Heaven, my resolution is taken! Still less shall his little life be passed in watching the tears shed by his mother for the victim of an adulterous passion! You have appealed to the laws: by the laws let us abide. The child is mine, by right, by enforcement. Live where you will—defy me from what shelter you please; but this little creature whom you have constituted my enemy, remains with me! Surrender him to me, or dread the consequences!"

"You did not!" I incoherently gasped, seizing Wargrave by the arm, and dreading, I knew not what.

"Have I not told you," he replied, in a voice which froze the blood in my veins, "that, before quitting home, I had swallowed half a bottle of Madeira? My frame was heated, my brain maddened! I saw in the woman before me only the minion, the mourner of Horace Cavendish. I had no longer a wife."

"And you dared to injure her?"

"Right boy; that is the word,—*dared*! It was cowardly, was it not? brutal, monstrous! Say something that may spare my own bitter self-accusations!"

Involuntarily I released myself from his arm.

"Yes! Mary, like yourself, prepared herself for violence at my hands," continued Wargrave, scarcely noticing the movement; "for instinctively she attempted to rise and approach the bell; but, encumbered by the child, or by her own weakness, she fell back in her chair. 'Don't wake him!' said she, in a faint, piteous voice, as if, after all, *his* helplessness constituted her best defence."

"Give him up, then, at once. Do you think I do not love him? Do you think I shall be less careful of him than yourself? Give him up to his father."

"For a moment, as if overcome, she seemed attempting to unclasp the little hand which, even in sleep, clung tenderly to her night-dress. For a moment she seemed to recognise the irresistibility of my claim."

"The carriage wuits, said I sternly. Where is his nurse?"

"'I am his nurse,' cried Mary, bursting into an agony of tears. 'I will go with him. To retain my child, I will consent to live with you again.'

"With me? Am I a worm, that you think to trample on me thus? Live with me, whom you have dishonoured with your pity, your contempt; your preference of another? Rather again stand arraigned before a criminal tribunal, than accept such a woman as my wife!"

"As a servant, then; let me attend as a servant on this little creature, so dear to me, so precious to me, so feeble, so——"

"Is it Cavendish's brat, that you plead for him so warmly?" cried I, infuriated that even my child should be preferred to me. And I now attempted to remove him by force from her arms.

"Help! help! help!" faltered the feeble, half-fainting mother. But no one came, and I persisted. Did you ever attempt to hold a struggling child—a child that others were struggling to retain—a young child—a soft, frail, feeble child? And why did she resist? Should not

she, woman as she was, have known that mischief would arise from such contact? She who had tended those delicate limbs, that fragile frame? The boy wakened from his sleep—was screaming violently. He struggled, and struggled, and moaned, and gasped. But, on a sudden, his shrieks ceased. He was still, silent, breathless”——

“Dead!” cried I.

“So she imagined at the moment, when, at the summons of her fearful shrieks, the servants rushed into the room. But no, I had not again become a murderer; a new curse was in store for me. When medical aid was procured, it was found that a limb was dislocated; the spine injured; the boy a cripple for life!”

“What must have been his father’s remorse!”

“His father was spared the intelligence. It was not for fourteen months that I was removed from the private madhouse, to which, that fatal night, I was conveyed, a raving maniac. The influence of wine, passion, horror, had induced epilepsy; from which I was only roused to a state of frenzy. Careful treatment and solitude gradually restored me. Legal steps had been taken by the Brabazon family during my confinement; and my mutilated boy is placed, by the Court of Chancery, under the guardianship of his mother. For some time after my recovery I became a wanderer on the continent, with the intention of wasting the remnants of my blighted existence in restless obscurity. But I soon felt that the best propitiation, the best sacrifice to offer to my injured wife and child, was an attempt to conquer, for their sake, an honourable position in society. I got placed on full-pay in a regiment appointed to a foreign station. I made over to my boy the whole of my property. I pique myself on living on my pay,—on drinking no wine,—on absenting myself from all the seductions of society. I lead a life of penance, of penitence, of pain. But, some day or other, my little victim will learn the death of his father, and feel that he devoted his wretched days to the duties of an honourable profession, in order to spare him further dishonour as *the son of a suicide*.”

“Thank God!” was my murmured ejaculation, when at this moment I perceived the boat of the *Astræa*; whose approach enabled me to cover my emotion with the bustle of parting. There was not a word of consolation—of palliation, to be offered to such a man. He had indeed afforded me a fearful commentary on my text. Never before had I duly appreciated the perils and dangers of Wine!

“And it is to such a stimulus,” murmured I, as I slowly rejoined my companions, “that judge and juror recur for strength to inspire their decrees; to such an influence, that captain and helmsman turn for courage in the storm; to such a counsellor, the warrior refers his manœuvres on the day of battle; nay, that the minister, the chancellor, the sovereign himself, dedicate the frailty of their nature! That human life, that human happiness, should be subjected to so devilish an instrument! Against all other enemies, we fortify ourselves with defence; to this master-fiend, we open the doors of the citadel.”

My meditations were soon cut short by the joyous chorus of a drinking song, with which Lord Thomas’s decoctions inspired the shattered reason of the Commandants, superior and inferior, of His Majesty’s Ship the *Astræa*.

THE VISION

" ROYALTY, revelling in the arms of Power,
 With the dependent sycophantic train,
 Waiting for opportunities to pour ;
 Into an ear which gloried to be vain,
 The choicest words from flattery distilled ;
 The jewelled regalia of its lofty state ;
 Its spacious palaces profusely filled
 With piled up gold, impossible to rate ;
 The awe-struck subjects prostrate at its throne,
 Anxious, yet never daring, to behold
 The sceptred monarch, whose whole person shone
 One dazzling glare of diamonds and of gold.

" Wealth, redolent of luxury and ease,
 Clothed in fine vestments of Assyrian dye ;
 Lolling on gilded couches which might please
 The most fastidious or ambitious eye ;
 Feasting in splayed colonnaded halls
 On rarest viands of most princely cost ;
 While works of art adorned the marble walls,
 And odoriferous herbs,—the constant boast
 Of famed Arabia, whose revered soil
 Bears witness to the might of God, and where
 The weary pilgrim ends his zealous toil,—
 Loaded with richest scents the drowsy air.

" Beauty, which, spell-bound, held the ravished eye ;
 Just as a limpid fountain, cold and pure,
 Rising amid the vast sterility
 Of Tropic waste unending, would allure
 To draughts unmeasured from its pearly stream,
 The drooping traveller, thirsty, toiled, and faint,—
 Beauty, so chaste and spotless, which did seem
 Itself white Purity without a taint.

" All these, and many more, have met my sight,
 Group after group, each than the last more sheen ;
 And I have marked them well, and with delight
 Beheld their rich attire and gladsome mien.

" Now in the vista of my dream appear
 Figures most widely different from those
 Who were betokened by their gay career,
 Strangers alike to miseries and woes ;
 Their looks are wild and haggard, and they seem
 Stricken with penury, become old with care,
 But still their manly port emits a beam
 Of independence, though their garb be bare ;

And in their scanless eyes, restless, then still,
And on their brows of intellectual mould,
There lurks a noble something, which does fill
Me with desire to learn what I behold?"

"Then wonder! for the wo-worn forms you see, .
Above the world have built themselves a name;
These are the heirs of immortality!
The men of genius, darling sons of Fame;
The mighty minds, within whose cells are stored
The words of Inspiration, which will hold .
Mankind enthralled, when scorn and Death have soared
O'er them of Pomp, the worshippers of gold.

"Look on them! is their pleasure in the thought
Of an existence, when the omnivorous grave
Shall have devoured the weakly dust it sought,—
The mortal fane, whence the bright spirit gave
Unceasing proofs of its immortal rise—
Of an existence, when the haughty world
Shall long have ceased to gloat their vapid eyes
On tainted hues, and their proud schemes been hurled
By grisly Death, with undisguised contempt,
To utter chaos, to deserved nought,
Without a single tittle left exempt
From an oblivion which their actions wrought?"

"Look on them! for those very men shall live
In all the splendour of a second birth;
Their names be uttered—ay, when men would give
A better nature to the things of earth;
The wayward musings of each grief-racked mind,
Be treasured as the breathings of a soul,
Where thoughts immortal had their impress shrined,
Without one stain to make their utterance foul.

"Yes! when the pompous jewel-bedizened crowd,
Shall have been reft of their unenvied state,
And all their trappings dwindled to a shroud,
With but a tombstone-record of their fate—
Like the Great Sun in influential might,
Their words shall cast a halo round the land,
And laud immortal be decreed the right,
The envied right, of the poor wo-worn band!"

"EUTHANASY" OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

"A restoration of the right of free election is the preliminary indispensable to every other consideration. *What alterations ought afterwards to be made to the Constitution, is a matter of deep and difficult research.*"

BURKE.—*Thoughts on Present Discontents*

It does not appear to be very commonly in the recollection of aristocratical memories that their celebrated organ at any time so distinctly committed himself to the principle of Parliamentary Reform, as we find to have been the fact from the passage here cited. Our object, however, in referring to it, is to suggest to the thinking public of this country the peculiar position in which it is their good fortune to stand; and, which has been regarded by Burke as introductory to the most important cares which can occupy the mind of civilized man.

Of the long-protracted discussion to which the question of Parliamentary Reform was exposed by the pertinacity of its enemies, one effect appears to be sufficiently manifest; and that is, the general conviction that there has been hitherto *no such thing as a known Constitution in Great Britain*. Over and over again, as well in the debates of Parliament as in the harangues of orators, and the tracts of politicians, it was with increasing assurance maintained, that the most cherished and popular dogmas of the Constitution were a mere illusion; that the veto of the Crown was a nullity; the isolation of the Lords a dream, the control of the people's representatives over the supplies, a Utopian invention; and, consequently, the balance of three independent estates, as visionary now as in the days when Tacitus despaired, if not of its existence, at least of its survival for any length of time. In a word, that the model which Blackstone expounded, and De Lolme extolled, and the envying nations were hopelessly aspiring to copy, never for one moment had any existence in practice; but, that prerogative at one time, and influence at another, had governed the nation almost at their pure discretion; while the popular check, equivocal and feeble in its action, was manifested by an operation as irregular and unrecognised as the hidden but securer usurpations of the other two members of the state. Such was the boasted Constitution of Britain!

Nevertheless, as *names* have ever been the last things abandoned, once they have attained a firm footing in society, it can hardly be surprising that, amidst all its vicissitudes, the British Constitution was the same venerated idol in the imaginations of Englishmen; and that, till the mischief of the delusion became too enormous for endurance, no sophistry could be unwelcome which should undertake to demonstrate, in defiance of appearances, that the Constitution was still present to them, unimpaired in all its essential capacities to bless, protect, and exalt a people. One of the latest devices to this effect was the curious discovery, that although the forms of the Constitution had no longer a meaning, and although the language of its theory were no longer applicable, yet its essence in effect remained, and its energy had merely changed the instruments by which it had been accustomed to work: that, Alpheus-like, the waters of the constitution had wandered indeed from their ancient channels, but had reappeared, with renovated usefulness and beauty, in a more genial region. In short, that the balance of antagonizing powers in the state had been reduced to a practical verity; but that, instead of

hopelessly endeavouring to achieve itself by the alternate depression and elevation of King, Lords, and Commons, in their separate localities, the position of the fulcrum was changed; and the two former, vacating their appropriate stations, had transferred their operation to the immediate arena of their popular rival.

A difficulty, however, of rather a formidable character was soon to deprive even this theory of its plausibility in the eyes of the people. The Constitution, as expounded in books, had at least the merit of supposing that to be done *openly*, which was held to be essential to the existence of even a free government: It beheld, in the individual at the head of the state, and again, in that fractional portion of the community, the nobles, the power *finally to oppose the fixed and united will of the whole residue of the nation*. And yet, even in the dawn of political light, and during the slow approximation to more rational views, there was something which taught the minds of men that such a spectacle was but ill-calculated to conciliate the respect or command the allegiance of a people, to whom the language, at least, if not the fruition of liberty, had, in most periods of their history, been habitual. *A change became therefore inevitable*; a change which it took a revolution to establish. But, unluckily, the Constitution, which had proved in its primitive forms to be impracticable, instead of being boldly adapted to the genius of the nation, and made to incorporate that power which would not brook to be openly set at nought, was nominally retained, and its outward existence protracted by expedients less likely indeed to provoke, but not less calculated in the end to deprave, degrade, and destroy a people. The imperious will of one, or the insolent assumptions of the few, could, it was true, no longer be asserted in the open face of day. But the public morality was sapped. What force was unable to effect, corruption was found the ready minister to undertake; and the subtle machinery could only be put into action, by selecting the Representative Chamber for the scene of its operations. Despotism exulted in its device; and the enemy of mankind must have triumphed beyond the usual measure of his malignity, when he beheld the *elite* of society, and its natural leaders and examples, contentedly reconciling themselves to a huge lie, and unblushingly professing to be the genuine representatives of the people, while their actual majority were the subservient creatures of the regal and aristocratical powers! Long had the public suspicion been directed to this fact: and, in proportion as the general intelligence increased, the conviction became more and more confirmed, that the evil did exist, and that, at whatever cost, it must be gotten rid of. Driven to their last resources, the advocates of misrule, indeed, had yet an effort in reserve. *The evil was denied to be evil*. The Constitution was affirmed to be as strenuous as ever; and anomalies, which could only be unsightly to the ignorant, or hateful to the factious, were declared to be the endearing indications of age, whose removal must impair or deform the venerable pile around which they grew. But the period for delusion was past; and once again, in the history of this nation, a mighty effort has been made to bring the existence of monarchy into harmony with rational principles of government. Again, the question has devolved upon the people of this empire, Whether they will submit to have their interests obstructed by the separate interests of one or more other orders in the state? together with the important inquiry, besides, suggested by the experience of a century of wrong, Whether the pretension which was too flagrant to be endured by the framers of our first revolution, when *OPENLY CLAIMED*, ought to be

more tolerable to their posterity when exercised under the DETECTED DISGUISE of an all-desolating and disgusting corruption?

We need hardly be at the pains of demonstrating that, in earlier times, the existence of Government by prerogative had become intolerable. It was, in fact, neither more nor less than TYRANNY; and the aristocracy, in common with the people, feeling it to be so, uplifted their might to crush it. They did crush it; and it was no longer a tyranny in the hands of one man. But that it was a tyranny still, and a tyranny unshorn of its force, stands admitted by the conspicuous testimony of one who, prolific as he was in applauses of the paper Constitution of England, yet, in enumerating the resources of the Crown since the Revolution, had the candour to avow that all that it had *lost* in prerogative, it had *acquired* in influence; that the instruments of its power, although less open and avowed than formerly, were not, on that account, the less feeble; and that "such a result could never have been intended by our patriot ancestors, who, in gloriously struggling for the abolition of the then formidable parts of the prerogative, had, *by an unaccountable want of foresight, established this system in their stead.*"* It is quite apparent, therefore, that after, as well as before the Revolution of 1688, the ancient tyranny subsisted, and subsisted to our own day. The power and the purpose to overrule the will of the nation continued undiminished. Its method, not its object, was changed: and the design was alike atrocious, the result alike calamitous, whether it terrified or stupified its victim into compliance. In order, however, to achieve its end, it was necessary to engage *accomplices*; and, instead of the dissolute violence of one, the suffering nation had to endure a portion of her degradation at the hands of the guilty few who encouraged and shared the enterprise. It has been, indeed, contended, not without truth, that, since the period when prerogative flourished, the power and influence of THE PEOPLE have prodigiously increased. But, when it is recollected with what a formidable alliance the Crown has been able to strengthen itself, that the whole power of the aristocracy has been thrown into the scale of royalty, and that, if equals be added to equals, their sums will be equal, the inference is inevitable, that, as to any power of constitutional resistance to misrule, the situation of the people, down to the present day, has been precisely where it was when the nation was driven to oppose itself to the incorrigible tyranny of the Stuarts. If, indeed, it be true, that prerogative was unbearable to our fathers; and if it be also true, that the system which supplanted it (that system which has been designated, in the equivocal pages of a work as flickering as the lights of its own northern skies, "*the reign of influence and regular freedom*,"† a system which makes the House of Commons do for the King and Lords, what neither King nor Lords would dare to do for themselves) was equally dangerous to the liberties of the nation; in what possible way can the conclusion be evaded, that, down to the very instant of our recent liberation, the people of this country were living under a merely mitigated despotism?

Hitherto there had been two systems of regular government attempted in this country,—First, That of the King contending by prerogative against the united force of Aristocracy and People; and, next, that of the King and Aristocracy together against the single power of the People.

* Blackstone, B. I. Ch. viii. § 8. † Edinburgh Review, vol. xiv. p. 303.

But it is manifest that that subjection which the aristocracy, when united with the people, accounted as slavery, the latter, in their turn, with still greater cogency of reason, were entitled to regard in the same light, when the defection of the nobles to the side of the Crown, depriving them of half their force, had left them two enemies to encounter instead of one.

When viewed in connexion with the reasoning of this paper, we may, perhaps, be the better able to appreciate the intensity of the libel upon royalty, which closes the memorable chapter of Paley on the British Constitution, viz. That "*An independent Parliament is incompatible with the existence of the monarchy.*" When, however, it is recollected, that dependence (which is the alternative) is government by corruption, and corruption is equivalent to prerogative, and prerogative is synonymous with tyranny, this celebrated proposition will be found to affirm, That, WITHOUT TYRANNY, the existence of monarchy is impossible! It was said that George III. could never be reconciled to Paley, for putting it in his book, that "the divine right of kings was like the divine right of constables." But we know not that he at all repaired this uncourtly avowal, by culling for the wreath of royalty so seductive, but doubtful a blossom, as he here entwines with it. Be this as it may, the proposition at least imports that there can no more be two independent principles in the government of a state, than in the creation of the universe; and that whichever of these is the dependent power, must exercise its functions in complete subserviency to the will of the other.

The time then is come, when things, and not names, are to occupy the thoughts, and regulate the policy of Englishmen. Is freedom indeed their object? If it be, then monarchy must be rendered subservient to them, not they to monarchy. Hitherto, by the confession of all thinking men, the latter has been the fact; and so inevitable was the tendency to it, under the dream of a *balanced Constitution*, that what Paley betrayed when he declared that "an independent Parliament was incompatible with the monarchy," Hume had already pretty plainly admitted, when he concluded, that "the tide was beginning to turn towards monarchy,"—and proceeded to calm the apprehensions of Englishmen, by assuring them that, as the Constitution *must* perish, "*ABSOLUTE MONARCHY* was the easiest death, the true euthanasia of the British Constitution."* All attempts, then, at that first great want, and perpetual aim of true-hearted Englishmen—the enjoyment of political freedom—having hitherto failed, in the past condition of the monarchy, the question has once more come home to the business and the bosoms of all such Englishmen,—“Whether they will have a Monarchy, (no matter how modified by its alliances with any other order in the state,) with inevitable slavery to themselves; or whether they will insist upon Liberty, with monarchy so *really* ‘limited,’ as to be no longer their absolute master, but their useful servant?”

Nearly one hundred and fifty years have elapsed since the last attempt by the people of England to disarm ~~the~~ their government of the power of injuring, instead of protecting them. And if they should avail themselves of the opportunity which now invites them to a further prosecution of that aim, their patience, for so long a period, may well acquit them of the charge of precipitancy.

It is, we believe, an indisputable truth in the science of government,

that two independent powers cannot co-exist in the same state. The voice of experience, not less than the authority of names, has satisfactorily demonstrated, that an independent Parliament, and an independent monarchy, are two incompatible things. The solution, therefore, of the question which has arisen for the determination of Englishmen, will very much depend upon their view of another question of most interesting import: "Whether a King is given for the sake of a kingdom, or a kingdom for the sake of the King?" If, with Chancellor Fortescue, they determine in favour of the former clause of this question, then it must be evident that their measures are to be governed, not by considerations personal merely to the monarch, but by the incomparably more important interests for whose advancement such a functionary was appointed at all.

It has always occurred to us, in meditating on the bold but not un-instructive conclusion of Paley, that "an independent Parliament is incompatible with the existence of the monarchy;" that the monarchy he contemplated was by no means of the species familiar to the thoughts of Englishmen; and that the proposition would have assumed a quite different complexion, had he been led to affirm that "an independent Parliament was incompatible with the existence of a truly '*limited*' monarchy." In point of fact, these two conditions necessarily imply each other; since, in order that the representative be independent, it is necessary that the executive should be too feeble, directly or *indirectly*, to control it in the exercise of its functions; and, similarly, in order that the executive be limited, it is necessary that the representative power be so efficiently constructed as to be at all times able freely to wield the functions with which it is intrusted.* In whatever degree the independence of Parliament is impaired, exactly in that degree does absolutism extend its ground; and, by parity, in whatever degree the independence of the Crown is advanced, just in that same degree is the efficiency of the representative power to extinguish the tendency to despotism done away with. Forms are of no use: names are of no use. For such impediments, kingly and aristocratical encroachment has no reverence; and as well might her sceptred senators have rescued the devoted walls of Rome by the awe of their curule chairs, as the citadel of liberty be defended by such outworks as these. The Great Charter of England had to be ratified thirty times! And the *Habeas Corpus*, which has been styled its second *Magna Charta*, after struggling through perils and defeats without number, had scarcely been on its legs, and the Constitution been matured "to its full vigour," (such are the words of Blackstone,) when down fell the whole structure, to all practical purposes; and the matured Constitution had to witness "many proceedings contrary to all law, through the artifice of wicked politicians both in and out of Parliament."[•]

Where, then, can the remedy lie, but in the People? and to what hands but its own can it intrust the energy necessary to protect it from these dangerous aims, and preserve to the community that freedom, which, with all its imperfections, its imaginary Constitution, at least, has the merit of *intending* to confer? To that Constitution we must render the justice of conceding that, with more or less constancy more or less success, its object, from the earliest times, has been to establish not (what Paley would conceive) a servile Parliament and despotic

* Blackstone, B. IV. Ch. xxxiii.

Crown, but a free and faithful Parliament, and a Crown not nominally, but truly and effectually "*limited*." It is this which constitutes the spirit, the truly noble essence of the English Constitution. And, therefore, to this spirit it is we desire its outward forms, and familiar and recognised language, fairly, freely, and ingenuously to conform.

But is such a condition of things constitutionally and tranquilly attainable? We believe it is; but then, in order to attain it, it will be absolutely necessary that the minds of reflecting Englishmen shall be no longer deluded with shadows, but shall, in good earnest, dispose themselves for seizing and securing the substance. In England, a limited Crown, restrained by any practicable provision in the Constitution, has heretofore been a name only; and less a truth, perhaps, since the boasted era of the Revolution, than during the fluctuating struggles of anterior times, when the Crown was as often humbled as victorious in its reiterated contests with the subject. If, then, a "*limited*" Crown be that which Englishmen may legitimately endeavour to realize, and if the means which have been hitherto adopted to that end have confessedly proved to be abortive, are they not called upon now, when their efforts have placed them in so advantageous a position for permanently compassing their liberties, to let in such new considerations, and resolve upon such invigorated measures, as shall convert that into a substance and reality which has, in all times past, been a shadow and a dream?

Bearing, then, solemnly and strongly in mind the suggestion of Burke, that "It ought to be the constant aim of every wise public counsel to find out by cautious experiments, and rational cool endeavours, *with how little*, not with how much, restraint the community can subsist, since liberty is a good to be improved, not an evil to be lessened;" we offer the following proposition to the enfranchised Electors of Britain, as one which is worthy their profoundest attention. It is, in the concise and memorable words of the brilliant opponent of Burke—the Burke of less suspicious days—that, "AN ORGAN TO COLLECT THE PUBLIC WILL, AND A HAND TO EXECUTE IT, ARE THE ONLY NECESSARY CONSTITUENTS OF THE SOCIAL UNION;"* and that, therefore, the theory which invests the crown with a right of ABSOLUTE NEGATIVE upon the deliberate sense of the People, is as monstrous in speculation, as experience has proved it to be impossible in practice, and mischievous in its evasion.

— Perhaps the shortest demonstration of its absurdity in theory merging into its substituted evil, is the fact, that whenever the public feeling has been brought to bear upon it, this pretension of the Crown to oppose itself finally to the will of the people, has been regarded with sentiments so ominously discouraging to its exercise—witness the resolutions of the Commons in 1693—as at length to have induced, on the part of the Crown, a conviction of the utter inexpediency of retaining so revolting a prerogative: not, however, without the consolation that, under the mask of popular forms, and (let us thank Blackstone for the expression!) "by the artifice of wicked politicians both in and out of Parliament," its supremacy might still be as effective as ever, and the abdicated power as substantially exerted by *management*, as it ever had been in the days of its loftiest assertion.

Now we ask, with all possible earnestness, whether that power which was too oppressive and insulting for the national sufferance when avow-

edly exercised, is at all more legitimate in its character, more limited in its danger, more deserving of endurance, when exerted *covertly*, and by the application of the most grossly sordid motives to the minds of the depositaries of the public trust?

But now *to the point*. Are you then seriously prepared, it will be said, to alter the theory of the Constitution, and to pluck from the diadem its darling prerogative of an absolute negative on the sense of the nation, whether directly or circuitously applied; whether by a curative or preventive process; whether, in short, by a boldly avowed, or cautiously dissembled, intervention of its will? We answer, unreservedly, Yes. If the power claimed for the Crown be a good, let us have it without disguise. If it be an evil, then we will not have it, under whatever aspect it presume to exhibit itself." •

We contend for it as a notorious, fundamental, and hitherto unquestioned principle, that it is a *limited*, not an arbitrary power, which ought to be vested in the Crown of these realms: and, again, that the Constitution, however precarious or obscure in other respects, has placed all ultimate power in the hands of the people, by giving them *the command of the supplies*. If, then, the Constitution is not to be renovated in these particulars; if we are, in point of fact as well as theory, to have a popular, and not an absolute scheme of Government, all experience proclaims that there is but one way of giving it effect, and that is, by rescinding a prerogative revolting in its principle, and impracticable in fact, and placing, not an absolute but a qualified, not an obstructive but *suspensive* veto at the disposal of the Crown. Let it be avowedly, and once for all promulged, as the essential and indispensable attribute of the free government of this nation, that THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS SUPREME: and that all that is useful or permissible on the part of the Crown, in its legislative character, is, so to interpose itself as to afford to the people the most effective means of deliberately ascertaining its own sense. Were such to be the *acknowledged* limitations of kingly rule in this country, will any man pretend to say, that an "Independent Parliament would *then* be incompatible with the existence of the monarchy?" For what, in such a condition of things, could the Crown have to gain by corruption,—what to endanger by collision? The hope to govern by its isolated will, directly or *indirectly*, being cut off, corruption must be abandoned, because it would be nugatory: it would have no object. The office of suspending, merely, of interrupting, as it were, by a friendly and cautionary dissent, the possibly imprudent desires of the people, being foreknown and recognised by the popular body, its integrity would be respected; and the national will be either abandoned or modified upon better reflection, or peacefully achieved after a temporary and amicable obstruction.

But, alas! here, no doubt, we shall be duly assailed with a list of the lamentable failures which history records, in our own and in other countries, of attempts to deposit in the hands of the many so transcendent a power; and of the infinite risks to stability and order, against which such examples are calculated to warn the nations through all succeeding time. We are not alarmed at these examples. On the contrary, the objection would rather suggest the reflection, That if the failures of a former age are for ever to repress the attempts of succeeding ones, they may be equally quoted for the defence of every conceivable tyranny. But because a people have once, or again, been defeated in their hopes, is there no security to be taken in future times against the vengeance

or the artifices of a despot? Because, for example, a Cromwell pushed his way to a throne, were we for ever to succumb to a Stuart? or because a Napoleon too successfully trod in his path, should there have been none to deliver the people from the legitimate hoof of the Bourbon? But these apprehensions are vain. Every age and country has its peculiarities; and time and knowledge, too, come with their appropriate correctives to diminish the hazards and avert the mistakes into which less happy or instructed eras may have fallen. The people of England in these days (much as they have to learn) are not likely to be at the mercy of equally balanced factions for and against the fundamental principles upon which their ancestors of the 17th century were so preposterously divided. They have, indeed, mournfully misused their opportunities of knowing better, if they would, in these days, spoil a noble attempt at free government, by their crazy contentions on the subject of religious toleration. On that point they are pretty much of a mind. And on no other could there be such a separation of views as to encourage their enemies to hope for success by exciting their jealousies or depraving their judgments. Political Unions, or Electoral Committees, or associated bodies under some or other name, aided by a searching and intelligent press, would rapidly teach the popular mind to see where the general interest lay, and to stick to it. In a word, the quietists, who can look upon abuses—especially if they profit by them—with such marvellous apathy, or, as O. P. Q. of *The Chronicle* would express it, "the lovers of peace at all hazards," may assure themselves that the day is past, when either a fortunate soldier or successful adventurer should be able to crush or hoodwink the people of England.

We need not dwell upon the first struggles of France. They were inevitable—they were justifiable—they were glorious: and, notwithstanding the perverted indignation of Burke, could prompt him to apostrophize on the capture of the Bastille,

"THE KING'S CASTLES ARE TAKEN!"

few there are we believe, at this day, who would not rather sympathize in the virtuous emotions of Cowper, when writing by anticipation of the same event:—

"Ye horrid towers, ———
Ye dungeons, and ye cages of despair,
There's not an English heart that would not leap
To hear that ye were fallen at last!"

If, indeed, there are any, even Tory hearts, which still yearn for the days when "*chivalry*" was not yet "*gone*," we know not a better corrective of such romantic regrets than a glance at a few pages of Arthur Young's *Agricultural Tour in France*, during the years 1787-8, and 9, where they would find as pretty a little summary of the doings of despotism, as could easily be found in the same space of print, if they were looking for a lifetime. Well we know the sad sequel which history adds; and, that the discontents out of which these struggles sprang were lashed into frenzy by the too fatal facilities which a hostile frontier afforded to France's implacable oppressors. Time, however, has again evinced that tyranny is a plant which can draw no nutriment from the Gallic soil. But even if it could, Britain is in no parallel danger. Her frontier has no contact with despotism. It can harbour no intrigues. It is impassable to the united tyrants of the world. Of the banded despot, proudly may we say to Britain, as Ocean may say of man,—

"His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise!"

Scopuli nequicquam et spumæ circum
Saxa fremunt, laterique illisa refunditur alga.

But, the dread of an oppressor from without or within being removed, up starts a terror of a quite opposite nature; for, by one or other fatality, *victimised*, it seems, the nation must be. The system we have described, we should probably be told, (see, for example, *Edinburgh Review*, Vol. xiv., p. 300,) would amount to "a virtual republic." Perhaps it might. But we own we do not see in a system which should comprise (for the sake of removing a source of unnecessary agitation to society) a chief magistracy hereditary in one line, surrounded by purely popular institutions, so *very* much to disquiet any sober judgment. In such a system we see everything to gratify the legitimate ambition of the individual who should be elevated to the most conspicuous position in the state; to whom it should be sufficient glory to be the executive organ of that which Sir William Jones denominated "THE MOST GLORIOUS OF SIGHTS,—A NATION FREELY GOVERNED BY ITS OWN LAWS." If such a ruler should pine for a co-ordinate share in the making of laws, or even for the power of simple rejection, it behoves him well to remember that he seeks a responsibility which experience has proved that a king of this country cannot openly exercise. That, in proposing to do that *circuitously* which he durst not attempt directly, so lavishly must he share amongst the instruments of his purpose the power he acquires, that personally he loses as much as he gains. That he encumbers this gratuitous system with the momentous objection, besides, of spreading throughout society a wide and wasting dereliction of public principle, commencing with the corruption of the uppermost, and extending through them to the classes next in succession,—a reckless forgetfulness of country, and a spirit of sordid self-seeking, alike disastrous to the resources and subversive of the morality of the nation. And, finally, that if not for himself, at least for his dynasty, he only *postpones*, after all, the great account with his people; whose intelligence, keeping pace with their wrongs, will sooner or later direct them to the means of extorting reparation.

Considering, then, that this nation has rights; considering that the protection of these rights, consistently with correct speculation, cannot be safely conceded to hands which, even if occasionally directed by wisdom, are at all times exposed to the temptation of interests at variance with those of the community; considering that the Crown, whether regarded in its single strength, or in alliance with a powerful few, to whom, for its own tranquillity, not for the people's relief, it parts with a portion of that strength, is (if we may judge from the manifold and anxious provisions which have been opposed to its possible aberrations) not less constitutionally than speculatively liable to this precise suspicion; and, especially, considering that experience has proved it to be prolific of abuses, which no retrenchment of its pretensions, no adjustment of its position or its weight, no solicitude in abridging or disguising its operation has *heretofore* been able to correct; considering all these circumstances, it does not appear to be assuming anything beyond what the spirit of the Constitution, experience, and sound reason justify, to require that the power which openly the Crown dare not, and clandestinely the Crown ought not, and, (if experience be credited,) consistently with the national well-being, the Crown cannot exert, should give place to a system in which, without danger to its

repose, or suspicion of its intentions, its voice should legitimately be heard, and its counsels reverentially regarded, by a people restored to their rightful position, and conscious, that, in exposing their deliberations to revision, they were only conducting to the more perfect extrication of the general judgment, and submitting to the prudential admonitions of a friend, not to the imperious discretion of a master.

So situated, neither Crown nor People could look upon each other with feelings of estrangement. Surrounded by the exterior distinctions of supremacy in rank; the depositary of the executive functions of the state; intrusted by his share in the legislative cares, with the important and paternal prerogative of ensuring solemnity and caution in the public decisions; happy in the unaffected veneration of a free and loyal people; what *could* be wanting, to the King, of genuine Majesty, of earthly pre-eminence and glory? While, again, the people beholding, in the temporary intervention of the Crown, not more an expedient for arresting the dangers of popular error, than a recognition that the persevering expression of their will was paramount to every control; in asking, Of what more could the happiest nation desire to be possessed? we will add, too, in the spirit of the words which we quoted from Burke, *With what less* could a free and intelligent people, desirous of security for its happiness, consent to be satisfied?

THE INFIRMITIES OF GENIUS ILLUSTRATED. By R. R. MADDEN, Esq.
London: Saunders and Ottley.

THE "infirmities" of authors, their eccentricities of thought and action, their waywardnesses, peevishness, irascibility, misanthropy, murky passions, and the thousand indescribable idiosyncrasies, which, in all time, have contradistinguished them from their fellow-men, are proverbial. The anomalies thus so universally conspicuous in the literary character of men of genius, it is the object of Mr. Madden, in his present task, to prove, are referable to their constitutional (physical) peculiarities and condition: in simple words, that their mental eccentricities result from the derangement of bodily health. That the condition of the mind and the temper of man depends much upon the vicissitudes of health and disease of the corporeal frame, no physiologist can nowadays gainsay, though it may startle those who do not happen to be physiologists. Mr. Madden, well and favourably known as the author of *Travels in Turkey*, is himself a medical man, we believe; and to him ought every true son of genius to feel indebted, for the kind-hearted "apology" which he makes for their many-sided perversenesses. He generously undertakes to show, upon every principle of medical science, that their offences are most venial; and that, as their ordinary errors have their main origin in bodily disease, which, "influencing the feelings, temper, or sensibility of studious men, gives a colour to character, which it is often impossible to discriminate by any other light than that of medical philosophy," none but medical persons can pronounce when such errors are culpable. We are not quite sure that authors are the only class of mankind which should be grateful to Mr. Madden for this most comfortable doctrine, by reason that every out-

breaking of the temper, in those who are wholly guiltless of literature, may be ascribed to a fit of dyspepsia.

He sets out with asserting that literary labour (involving sedentari-ness of body, and ultimate exhaustion of mind) is productive of those derangements which affect, to a prejudicial degree, the temper and the disposition; that study deprives the animal man of that amount of muscular, bodily action, which is essential to health; that the continuous action of the brain (the organ whose function is mind) produces exhaustion; that stimulants—alcohol, for instance, in one or another of its vehicles, wine, spirits, or other liquor—are resorted to; that the stomach becomes ultimately deranged in its office; and that retributive evil, by-and-by, ensues, in the shape of dyspepsia, hypochondriasis, or general nervous impairment; which shortens, by more or by less, the life of the unhappy man of letters, as well as invests it with “infirmities” during its existence.

This proposition necessarily drags into play the science of Physiology, with which few literary folk may be supposed to be conversant; and Mr. Madden, apparently conscious that he is addressing himself less as a physiologist to a physiologist, than as a literary man to literary men, on a matter whereupon they have not the ability to question him, treats it in too hurried a manner to ensure correctness. The brain, the spinal marrow, their several branches and ultimate fibres, their use, office, and employment, are all brought into the field, with a view to talk about the nervous agency—the materiality, the insubstantiality, or the spirituality of that extraordinary *something* resident in the tubular nerves, by whose instrumentality we live and act. His two chapters upon the “nervous energy,” embodying some grievously-stiff matters of acquiescence, merely go to show what everybody cannot choose but admit—namely, that we know nothing whatever about the matter; that the “vital fluid” may be analogous to electricity, or, as our friend Mathews has it—that it may not.

Mr. Madden’s argument in this, and he reasons with us as a friend: to comprehend the influence of mental labour on physical health, he says, it is only necessary to remember, in the first place, that the brain is in action when one thinks,—a position which we will not quarrel with;—secondly, that the tendency of continual action is to produce fatigue; and that fatigue deranges the functions, because every debilitated organ performs its duties imperfectly and irregularly. Now we cannot give assent to the proposition that continual organic action produces fatigue; because we know that that hard-working viscus the heart, the arteries, the diaphragm, the lungs, the intercostal muscles, though labouring along with unremitting industry, morning, noon, and night, every day during existence, are all undebilitated by action; and, if we remember rightly, most physiologists have instanced the brain as classing among those organs we have just named, the continued action of which is unaccompanied by fatigue. Of course, we are waiving the question of disease, because disease is neither more nor less than the disposition to death; and we concede the latter part of his proposition; as also, of course, that fatigue or debility deranges a function where it is positively present.

But Mr. Madden—and here we go along with him as far as he can himself wish us—seems to consider that dietary abuses are among the fertile causes of mental disorder. He instances the voracity of Johnson, and the intemperance of Burns, as being main agents of the hypochon-

The Infirmities of Genius Illustrated.

dria of the one, and the early dissolution of the other. And the ground travelled over by our author is so safe that it is a pleasure to journey with him. Equally correct is he, we think, in ascribing the peculiarities, the "infirmities," of the two great poets, Pope and Byron, to physical malformation. By natural deformity, (spinal distortion,) the vital functions of Pope were, according to the statement of his biographer, Johnson, so much disordered that his life was a long disease; and we have the authority of Byron's reiterated assertions, that his own lameness was to him a source of continual mental irritation. The great affliction of Cowper was evidently mental derangement, produced by a morbid state of the brain, which may have been induced and aggravated by nervous irritation. Sir Walter Scott is named by Mr. Madden as a great exception, consequent upon temperance, air, exercise, and a freedom from anxiety. Of all the individuals above named, he has given us biographical sketches, illustrative of his assertions; and most masterly and pleasant they are; full of novelty, and originality of thought. It were easy to eke out half-a-dozen amusing pages of extract; but as the work, in spite of the sprinkle of fallacies it contains, must become popular, we refrain.

He has given us a variety of tables, of which we subjoin an analysis, in support of the doctrine sought to be established, as to the average duration of life of the most eminent men in various pursuits of literature, twenty being taken in each; but, though a well conceived notion, we cannot correctly adopt it. By these tables it would seem that the average of years of life enjoyed by

Natural Philosophers, is	75	Philologists,	66
Moral Philosophers,	70	Musical Composers,	64
Sculptors and Painters,	70	Novelists, and Miscellaneous Authors, 62½	
Authors on Law and Jurisprudence, 69		Dramatists,	62
Medical Authors,	68	Authors on Natural Religion, . . .	62
Authors on Revealed Religion, . . .	67	Poets,	57

Thus we find that natural philosophers (the matter-of-fact people, who draw nothing from imagination) live longest, while poets (who draw all) are the most short-lived; yet we find, by the former list, that Davy (perhaps the most practically useful in the whole batch) died at 51, Tycho Brahe at 55, Cuvier at 64, Kepler at 60, Wollaston at 62; and in the latter, Cowper died at 69, Dryden at 70, Milton at 66, Petrarch at 68, and Metastasio and Young, each at 81! Besides, in proof that large draughts on the imagination are not unfavourable to longevity, we may instance the lives of two or three artists; a class of persons who usually draw largely on their imagination. Michael Angelo lived to the age of 96, Claude of 82, Titian of 96. Again, Handel died at 77, Le Sage at 80, Corneille at 78, Goethe at 82, Voltaire at 84. The object of Mr. Madden is ingenious; but we do not think it by any means attained.

We hope that nothing we have said may be construed as proceeding from ill feelings. We have noticed what we thought inconceivable in Mr. Madden's work; but we repeat that it is one of the most pleasing that has for a long time issued from the press.

ODD VERSIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

"Oh, Liberty!" exclaimed the republican, Madame Roland, looking upward to the statue of the goddess, as she approached the place of execution and the guillotine,—“Oh, Liberty! how many crimes have been committed in thy name!”—Oh, Religion! Spirit of love and mercy! Divine Christianity! how many more have been committed in thine!

“The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life,” cried the Puritan soldier, and hewed the cavaliers in pieces, because “Saul hewed Agag.”

“The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life,” said the cavaliers; and sent letters from court, to kill, silence, and torment the Puritans.

“The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life,” quoth the Inquisition; “therefore we will literally kill no one; but the magistrates shall. We give heretics over to the secular arm.”

“If men take your cloak, give them your coat also,” said the divine founder of Christianity, to disciples whose duty it was to set a more than ordinary example of patience, *He setting it most.*”

“If the Church wants your tithe-pig, give them your vestry-cess also,” recommend certain modern preachers of Christianity, to men who have had wonderful patience already,—*they (the preachers) having none at all.*

This is *their* version of Christianity: You, the flock, always be as patient as the primitive Christians, when patience was the most necessary and becoming thing in the world, because it was to secure the cause of future generations: we, the pastors of those future generations, so far from imitating the example of him who told our predecessors to be patient, will not be patient at all. We will fleece you, and have tithe-sales of cattle, and send you to the Calton Jail.

The pretended Christians of this age pay the real ones the ludicrously unwitting compliment of deriding them for believing that the world will be better and happier than it is! that is to say, for believing in the doctrine of their own Master. They say, that the end of Christianity is accomplished, or rather was so the other day, when Toryism reigned,—Toryism, the millennium of the rich. At present, we are to go back again a little: we are lost sheep for a while; the wolf cannot tear us quite as much as he did, for thinking that we have a right to drink as well as himself. But in the year 1830, when Charles the Tenth reigned in Paris, and the Tories in London, Christianity was in fine ultimate condition. “The lion lay down with the lamb,” (to eat him;) “and the sucking child put its hand on the asp,” (to be sent by him to the sick ward of the poor house.) What can possibly be better than things as they are? said the Lords. What, indeed? said the Bishops. What, indeed? asked the few. Final Christianity, said the Lords, means the ascendancy and idleness of the few, and the subserviency and labour of the many. Just so, said the Bishops,—with powder and purple breeches for one’s footmen. Precisely that, said the few,—with a hundred beef-steaks a-day for each of us, and none for the labourers.

The Reformers said otherwise, and the final Christianity of the Lords and Bishops was done with a jerk. Reformers have been apt to think otherwise at all times; and by degrees the corrupted versions of Christianity have been improved by new readings, more accordant with the spirit of the original. In the time of Leo the Tenth, Christianity meant a few epicurean gentlemen at Rome, who had a taste for the fine arts, and a multitude who bought indulgences of them for crime. Luther

corrected this odd version of the Testament, in the rough style of an apostolical Bentley. The rough emendations of Luther were gradually dulcified by an indifference, which was, at any rate, better and more Christian than violence; and, hence, by the aid of "Church and State," and other worldly gentilities, Christianity came to mean a soft-spoken expediency for the few; enabling them, instead of furthering Christ's work, to keep the rich always rich, and the poor always poor,—the avowed object of the final notions above-mentioned. The Duke of Wellington openly professed his astonishment and indignation that anybody should think of altering things as they were:—Sir Robert Peel was more astonished and indignant;—Bishop Philpotts was most astonished and indignant. This was the right Christian scale of degrees, from the positive Duke to the superlative Bishop. The astonishment and indignation were in proportion to the possession of superfluities, and to the vehemence of temper. Mr. Perceval, one of the astonished and indignant, and a pensioner, was particularly angry at what is called the modern philosophy; not aware, that among the professors of this philosophy is often found the highest degree of real Christian faith and reverence,—a love for the spirit above the letter,—which the pretended saints have neither largeness of understanding nor of heart to conceive. It is clear enough to everybody, but themselves, what sort of Christians these persons would have been, in the time of Christ himself; on what side they would have been found, when everything worldly and powerful was against him. Mr. Perceval may say no; for he, also, has been on the side of a man contumeliously treated, and has incurred ridicule for his sake. True; but he has not left the other side for all that; nor has he given up his pension. Tory saints are not the men for "selling all they have, and giving it to the poor." They purpose to do a thing the most contradictory to the whole spirit of Christ's doctrine,—to "serve God and Mammon" at once; and, of course, they serve neither. Oh! but it is hard, says a clergyman in a late pamphlet, to expect us to be more than men,—to read the Christian doctrine, in its hardest sense, amidst a worldly generation. This has a fine air of appeal to people's candour and modesty; but we have yet to learn, that men are to have doctrines interpreted for them in any manner they please, especially while they construe them in the hardest and most unaccommodating manner for others. •Our Saviour himself is understood to have abrogated all the literal hardships of the Jewish law; yet, while the tithe-holder requests us to interpret Christianity in the manner most convenient for himself, he not only makes no scruple of "coming over us" with the Jewish inflictions, but sends us to jail if we beg him to be a little more Christian in return!!

This is too pleasant; and at length people must have a reason for it, or it can no longer be borne. Barson Trulliber, in that admirable episode of Fielding, argued in the spirit of the above clerical gentleman, though not quite in his urbane manner, when he brought himself to think that a country-priest was a man who had a right to wallow in money and fat, like the hogs he kept, and accuse people of want of Christianity for asking him to be charitable? He demanded the most indulgent of all absurd good constructions for himself, while he turned the needy from his door. Trulliber is a coarse but real personification of the inner spirit, (and, in many cases, of the outward man, too,) of a very polite spectacle lately and still flourishing, though now beginning to decline. The needy, it is true, are not turned away from the door of this

or that individual, numerous as the individuals are who do turn them ; but, as a body, the poor are kept at a good distance from the door of the establishment. Between the Dives in power, and the Lazaruses in poverty, a great gulf is fixed. The men "in purple and fine linen," who "fare sumptuously every day," while the weavers of the purple are starving, do not fatten hogs with their own reverend hands, as Trulliber did ; but they take care to have them fattened, and to get as fat themselves, and are astonished with the same measure of astonishment, when their practices are declared not to be Christian.

The reader knows what befell Parson Adams in his interview with Trulliber ; how he went, in the faith of a primitive Christian, to borrow some shillings of him ; and how Trulliber looked for no such phenomenon, but thought he was come to contribute to his stock ; and how "astonished and indignant" the rich parson was at the poor one, when he discovered the real state of the case : that it was not a pig he wanted to buy, but a crown to borrow ; and how Mrs. Trulliber stood by, subserving to the humour of her lord and master, and finally advised him to settle the dispute by *going to law*. Some of the concluding matter we must quote, because Trulliber (with the above-mentioned allowance for want of good breeding) is a personification of the fat, flourishing, tithe-exacting part of the church establishment ; and Parson Adams is the poor curate and the poor in general ; and Mrs. Trulliber is the representation of clerical agency, of the parish-head of the Church-and-King Societies, of the *Annuity-tax men*, and of all those who, out of servility and the grossest content with what is expedient, are wedded to the Trulliberian ascendancy.

" 'Sir,' says Adams, ' my business is, that we are by various accidents stripped of our money, and are not able to pay our reckoning, being seven shillings. I therefore request you to assist me with the loan of those seven shillings, and also seven shillings more, which, peradventure, I shall return to you ; but if not, I am convinced you will joyfully embrace such an opportunity of laying up a treasure in a better place than any this world affords.' "

Here the author enters into divers instances of astonishment on the part of men who meet with sudden surprises, none of which, he says, will give a faint idea of the astonishment which seized on Trulliber at the end of Adams' speech.

" Awhile he rolled his eyes in silence, sometimes surveying Adams, then his wife, then casting them upon the ground, then lifting them up to Heaven. At last he burst forth in the following accents : ' Sir, I believe I know where to lay up my little treasure as well as another. I thank God, if I am not so warm as some, I am content ; that is a blessing greater than riches ; and he to whom it is given, need ask no more. To be content with a little is greater than to possess the world ; which a man may possess without being so. Lay up my treasure ! What matters where a man's treasure is, whose heart is in the *Scriptures* ? There is the treasure of a Christian.' At these words, the water ran from Adams' eyes, and catching Trulliber by the hand in rapture, ' Brother,' says he, ' Heaven bless the accident by which I came to see you ! I would have walked many a mile to have communed with you ; and, believe me, I will shortly pay you a second visit ; but my friends, I fancy, by this time, wonder at my stay ; so let me have the money immediately ! Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cried out, ' Thou

dost not intend to rob me ?' *. At which the wife, bursting into tears, fell on her knees, and roared out, ' Oh, dear Sir, for Heaven's sake, don't rob my master : *we are but poor people !* ' † — ' Get up for a fool, as thou art, and go about thy business,' said Trulliber : ' don't think the man will venture his life ? he is a beggar, and no robber.' — ' Very true, indeed,' answered Adams. — ' I wish, with all my heart, *the tithing man was here,*' cries Trulliber ; ' I would have thee punished as a vagabond for thy impudence. Fourteen shillings, indeed ! I won't give thee a farthing. I believe thou art no more a clergyman than the woman there, (pointing to his wife ;) but, if thou art, dost deserve to have the gown stripped off thy shoulders, for running about the country in such a manner.' — ' I forgive your suspicions,' says Adams ; ' but suppose I am not a clergyman, I am nevertheless thy brother ; and thou as a Christian, much more as a clergyman, art obliged to relieve my distress.' — ' Don't preach to me !' replied Trulliber ; ' don't pretend to instruct me in my duty ?' — ' Ifacks ! a good story,' cries Mrs. Trulliber, ' to preach to my master !' — ' Silence, woman !' cries Trulliber, ' I would have thee know, friend, (addressing himself to Adams,) I shall not learn my duty from such as thee. I know what charity is, better than to give it to vagabonds !' — ' Besides, if we were inclined, the poor's rate obliges us to give so much charity,' cries the wife. — ' Pugh, thou art a fool. Poor's rate ! Hold thy nonsense,' answered Trulliber ; and then turning to Adams, he told him he would give him nothing. ' I am sorry,' answered Adams, ' that you do not know what charity is, since you practise it no better : I must tell you, if you trust to your knowledge for your justification, you will find yourself deceived, though you should add faith to it, without good works !' — ' Fellow,' cries Trulliber, ' dost thou speak against faith in my house : I will no longer remain under the same roof with a wretch who speaks wantonly of faith and *the Scriptures.*' — ' Name not the Scriptures,' says Adams. — ' How, not name the Scriptures ? *Do you disbelieve the Scriptures ?*' cries Trulliber. — ' No, but you do,' answered Adams, ' *if I may reason from your practice :* for their commands are so explicit, and their rewards and punishments so immense, that it is impossible a man should steadfastly believe without obeying. Now, there is no command more expressed, no duty more frequently enjoined than charity. Whoever, therefore, is void of charity, I make no scruple of pronouncing that he is no Christian !' ' I would not advise thee,' says Trulliber, ' to say that I am no Christian : I won't take it of you ; for I believe I'm as good a man as thyself ;' (and indeed, though he was now rather too corpulent for athletic exercises, he had in his youth been one of the best boxers and cudgel-players in the country.) His wife, seeing him clench his fist, interposed ; and begged him not to fight, *but show himself a true Christian, AND TAKE THE LAW OF HIM.* ‡ As nothing could provoke Adams to strike, but an absolute assault on himself or his friend, he smiled at the angry look and gestures of Trulliber ; and telling him he was sorry to see such men in orders, departed without further ceremony."

Oh, Mr. Tait ! (do not be alarmed ; we are not going to make you blush with more compliments than we can help,) you have made an admirable note on this law-going version of Christianity. Doubtless it

* The vested-interests', tithes', and annuity-tax argument, when the poor make inquisition into the Church's purse.

† It is alleged by some, that the very bishops are not rich enough ; and Irish laws are made to increase not the substance of the starving.

‡ The parsonage, vestry, and tithe mode of Christian settlement.

will be followed by others—indeed it has been—and we shall at length have a good edition of the original, freed from the old *variorum* trifling, and the corruptions of sordid teachers.

INSCRIPTION.

JOSE PONCE DE LEON, a distinguished poet, priest, and philosopher of the sixteenth century, endowed too with the mildest temperament, was cast into the dungeons of the Inquisition for the high offence of translating a part of the Scriptures into his native tongue. He lay there five years, without light or society. On his release and restoration to his theological professorship—circumstances of equally balanced strangeness!—crowds attended his first lecture, expecting some notice of his quinquennial suffering. De Leon, however, showed himself too wise and too gentle. He resumed the lecture, which, five years before, had been so sadly interrupted, with merely the accustomed formula—“*heri dicebamus*”—and went directly into its subject.]

De Leon's character and history are well given in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 80, article on the Lyric Poetry of Spain.

DE LEON.

HERE LIES DE LEON—he, whose song “unsphered
The spirit of Plato,” and before it reared
The Christian Cross; blending its old and deep
Philosophy, with that pure light.—The sleep
At length was his of death; and here he lies.
Yet did a mortal shadow veil his eyes
Within a living monument. Five years—
A large and lonely segment from the fears
And hopes of life!—forgot him in the cell
Of the dark INQUISITION: there to dwell,
Wrapped in the ceremonies of sepulchral time,
Unvisited of speech or light. His crime
Was—by the coward bigot pardonless—
That in the robes of Spain he dared to dress
The Scriptures' strange and foreign majesty;
Uncurtained its forbidden sanctuary;
And broadly to the popular eye displayed
What monks and monarchs would have kept in shade.

Ask we not, in that solitude, what divine
Voices and visions made a glorious shrine
Of its slow darkness—what dear ecstasy
Religion, sistered with philosophy,
Deepened into his spirit. On thoughts like ours,
The sights and strains that charmed DE LEON's hours
Descend not; nor to worldly eye or ear
Stoopeth Urania from her distant sphere.
But, when the penal chain was sundered, then
He to his cloister calmly turned again;
Nor sought in private frown or public gaze
The martyr's peril or the martyr's praise:
As if the years that wore his life away
Had only borne the griefs of yesterday.

So did DE LEON's patient spirit rise
Above his wrongs. And here DE LEON lies.

ON SOME RECENT DISCOVERIES IN ASTRONOMY.

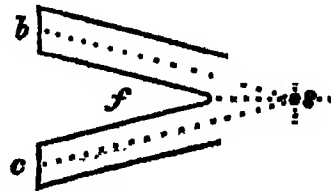
In the scientific as well as in the social world, there are epochs of great excitement—or, as they may be termed, of *revolution*—in which, by the discovery of some cardinal fact, or the occurrence of a novel and therefore unlooked-for event, men's minds are powerfully aroused and urged to energetic speculation, and the interest of the subject rendered effective over multitudes who usually take no part in abstracted inquiries. When by the fortune or perseverance of Genius, some truth of vast import is brought into a distinct and definite position, and made to exercise over our former knowledge all the sway that belongs to it, it seems as if the horizon which previously confined us had receded, or as if we had scaled an acclivity capable of commanding a wider and freer prospect; and there straight burst upon us immense countries, all unexplored, strange forms, and, if we may so speak, an entirely different *nature*, the spectacle of which literally *electrifies* the mind, excites emulation, arouses curiosity, renovates hope, and puts in rapid circulation a large train of original and unusual ideas. The step thus advanced affects us like the great enterprises of a GAMA or a COLUMBUS. The power of these old achievements revived withered Europe, and proved a more efficient elixir to her decaying frame than any which Paracelsus ever dreamt of; and just as the dazzling glimpse of their distant worlds summoned into immediate action all the energies of the venturesome and the free, and evoked curiosity and eagerness even from the mind of the slumberer, so will the glimpse of a new world in science be naturally followed by a sudden flocking of inquirers towards the retiring boundary, and a vast increase of ardour; and it need not be wondered at, that the external public partakes also in somewhat of the anxious enthusiasm, and is inclined to look with an unusual intentness towards the quarter from which the strange and novel tidings are being announced.

Astronomy is now in one of those epochs. Formerly we were occupied in exploring that speck of ours which we denominate the solar system; and if we succeeded in expounding the law which binds in relation the motions of some planet's moons, or in defining accurately the path of a hitherto doubtful comet, we deemed that we had accomplished notable achievements, and gone not a little way towards exhausting the information with which our science could furnish us. But how far, how very far, is man from the end of knowledge! No sooner is one apparent limit arrived at, than another territory expands beneath his view. We have not yet come to the conclusion of any natural inquiry, nor are our faculties capable of leading us so far. If we clear one bound, we are straight within a still wider space, fraught with what is wonderful and unknown. In the country in which we travel, there is no eminence loftier than all others—at least none such has hitherto appeared; all we know is, that there is some one higher than what we have yet ascended. Our astronomers, who, upon the ground of the fulness of the law discovered by the immortal NEWTON, and the closeness of their acquaintance with the bodies revolving around our sun, boasted of the perfection of their science, were apt, in the exultation of the moment, to forget that there stretches over us the untrodden region of the FIXED STARS; or if they did not overlook it, they seemed disposed to resign its examination as being beyond the reach of the human powers. But

fortunately this desponding was not universal; and ONE MAN WAS found with daring enough to commit himself to the unfathomable expanse. About the close of last century, a naturalized subject of Great Britain directed his powerful telescopes towards the heavens, and passed the barrier with memorable success. There can be no greater proof of the distance at which he left contemporary inquirers, than the fact, that during the greater part of his life, his discoveries were neglected or ridiculed, and his telescopes esteemed as a sort of fashionable toy. SIR WILLIAM HERSCHELL, like COPERNICUS and NEWTON, was in advance, and that so far, that a celebrated Frenchman, who, with all appropriate knowledge, undertook a history of Astronomy, bequeathed us a posthumous sketch of its progress in the eighteenth century, in which there is not even an allusion to discoveries which will always signalize that century's close. But the venerable astronomer lived to enjoy his fame. His grey hairs were held in honour. He saw himself in a green and peaceful old age, regarded throughout the civilized world as the herald of a new era in Astronomy; and he had this farther pride, ere being called to his rest, of observing that the laurel crown which he left was about to be worn by his illustrious son.

HERSCHELL first showed the venturesome spirit of the true philosopher in his *Thoughts on the Structure of the Heavens*. The idea brought out in those papers, was perfectly novel; but its accuracy strikes us the moment it is explained. The vulgar and ordinary notion, that stars are distributed, just as we see them, throughout all the depths of space, is at once unfounded and shallow. The aspect of the heavens on any unclouded night will convince the observer, not only of the futility of this crude conception, but also that the multitudinous bodies within the reach of our gaze—nay, that the whole bodies connected with what we call our firmament, and removed from unaided sight by the effect of distance, are all confined within a small portion of space, and distributed into a certain irregular form. We know well what obstacles there are to the apprehension of an idea of this sort; but we do not doubt that, if aided by a little thoughtfulness on the part of the reader, we shall succeed in enabling them to be overcome. It is consistent with the most superficial observation, that the stars even within our immediate ken do not seem equally distributed. Towards what we may call the *sides* of the heavens, they are comparatively thinly scattered; and we see through them without difficulty, out upon the dark ground of the vacant sky. Above, on the other hand, and towards a *stripe* all around us, forming what may be termed the extreme *edges* of the firmament, they augment to an almost indefinite number, diminishing in magnitude, as they increase in multitude; and it scarce needs demonstration that the cause is, the firmament's stretching out in great length towards the direction of which we speak. At the farther extremities of this elongation, the individual stars are too distant to be discernible; but their multitudes blend their rays into one soft light, and form what we call the *milky way*. The notion we would establish may be illustrated by a homely example. If we are placed in a *stripe* of wood, there is no difficulty in accounting for the appearances around us. On looking through the sides of the stripe, we would discern a few trees, and the fields or open sky beyond; but, on looking *along* the stripe, or *lengthwise*, we would discover no opening, but only a number of distinct trees, and then (if we may coin a term) a general or indefinite *woodiness* as a background. Thus, precisely, is it with our firmament. Where the *bed* or *layer* of stars in

which we are placed, stretches farthest out, we lose sight of the individuals, and discern only a milky way; whereas, had the stars been placed equably and indefinitely through all space, their multitudes would have seemed thus blended together on all sides, and we should have been surrounded by a milky way, overspreading the whole concave of the heavens. These considerations are simple; but they lead to important conclusions. In the first place, they afford a clue to the discovery of the exact shape of our firmament or stratum of stars. Its greatest elongations will evidently be indicated by the *milky light* manifested in these particular quarters. Taking no principle into view but this, it is plain that our firmament is a very *irregular solid*. Gaze at the heavens, good reader! and you will discern the truth of our conception. The milky way, through nearly one-half of the heavens, divides itself into two branches,—thus clearly evincing that, in these quarters, what we call the heavens, has, as it were, two *arms* or *minor vrins*, stretching out from its main body into onward space. We are anxious that this idea should be completely apprehended, and therefore subjoin a diagram. The general appearance of the firmament will be intelligible if we suppose its *section* to be of some such figure as the following,—the position *s*, marking the place of our sun:—



On looking through a bed of stars of this form, from the position *s*, it is plain, that towards *a*, *b*, *c*, the individual bodies will disappear in consequence of their distance, and leave only a milky, or diffused starry light; whereas, through the sides *d* and *e*, and towards the opening *f*, which corresponds to the opening in the milky way, there would seem a comparative thinness of stars, with darkness intervening; or, at the most, an almost imperceptible diffusion of light. Simple as this appears, it was never understood until explained by Herschell; and, considering the despotism of popular notions, it required a mind of no ordinary compass to imagine it. But how vast the thoughts which the mere imagination awakens in the heart! For long our earth was the universe—then the seat of power receded to the sun. Once more our conceptions expanded, and we bestowed our ultimate wonder upon the firmament of the fixed stars; but, behold! *this* is no infinity—it is a mere limited stratum, a definite magnitude within which these bodies are arranged,—a small portion of infinite space, set apart, probably, for the development of peculiar laws; and, at all events, palisaded within a certain occupancy, in virtue of operations, and for the production of ends, concerning which we have not hitherto obtained the remotest idea!

Our Astronomer lost no time in following out this fundamental consideration. He assisted the eye by the application of his mighty instruments; and by collecting and proportioning the minutest quantities of light sent towards us from the heavens, he literally *gauged* them—fathomed their various depths, and proportioned their remotenesses. But the quality, important though it is, of its containing a power to discern the form of our firmamental system, and to visit its confines, is not the most remarkable which belongs to Herschell's idea. The notion of the

great firmament being limited of itself mightily expands our view of the universe, for it first gives occasion to the thought that there may be other firmaments like ours. And here, too, our Astronomer's observations come in with the power of demonstration. In regions far too distant for the discovery even of a telescopic star, he discerned the light of *telescopic clusters*. One of these clusters is rudely figured in the excellent manual (Fig. 1, plate II.) recently published by his philosophic son. No one who has been accustomed to contemplate our own firmament as a peculiar stratum or layer, can doubt that another such firmament has thus been discovered; nor are these discoveries now strange to observers acquainted with the telescope. And how magnificent is the field thus opened! How noble and expansive its view! We deal no more with mere planets, nor with mere suns, or systems of suns; but we deal with systems of firmaments, possibly revolving around each other, or moving towards a distant centre in majestic procession! And, again, what causes the shape of these firmaments? Our own has not a form which it could have obtained by hazard; and there are stripes, as well as globules, sending us that dim notice of their existence from the recesses of space—nay, we can discern even *strata* of firmaments, and something approaching to a circle, engirdling our stratum at least as perfectly as the earth is surrounded by the vast girdle of the Andes and the branching Himalaya. What then are these? What power has determined their form? Is it possible, notwithstanding their remoteness, that they and ourselves are but a speck in infinity—the outwork of some mighty system, which is itself but an outwork, and an irregular outwork, in the great vastness of creation? We ask the question in that spirit of awe, with which it alone becomes us to speculate concerning the designs and doings of the Omnipotent.

But the most interesting, because the most definite discoveries of the modern Astronomy, are those which have followed from Herschell's labours within our firmamental system. The positive dimensions of the firmament still elude our apprehension; nor can we say more than that probably the nearest fixed star on which accurate observations have been made, is separated from us by an interval of *at least* nineteen trillions of miles! What an idea does this give of the immensity of the spaces through which these shining bodies are sprinkled! And what a triumph will it be for man, if we ever succeed in tracing out the laws which have regulated their position, and the gigantic motions which preserve their harmony! The great, the magnificent work, is already gloriously begun. Many of the stars have revealed motions to our delicate instruments, which cannot arise from any cause but the prevalence of *activity* in those regions of the heavens; and a considerable degree of probability is accumulated, that our sun, along with all his planets, is being conveyed by a motion of translation, towards some distant point. If this be the case, and should these delicate shiftings ever become reducible to a law, how interesting the problems which will be presented to future astronomers! Nay, to the mere casual observer, the whole aspect of the heavens may undergo a change. By altering our position in the celestial vault, or moving towards a different place in our *stratum*, we may approach in some direction nearer to its *side*; and thus see the dark heavens more distinctly in one direction, while in the other there would be a great increase of milky light. A change of our sun's place, comparatively small, might render it impossible for the inhabitants of his engirdling planets to see along these *two branches* which cause the apparent divi-

sion of the milky way ; but, for the loss of this spectacle we would doubtless be consoled by the appearance of other and yet unknown variations. When we thus speak of phenomena which cannot be evolved but after vast epochs, we assume, of course, the lengthened destinies of our race. The individual *man*, whose years are limited to the "few and weary threescore-and-ten," can only contribute his little leaf of observation ; but it will never injure his heart to glance into futurity, and to dwell by anticipation upon the riches and the exhaustlessness of the Book of Providence !

The motions now alluded to, however, are not the most remarkable which recent inquiries have revealed. Herschell early discovered that many stars, which appear *single* to the naked eye, are *double*, and in some cases even *multiple*, when seen through a good telescope ; and, in regard of the *double* stars, certain extraordinary facts have been firmly established. When the astronomer was first attracted by these bodies, they struck him as particularly applicable to the solution of the problem relative to the distances of the fixed stars. Their applicability, however, depended upon their perfect *stability* ; and what was our countryman's surprise, when he traced, first, a distinct motion, and then clearly discerned that *one of them revolves around the other* ! The whole annals of Astronomy record no discovery more brilliant than this. When the veteran Observer first lighted upon it, he also might have had his *Eureka*, for he had touched on the borders of a new world. Formerly we knew nothing of systems of revolution, save in the case of our own sun with his *subordinates* ; and, by analogy, we might have been inclined to transfer the picture to the other suns strewn through immensity ; but *here* was a revolution of *two suns*—bodies which also, perhaps, have subordinates revolving around both, or each governing its own ! The interest of the discovery was not yet exhausted, but penetrates far below the mere surface of the first observation. In the case of the following nine systems, the periods of revolution have been settled within a near approximation.

γ Leonis	revolves in	1200 years	
γ Virginis	...	629	...
δ Cygni	...	452	...
α Coronæ	...	286 $\frac{1}{2}$...
Castor	...	252 $\frac{1}{2}$...
γ Ophiuchi	...	80 $\frac{1}{2}$...
ζ Ursæ	...	58 $\frac{1}{4}$...
ζ Cancræ	...	55	...
η Coronæ	...	43 $\frac{1}{2}$...

The question recurs as to the law under which these bodies revolve, and whether it has the least relation to the great law of gravity governing our own system. By the labours of Savary and Encke, but principally of our own Sir John Herschell,* this question has already been answered. The elliptic or oval orbits of most of the foregoing nine systems have been definitively ascertained ; and this is tantamount to a recognition of the now all-comprehending principle of gravitation. How memorable the fact, that the power which causes a stone to fall to our planet's surface is the regulator of the motions of these gigantic orbs ! Farther and far mightier triumphs are thus in store for the discovery of our immortal Newton. But these bodies, so attractive by the character of their motions, have attractions also to the eye of the common observer.

Many of them exhibit the singular and beautiful phenomenon of *contrast-ed* or *complementary* colours. The larger star in such instances is commonly of a ruddy or orange hue, while the other is blue or green. In some cases this may be a mere optical delusion, or the consequence of our gazing at the same time on two lights of different intensities; but it is not so in every case: and we are thus left to indulge the idea of habitable bodies being illuminated by turns by red and green, or blue and yellow suns! Can this be the reality of the "male and female lights" which dwelt in the imagination of Milton? Can we form an idea of the contrasts "ever varied ever new"—the many grateful vicissitudes arising out of the changing postures of these complementary bodies? Be such conjectures as they may, we recognise these stars as beyond comparison the most lovely objects in the heavens. Often has the writer of this paper spent amongst them his midnight hours, and well could he have lived there during the live-long night. Beautiful stars!—the symbol of all that is youthful and pure; surely the spirit will one time dissolve its clod of "miry clay," and wing after the "bonny Kilmeny" to the faëry realm of those green suns! Meanwhile, observers! do you work well and steadily, for there is already the whitening of a rich harvest. The reaping is but begun. Every new publication by the Astronomical Society,—every fresh *fasciculus* we receive from Dorpat, contains an addition of discovered treasure; but what are the united labours of a SRUVE, a HERSCHHELL, and a SOUTH, compared with the field to be explored—even the multitude of glittering points in the telescopic heavens! And with reference to the multiple stars, every thing has to be accomplished. Doubtless they form systems; and even the dazzling thicket in Cancer, and the more diffused cluster in the Pleiades, might, if sedulously watched, be made to yield their internal motions. Astronomy is once more in the era of observation; and she desires her TYCHO BRAHES. Little, however, is to be hoped from the wealthy in our land, as their energies are now expended in the heroic and most hopeful effort of repressing what they call the "fierce democracy," or, what signifies the same thing, in baying and crowing down such horrid demagogues as Messrs. Grote and Roebuck; and the public patronage of Great Britain is already too deficient for the wants of our Lord Johns and Lord Charleses. In comparison with these last, what are the pretty double stars, or, what should they do, but just twinkle as modestly as they may?

The facts now recorded would, in times of ordinary discovery, have been thought sufficient to signalize an epoch; but our age has seen yet another majestic inquiry fully opened. In the depths of the firmament there is discovered a substance altogether distinct from stars—a diffused luminous substance, occupying immense portions of space, but at the same time of great tenuity, as stars have been seen through portions of it. That substance is the true *nebulous* substance, and must be carefully distinguished from the dim lights sent towards us by remote firmaments. Now, there is a most remarkable fact connected with the appearances of this nebulous matter. In many portions of space it is perfectly and almost equally *diffused*,—at least the only irregularity existing in it gives part of it a sort of *wispy* appearance. Other detached portions, again, are not in this state of equal diffusion, but show a thickening or congregating of the matter towards a particular point or points. Pursuing the inquiry farther, the nebulae are found in what may be termed all stages of *condensation*; and the last stage observable furnishes the appearance of a star with a *bar* around it. Is it possible

that this matter is the chaos out of which stars, or formed bodies, have arisen? The question is so daring that the mind almost recoils from the prosecution of it; and yet we declare, from a full experience, that no one can use a fine telescope, in the survey of that strange matter, without feeling such a sensation as a person might be supposed to feel on passing through a plantation of variously aged trees. You see the trees—you mark their progressive growths, and, even if you knew it not, you might be inclined to infer the phenomenon of GROWTH. Possibly—nay, PROBABLY, these different stages show different growths, or different degrees of condensation; and, probably, while we there witness the “formless and void” chaos, we discern also the energy of the power of gravitation consolidating that chaos into worlds! Can it indeed be true, that God is vouchsafing us so intimate a knowledge of his material workmanship?

Farther observation, coupled with reference to the facts of our own small system, serves to confirm this idea. Supposing the condensation of one of these portions of nebulous matter to commence, in virtue of some remoter cause—not in its exact centre—there would follow a stronger current of attracted particles from one side than another, and motion like that of a whirlpool would result. This would give the condensing body a motion of rotation around its own axis; and it is one of Herschell’s most interesting discoveries, that single nebulae, when condensed into form have almost all a motion of rotation. Now it is possible that our sun may have arisen out of such a nebula, and that such is the origin of his rotation on his axis. This rotation, and these principles would account for the subsequent formation of the planets and their moons, and their rotation on their small axes in one uniform direction. It is impossible to pursue this idea now, as it would afford food for the explanations of an entire paper; but we point it out, and leave it half-explained for the purpose of drawing attention to the most gigantic thought that has yet burst upon the natural inquirer.

If the theory towards which these observations point, possesses the least verisimilitude, the space occupied by all the systems of firmaments may have been proximately occupied by this chaotic self-luminous matter. The existence of special centres of condensation may have first separated its vast mass into distinct and distant firmaments; and these afterwards dividing, may have given rise to clusters, and double and single stars. The type of every such change is visible in the present condition of the nebulous matter in our firmament; and as we have hinted, the mechanical considerations are farther upheld by the known relation of our sun towards his planets. These may have separately arisen from subsequent condensations in his atmosphere; and this will account for the singular uniformity of their rotations and revolutions. The sun’s own atmosphere, causing the zodiacal light, may, indeed, be the grosser part of the *incondensable* portion of his nebula; and the finer part may be that planetary ether which retards the motions of our comets. If this ether exists, as observation on the comets all but proves, it will retard the planets also, and finally bring them into the sun. We have long prided ourselves on the idea that our system is fitted for eternal duration; but after all, over how short a span has astronomy lived, and how few are her observations! If the comets are retarded, the planets must be retarded, and dissolution is the ultimate issue. We think of our system passing away, as if it betokened the dissolving of the universe and the annihilation of life. Vain imagination! There would be another universe, although this should all pass, and its now glorious

forms disappear. The geology of our own world indicates a progression of epochs, of characters wholly diverse, and fitted for the sustenance of divers orders of living things. So may it be with our universe. We may be in an epoch—stable during its season, but containing elements of death, which is—TRANSITION. The brilliant star observed through all its phases of dying colours, by TYCHO, —was it a changing world? Similar phenomena have been seen otherwise and elsewhere, but not in numbers to enable us to speculate concerning them. Meanwhile, let us think over these great ideas, and thank God for so far privileging man. After all, what were the death, or the *transition*, of our firmament, suppose we knew it, more than the growth, maturity, and death of one of these beautiful lilies? In both there is power absolute, and the manifestation of an energy essentially progressive. We judge of the power regulating the plant after very vulgar notions; we think vastly of the Almighty only when we see Him upon a large scale; whereas Power is absolute and independent of extent. The Former and Nourisher of the blade of grass may well be the Architect of the solemn Heavens!

BOURBONISMS.

the land of Cakes, and in the land of currie, popular superstition, for once taking part with the helpless, has conferred a peculiar sanctity upon idiots: both in Scotland and the East, the born natural is regarded as a legacy bequeathed by Providence to its more fortunate children. If such be indeed the order of nature, how vast a charge has been imposed upon the charity of mankind in the royal race of Bourbon! In how many ramifications, in how many countries, under how many guises of imbecility, has it not appealed to the pity of the human race! In Spain, in the two Sicilies, in France—(the fairest countries of Europe)—wherever the greasy monk trails his slothful sandal in the dust, and fattens, locust-like, on the green tree destined by Providence for shelter to mankind; wherever troops of household guards exhibit their gaudy caparisons, and gimcrack accoutrements, as a sample of the divinity which doth hedge a king; wherever Bastilles open their iron mouths for the voracious deglutition of popular rights and their defenders; wherever, in the darkness of the land, the foul blear-eyed hag called Ignorance sits cowering over the stifled corpse of infant Liberty, overlaid in its hopeful cradle!—*there* have the Bourbons reigned, or there are they still reigning.

With *them*, service for once becomes inheritance. The same false idols have been their masters from age to age; the same lusts, the same superstitions, the same idiotic self-concentration against the interests and feelings of mankind. They assume the positiveness of genius, even as the idiot mistakes his crown of straws for the insignia of royalty; they exclaim "*Je le veux!*"—as Plato might say, "I think"—or Newton, "I know."

In France, more especially, nothing but their drivelling idiotism could have afforded a bulwark to the tottering right divine; a morsel of bannock and a sup of porridge having been thrust into their hands by the people from century to century, as poor naturals, incapable of getting their own living. At length the day of mischief came; and the proverb,

that "Fules shouldna hae chapping sticks," was strictly illustrated. The gaudy guards, and guns and mortars, granted for their playthings, were turned in earnest against the people; and, lo! their motley was taken from them, and they were driven to feed upon the alms, and screen themselves under the compassion of foreign countries! A word or two upon the conduct and demeanour of these people, while smarting under the loss of their baubles.

It is now a matter of history that, on the day of issuing the *ordonnances* of July, Charles X. amused himself from morning till night in stag-hunting! Not a word on the subject of politics passed his lips. The issue of the mandates was not even surmised at the Palace of St. Cloud, where the court was residing. The King busied himself, as usual, with his almoners and mass-books; the frivolous Quixotic Duchess de Berri, with her trinkets and flirtations; the Duc de Bourdeaux, with his Jesuitical preceptors—regardless of the great storm brewing in the capital visible from their windows; a storm which now appears more considerable than was necessary to overthrow a dynasty so contemptible. It is true the King was observed to be fractious and out of sorts; but the Dukes and Marquises of the court, attributing his ill-temper to a somewhat untoward chase, exhausted their invectives on the treasonable bug which had shown itself so unamenable to royal authority. Not a soul in the whole Palace dreamed of *Ordonnances*! Nay, even then, on the 27th, the Duc de Raguse rendered his official account to the head of the Bourbon family, the King turned a deaf ear.—Marmont persisted; the King sneered. Marmont grew earnest; the King commanded him to be silent! The Dauphin looked on regardless, with his usual face of idiotic apathy; and the term in use among the inmates of the Palace to designate the Patriots of Paris, continued to be "*Ces coquins*." The Ladies of the court derided them; the Lords-in-waiting talked of hanging them; and the usual whist parties and *écarté* parties, and royal *couchers* and royal *levers*, and all the rest of the Tom-Thumbery of greatness went on as usual. While the corpses of the Swiss lay in heaps beside the barricades of Paris, and women and children armed themselves with slings and stones in defence of the liberties of the country, the courtiers of St. Cloud sauntered listlessly about the corridors, in their bags and swords, and shoebuckles; taking snuff from their diamond boxes; and pishing and pshawing at the impertinence of the *candille*. All the former blindness of Versailles was surpassed. They heard the cannonading of the capital in a state of siege; and laughed to scorn both besiegers and besieged.

Passing over the events of the Three Days, (as too important to be approached with trivial mention,) we arrive at the total defeat of the royal troops, and their retreat upon St. Cloud, under the immediate orders of that miracle of ineptitude, the Dauphin. In the village of St. Cloud they encountered this precious heir-apparent of Bourbonism; the troops being harassed, exhausted, and smarting under the irritation of an immense loss, of fatigue, and hunger. With how wonderful a burst of humanity were they accosted by the descendant of Henri IV! "The Dauphin stared hard at the troops as they approached; but said not a word. He appeared neither uneasy nor excited. He passed and made no sign!" The Duke of Ragusa, meanwhile, their commandant, proceeded to the Palace, and was admitted to the presence of the King; while the gallant officers by whom he was accompanied, who had been fighting for three days in defence of this crazy throne, without rest and almost with-

out refreshment, were left huddled together in the court-yard; their patience and their strength worn out; with beards of three days' growth, and the stains of three days' heavy service visible on their uniforms! Not a courtier dared approach them; for it was not yet ascertained in what manner the Marshal, their master, would be received by Charles X.; so that the fribbles of St. Cloud went picking their way, at a distance, along the court-yard, in their silk stockings and embroidery, dying with curiosity to question the untimely guests whose arrival they did not condescend to recognise.

At length Count Hocquart, (grand Bourbonite Maitre d'Hôtel,) conceiving that, at so early an hour, the intruders might be hungry, looked gracefully out of the window, and ordered them refreshments: and, lo! a troop of valets de chambre, in court costume, present to the half-famished officers, with silver salvers of *orangeade, orgeat, and sponge-biscuits!*

"What the devil!" cried Colonel Komierowski, aid-de-camp to the Duc de Raguse, "do you suppose we have come from a ball? Give us meat and wine; we are fainting with exhaustion."

Mademoiselle, the young daughter of the Duchess de Berri, hearing from her schoolroom window the officers demanding refreshment, sent down her own decanter of lemonade and gold mug: desiring (in the spirit of infant Bourbonism) "to know the names of the officers who were honoured by drinking out of her gold mug."

A more flagrant insult than the sponge-biscuits was, however, soon offered to the Marshal in person. Having presumed, in the urgency of the moment, to publish an Order of the day, making known to the troops under his command the revocation of the fatal ordonnances, (a measure followed by momentary re-royalization in the army!) without previous reference to the Dauphin, he was informed by the King that his son was displeased. "Go and explain the matter to him," said his Majesty, in a friendly tone. And away goes the old soldier—the Marmont of Napoleon—to scrape an apology to the imbecile hero of the Trocadero. In the billiard-room of the Palace, he finds the Dukes of Guiche and Ventadour, and Montgascon the Secretary; and waits with his aid-de-camp, Captain Delarue, till the Dauphin makes his appearance. In a few seconds, hurried steps are heard; the doors are thrown open, and the first movement of his Royal Highness is to dash down on the ground a foraging cap he holds in his hand. The Marshal solicits an audience. The Dauphin points to the door of his private apartment, exclaiming, "Get in, Sir!"—and, in another minute, the doors are closed upon their conference. A confused murmur of voices follows—a dispute, a serious quarrel; till at length the Duc de Ventadour, terrified for the result, opens the door, and out rushes the gallant Marshal, followed by the Dauphin, insulting him with the most virulent abuse. "Give up your sword, Sir!" cries the Prince; and, rushing upon him, attempts to wrest it out of his hands. Captain Delarue now attempts to interfere; Montgascon holds him back; and the Dauphin, in trying to break the Marshal's sword in two, unluckily cuts his finger. The sight of his own blood infuriates him. He demands the assistance of his guards, and bids them seize the traitor. The troops advance upon the old soldier with fixed bayonets; and Raguse has some difficulty in escaping without a wound in the face. Thus disarmed, he is conducted to his own apartments.

Within an hour, Charles X. sends back the sword; but insists that the Marshal shall offer an apology to the royal ogreling, for having saved

an effusion of the blood of his fellow-citizens, by suppressing his manifesto. Raguse, at first stubborn, consents; and visits the Dauphin (avowedly at the command of his Majesty) to express his submission. "Since you acknowledge yourself in the wrong, Monsieur le Maréchal, I am sorry I was so violent," says the junior Bourbon. "However, I am punished enough. See how I have cut my fingers with your sword!"—"My sword has been hitherto employed to *defend*, not *spill* the blood of your family," replied the Duke; and, from that day, he was treated with redoubled coldness by the Dauphin.

During the journey of the deposed family to Cherbourg, General Vincent, having learned that the inhabitants of Dreux were disposed to offer affronts to the King; and, conceiving that the sight of a General-officer in full uniform, riding bareheaded in the presence of Charles X, might afford an example of respect, was about to take his place beside the carriage. "What are you thinking of, General?" cries the Dauphin, motioning him away. "You have no right to that place! It belongs by etiquette to the lieutenant of the Royal Guard."

The officer in command of the vessel destined to convey the *mitrailleuse* an exile from the coasts of his native country, was Captain D'Urville, a scientific man, well known in France by his voyage in the *Astrolabe* in search of Perouse, of which he had recently published a masterly account. During the tedious ten days which the delays of the British government compelled the Bourbon Princes to pass at anchor at Spithead, the Dauphin, for want of better entertainment, requested D'Urville to lend him a volume of this noble work. The gallant Captain, not being admitted to the table of his ex-Majesty, (which, in pursuance of his usual habits, had been carefully sawed into a square,) was, in the course of the evening, accosted by the Dauphin. "Where, in the name of wonder, Captain, did you pick up all the strange stories one finds in your book?"—"In my travels, *Monseigneur*! My own observations, and those of my learned associates, enabled me to—"—"Yes, yes; I know! I like all the part about the savages amazingly. I skipped the matters of learning, of course; because I don't happen to be a learned man. Anybody may understand about the savages."

But if the Dauphin distinguished himself by his absurdity, during this memorable journey, what shall we say of the Dauphiness? The commissioners appointed by the nation to escort the Bourbons in safety out of France, were courteously careful to intrude as little as possible into their presence; and, when forced into their presence, to address them with the utmost deference. Nevertheless, whenever Madame la Dauphine happened to perceive Monseigneur de Schonen, she did him the honour to utter a scream of horror. "I shall be choked!" cried she, when, one day, this distinguished magistrate passed through the public room in which she was sitting. Yet she had seen him only once, previous to the Revolution; on that memorable occasion, when the most distinguished members of the law having appeared at court with an address, were motioned away by the Dauphiness with her fan, and a haughty command to "*pass on*!"

One more Bourbonism, and we have done!—During the illness of Ferdinand, the well-beloved, last year, a document was extorted from him, in favour of the succession of his brother, Don Carlos, to the exclusion of his daughter. Two instruments were signed; but, on his recovery, one only was cancelled. The Queen, anxious for the interests of her child, recently requested of her royal husband the annihilation of the

second instrument.—“Don't trouble your head about such stuff,” replies the dignified monarch.—“But, Sire, your daughter.”—“Nonsense, my daughter. Don Carlos will take no steps so long as I am living.”—“Your Majesty cannot forget that Princes are mortal——.”—“No—no! my almoner takes care of that.—But I shan't put myself out of my way about a foolish paper. When I'm dead and gone, you must get out of the scrape as well as you can. I shall leave you to make the best of it!”

FREE TRADE AND W. ATKINSON,

MR. REASON FOR PROTECTING HOME TRADE; or the Principle of Free Trade Refuted. By William Atkinson. 8vo. pp. 36. Holmes: London.

THERE is much ignorance in the world that bears the same fruit as knavery, and is, in consequence, frequently mistaken for it. Some worthy men retire from a contest, in despair of producing an effect on hypocritical antagonists who know, but will not acknowledge, the truth; when, in fact, they were contending with genuine *ignorami*, (to use a word of a learned friend of ours:)* others lose their temper, and scold at knaves, when they should gently show the right way to fools. It is indeed always difficult for a man who has long understood a subject to allow sufficiently for the extent of ignorance that is often to be found in men who, from their station, should “know a thing or two,” as the Yankces say; and that man renders no small service to the cause of knowledge, who frankly shows how far ignorance can go. The degree of ignorance, and obtuseness of intellect which may be expected in the unlettered peasant, it is not difficult to calculate. It is the ignorance and imperviousness to truths nearly approaching what many would call self-evident, which are to be found in the educated, in the man of birth and station, of which specimens are most beneficial. Without an occasional book or pamphlet, it would be impossible to conceive the depths of error into which men plunge, even while honestly seeking after truth,—men who cannot plead in excuse that

“Fair knowledge, to their mind, her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unrol;”

Nor that

“Chill penury repressed their noble rage.”

An excellent illustration of learned ignorance is afforded by Mr. William Atkinson's pamphlet. That an honest man (as he seems) could have read Adam Smith, M'Culloch, &c.; nay, that a man of any education could have thought for half-an-hour to so little advantage, as Mr. Atkinson has done; would, but for this, and other impressive specimens, in and out of Parliament, be deemed impossible. There must really be a new set of books on political economy written. When writers tell us, in their prefaces, of having made a subject “level to the meanest capacity,” they know not what they say; they are ignorant of the profundity of the human mind in misconception. It is an error of most writers, and we say it with regret, of even some of our own contributors, that they know only half of what they ought to know, before taking pen in hand as

public instructors. To know one's subject is only half of a teacher's knowledge. To know the quality of mind on which the information is to be brought to bear, is equally necessary. Most writers content themselves with discharging their minds in the direction, only, of what ought to be the object of steady aim. What avails it, that they are primed and loaded in the most effective manner, if they are not to level their piece at the mark? All that can follow is a good report, and the whistling of a bullet, innocent of effect as of aim. Perhaps, in some instances, the report of the discharge is all that is desired. This is the case with boys when they commence their career as sportsmen; and with boyish spouters in the House of Commons. In the one case, it is thought sufficient that the pocket pistol, loaded with sparrow-hail, be pointed towards the tree, with no more aim at the bird sitting on it, than Mr. Macauley, in the other case, takes at the understandings of honourable members who have any. A bird (the one in view or another) or a personage of the same calibre of mind as the orator, may, perchance, be struck; but even without that triumph, which cannot be expected to be otherwise than rare, the desire of the puny sportsman and orator have been accomplished. That discharge of their loaded popguns, to which they were impelled by an irresistible stimulus, has been obtained; there have been a flash, a report, an echo, and a smell of burnt powder in the boy-sportsman's case, and something analogous in that of the boy-orator. The young sportsman recovers arms, and the young orator his seat, amidst the cheers of their companions, both under the influence of feelings, the apt expression of which would be,—“Cock-a-doodle-doo.”

But we must not pursue so exciting a theme longer. To return to the pamphlet, let it not be thought from the notice we have taken of it, that Mr. Atkinson betrays an ignorance, beyond that of many other men who are equally bound with him to know something about political economy, when they undertake to write on it. What is remarkable in this pamphlet is not the error,—that can be paralleled by more than one or two of the editors of the London Press, who, as well as Mr. Atkinson, refute the principle of free trade,—ay, refute it, sometimes as often as they publish; six times in a week. It is the simple nakedness of error for which this pamphlet is remarkable. Error stands confest, without a single shred of sophistry to conceal her form. Trade with foreigners is proved (after a sort) to be clear loss to the people of Britain; and this because it causes loss of trade to the same extent with each other. Why, good Mr. Atkinson, would you have us produce our wines, coffee, tea, cotton, spices, &c. at home? We suppose not. You would tell us to procure what we could from our colonies; and that we might, as to those articles which neither our own country nor our colonies can produce, indulge in free trade with other countries. But if this freedom of trade is allowed us, in the case of articles which we cannot produce at all, why should it not be extended to those articles which we cannot produce so cheaply, or of such good quality as the foreigners? We can raise oranges, grapes, and figs, in this country; and we have gold and silver mines. Why should we be confined to the ill-flavoured and expensive products of our hot-houses, or to the profitless working of our mines, if we can purchase gold and wine with the natural produce, or the manufactured articles, of which we have abundance? Then, don't you see, Mr. Atkinson, that if foreign trade be such a losing business for us, it must be so to the nations who deal with us, too? You do not pretend that there is any peculiarity in our situation that makes foreign

trade hurtful to us alone. You "refute the principle of free trade," you know. Consider, we beseech you, Mr. A. that there must be two parties to trade; and that what is sauce for the goose, (we refer to your cook,) is sauce for the gander. If all nations lose so terribly by trade, how is it that they all so eagerly pursue what is ruinous? How is it that the advantages of an inland country, like Poland, that has not a single port, are so little appreciated? How is it that an extensive sea-coast and good harbours, are so much valued? Finally, how is it that so many people, besides the Queen in Tom Thumb, drink "Success to trade?" Oh, but it is not simply trade that you object to; it is *free* trade! You would allow trade, but it must be loaded with restrictions and prohibitions. You would, on the same principle, we suppose, allow dancing, but only in real fetters, as it is exhibited by Macheath on the stage; or you would prohibit, like some of our old divines, what they called mixed dancing, *i. e.* the dancing of men and women. But, 'pon honour, Mr. Atkinson, English males will not dance ram-reels with each other, nor drink native claret, if they can get more genial wine or company. What a miserable place Tyre must have been; a place which did nothing but trade, and without the benefit of a single restriction. It must have been ruined seven times a-week. Yet Tyre was regarded as a prosperous place; and other nations were, for want of a Mr. Atkinson, so ignorant of the noxious qualities of free trade, as to believe that it was its great traffic that made the greatness of Tyre.

Mr. Atkinson has favoured the world with some tables at the end of his pamphlet, which prove (after his fashion) some rather startling propositions. We must content ourselves with the results, leaving the proofs to the curiosity of our readers. The disputed question of trade between the Northern and Southern States of America is thus settled. Suppose the tariff abolished, and that the Southern States transfer their trade to England, there will be a loss to America of the whole amount of the Southern States' trade, ("annual surplus produce,") excepting the gain which these Southern States would make by being supplied cheaper by England than by the Northern States. The Southern States would gain a trifle, and the Northern lose the value of its whole "annual surplus produce!" Did it not occur to Mr. Atkinson that the Northern States might find some other customer, if the Southern States should cease trading with them? But if the Southern States transfer their trade to England, to save 10 per cent.; did it not occur to Mr. A. that, by lowering the prices 10 per cent., the Northern States might retain their southern customers; and then America would lose nothing; for what the Northern States would lose by this reduction, the Southern would gain. And here Mr. Atkinson, without any great exertion of vision, might have discerned the whole mystery of the opposition to free trade. It is an attempt of one class to make another class of the same country pay too much for some article that can be got at a reasonable price elsewhere. The same impudent pretext of the "good of the country" is set up by the manufacturers of the Northern States of America and the corn-growers of Britain. The American monopolists wish to retain the power of compelling their fellow-citizens of the Union to pay above the market value for their manufactures; and the British monopolists wish the same privilege of exaction from their fellow-subjects, with regard to corn. "No free trade!" is the cry of an interested and selfish class, who wish to rob the other classes. But the cry, though raised by knaves, is caught up by many who are merely fools. There

is this difference between the cry of the knaves and fools, however; that the knaves will cry till crying is of no use in keeping up the fraud; whereas the fools will cry in chorus with the knaves, only so long as they, the fools, are unconscious of their folly. The unconsciousness may remain long enough to do some mischief; but it will end. The cry of "No free trade!" is fast becoming abandoned to the monopolists alone. Even the farmers are becoming aware of the mischief of the Corn Laws. It has touched themselves.

By another table Mr. Atkinson shows the value of the exports from the British West India Islands to Great Britain to be double the imports; and he sets down this excess as gain made by Britain! No wonder the colonies are in a miserable condition! But Mr. A. does not observe that the colonies, by his own showing, lose what Britain gains; nor recollect that gains made by force of Acts of Parliament, no less than of arms, ought to be denominated "pillage." From this last table another is deduced, showing that, were Britain, instead of confining the trade to her own colonies, to "transfer it to Brazil, or any other independent country, with *ten per cent.* of cheapness in favour of the latter," the consequence to Britain would be a *loss*, in the course of ten years, of £25,199,881; or, in Mr. Atkinson's own words, that there would be a "balance in favour of Great Britain paying a dearer price to her own colonies," of above £25,199,881! Another table shows "the effect, at the end of twenty years, of an increased consumption of tea, in the event of the China trade being thrown open to public competition, assuming the increase to be to the value of £500,000 per annum;" the effect is made out to be an increase of value paid to the Chinese of £28,637,487; to which extent, we understand, Mr. A. to insinuate the British nation would be losers; forgetful that we would get value in tea for it!

When such stuff as this is almost daily published among us, bating the nakedness of the error, which is remarkable,—what must be the ignorance of the public mind, in regard to the plainest principles of political economy? Every petty cavil aimed at free trade, (and who can open a newspaper without meeting one, original or reported?) is evidence that the utterer knavishly calculates upon the ignorance of the public, or is himself ignorant. Mr. Atkinson has one merit which most of those cavillers want; he has actually looked into the works of the great expounders of that science at which they sneer in still more profound ignorance than his.

BRITISH SHIPS AND BRITISH SAILORS.

To the Editor of Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

SIR,—The striking peculiarity of the age we live in, seems to be the prevalent disposition to rake up all abuses of long standing, and to expose them to the public gaze, leaving it to time to make the due impression, in order to the adoption of the efficient remedies. Amongst other abuses, that of the ill-usage of seamen in the mercantile navy is at last taken up, in a very partial manner it is true, but with considerable

activity, apparently by a knot of individuals actuated by humane sympathies, and at the head of whom stands Mr. James Ballingall, from whom a work of considerable interest has emanated. I should judge that the article on "Sea-burking" might be traced to the same source; it evidently seems to be the production of a man uniting the various employments of "seaman, shipowner, and surveyor of shipping." The excitement of the public mind on the subject is but just beginning; yet I doubt not that it will increase, and that ultimately the cause of humanity will triumph.

The particular portion of cruelty which Mr. Ballingall has taken up, is the fact, that merchants and shipowners are in the habit of sending seamen and passengers to sea in vessels which are little better than sieves, solely for the lucre of gain. He has made out a clear case, that those who profit by such nefarious doings are four classes of persons: underwriters, merchants, shipowners, and the British Government. The latter personage seems never to be out of the way wherever "revenue" may accrue, whether morally or immorally. The losers in the transaction are sailors, passengers, and the community at large; and, as is common in such cases, the community loses, perchance, a thousand pounds outright, in order that the above-named worthies may gain half or fourth of that sum; just as, for the sake of the patronage of a colony, three times the amount of the actual speculation is frequently wasted. It is for the interest of the above-named parties that ships should occasionally be lost; because the underwriter would not otherwise be able to drive a profitable trade; and the merchants, so long as they were paid for their goods, would willingly see the whole raw material of England wrought up and thrown into the sea. The shipowners care for nothing but the wearing out of ships, in order that they may build new ones; and the government dearly loves its revenue. With regard to the sailors, it has long been considered that their natural death is drowning; and pity, until Mr. Ballingall took up their cause, was altogether out of the question. The poor passengers have never yet had any remedy but patience for all the evils inflicted on them in sea transit. Sailors are accustomed to regard them as a nuisance on board ship—even worse than marines; and if any accident happens, they usually go to the bottom, as infallibly as the cargo, unless it be timber, or some such matter, which will float the ship while water-logged. I once was superfluous enough to pay for a cabin passage out of the port of London; and, from continual accidents, owing to the vessel being short-handed and ill-found, I was harder worked at spar-making than any shipwright in a king's dock-yard. Let no passenger ever go to sea until he has made himself familiar with the use of tools, and, if possible, the art of navigation. It is my most strenuous advice; for only thus will he have a chance to hold his own. The power of knowledge holds good at sea as it does on shore. The sailors and passengers mostly suffer in person, and the community pays the expenses; which it does not grumble at, as the amount is not much felt in the subdivision. Mr. Ballingall states that the principal cause of ships being lost is their original defective construction; being built unfirm, of open timber-work, instead of a solid mass, as is the case with ships of war. In short, the ships of war are constructed so that they would swim without their planking, and the merchant vessels depend entirely upon their planking. In the majority of cases in which ships are lost, striking the ground or rocks is the proximate cause; and ships built for the purposes of war are found out to

go to pieces, which is rarely the case with merchant vessels. It is evident, therefore, that the remedy is at hand: but it is one which requires a greater outlay of capital, and is therefore not likely to be put in practice, unless it be forced upon the parties concerned in a way they cannot avoid. Mr. Ballingall thinks that the summary method would be to make insurance illegal. It would be summary assuredly; but I doubt whether it would be effective, or advisable. In the first place, it would be an intermeddling with commerce, which should always, if possible, be avoided; because people can mostly do their own business better than governments can do it for them. Self-interest makes people sharp-sighted. In the next place, the law could be evaded, and would be evaded if it were worth evading. Gambling debts to any amount, whether transacted at Newmarket, or on the Stock Exchange, or at Crockford's, are unrecognised by law; yet, notwithstanding, gambling goes on, and the gambling debts are contracted and paid: and thus would it be with insurance. To attempt to improve the building of ships by the abolition of insurances, would be a mere nibbling at the extremities without going to the root of the disease. It is quite clear that the rules for the registry of ships at present in use, afford no indication whatever of the condition of the vessels, and might be much amended. Their only purpose at present seems to be the protection of "British bottoms," against the competition of foreigners; but whether the bottoms be intrinsically good or bad, appears not on the face of the register. •

The fact is, that the art of ship-building is in a very imperfect condition, both in the commercial and war services, notwithstanding our national boasts about "hearts of oak" and similar clap-traps. The construction is unscientific, and the execution is rude. It is an art which is behind most other arts; and it is probably competition alone which will force on improvement. British ships, owing to the peculiar circumstances of war, have enjoyed a species of monopoly on the blue waters; and everybody knows that the tendency of all monopolies is to keep things stationary. Take, for example, the packet-service of the Post Office. Formerly it was open to competition by contract; and the consequence was, that swift, and safe, and convenient vessels were built, under the superintendence of the very men who afterwards commanded them. But his Majesty's government, casting about for fresh openings for patronage, the old channels having been filled up by population pressing against means as in other things, at length cast their baleful eyes on the packet-service, and forthwith ordered, that as fast as the existing contracts expired the vessels should be replaced by ten-gun brigs, commanded by Lieutenants in the navy, needing good births and possessed of interest. This ingenious contrivance enabled the aforesaid Lieutenants to become a species of floating hotel-keepers, to fleece passengers according to law. It has been stated, and by one of the packet captains, that their continuing in employment depends almost entirely on the arbitrary will of the superintendent at ———; and that to propitiate him it is necessary to make oblations every voyage, of some of the choicest products of the country the packet visits. An omission of this propitiation would infallibly ensure a dismissal. I do not state this for a fact on my own knowledge, but merely that I have heard one of the very hotel-keeping R.N.'s state it at table, to the assembled passengers. Tyranny is the order of the navy. The Admiral ill-uses the Captain; the Captain ill-uses the Lieutenant; the Lieutenant passes it on to the Midshipman; and he, in common with all the rest, ill-uses the common sea-

man ; who works it out upon the "long-shore-man," and is cheated in return. All this is somewhat improved ; but it is still bad enough, and in case of a war would get worse.

Having thus taken possession of a particular branch of trade, for the benefit of their protégées, one would have thought that the least the government could have done for the passengers in return, was to provide good and safe vessels for them. But they appointed "ten-gun brigs," a species of craft known in the navy under the name of "drowning-tubs," or something similar. They were strong enough in their build, not to fear their going to pieces ; but they were so defective in their mould—of so great a length with so little beam—that, in a sudden squall, it was more owing to the care of Providence than to human skill, if they did not capsize and drown all on board. They were, moreover, dull sailors ; and the unfortunate passengers were liable to have their baggage spoiled by its stowage on the top of the water tanks. A ship is at best a prison, with a chance of being drowned : the greatest pleasure in going to sea is the act of making land : but his Majesty's government did what in them lay to make the chance of the drowning into a certainty. The consequence has been, that several of these packets are missing ; and the presumption is, that they have capsized at sea, and all on board have perished. It was all very well for the hotel-keeping R. N.'s. Drowning was their natural death, and their gains were in proportion to the extra risk : they did it knowingly ; but what had the poor passengers done ?

the thing be once more open to competition, and this grievance will be remedied.—One of these packets was formerly on the New York station ; but the price was so high, and the accommodation so inferior to the mercantile American packets, that no passengers would go by it, and it was discontinued. The worthy commander damned the interloping Yankees in good set terms. It is in spite that our Post Office has now interfered to prevent the Yankees from carrying letters.

After all our boasts, our superiority in our shipping has not been owing to our skill, but to our war monopoly ; and other nations are now advantageously competing with us. Our "heart of oak" is getting to be too expensive a material ; population is too thick in the British Islands to permit the needful supply ; and it is commonly better to manufacture a bulky article, like timber, on the spot where it is grown, if there be the means, than to carry it long distances to make it into ships. The fact that teak ships are built in the East Indies, is a case in point. We import large quantities of timber annually ; and the expense of it must constantly increase, owing to two causes : a constantly diminishing supply, and constantly increasing competition with foreign builders, who will certainly be interested in keeping back an exhaustible material from rival manufacturers, just as the Americans have prohibited the export of their live oak. All hard woods are of slow growth ; and in densely peopled lands they are apt to disappear altogether ; or if they are preserved, it is more as objects of curiosity than of utility. It is time, then, if the English shipowners mean to maintain a naval superiority, that they should turn their attention to the use of materials apparently almost inexhaustible, and whose supply can always be increased at a short notice, by the application of extra power, without waiting for the slow processes of nature. I allude to our metals, the products of our own soils. It requires no miracle in the present day to "cause iron to swim." Many years have elapsed since an iron steam-boat formed a part of Captain Tuckey's expedition to the Congo, in the

pursuit of African discovery. At that time it was a novelty ; and it was held a matter of such fearful risk to put forth an iron boat upon the waters of the Atlantic, that the Lords of the Admiralty, in the plenitude of their sapience, ordered a ten-gun brig to bear her company, in order to "take care of her !" It was, however, found in practice, on the occasion of a heavy gale, that the iron boat was the protector, and the ten-gun brig the protégé. Yet, in spite of this, no endeavour was made to ascertain how far iron might be rendered useful in the navy. It was a government business ; and governments have ever been the last in effecting improvements useful to human beings, however earnest they may have been in following up the works of destruction. Since that time sundry iron steam-boats have been built ; and, latterly, the Messrs. Mundsley are constructing them for the Ganges, on account of the East India Company. To make the experiments necessary to bring iron vessels to a state of perfection requires some considerable cost. Private individuals like not the risk of experiments, while they can command a regular trade : they only resort to them when driven to find new resources. The case in point is precisely that upon which a national experiment might be desirably performed ; but our experience of government manœuvres is such as to lead us to fear that more jobbery than utility would be practised, till such time as we shall possess a responsible government. Thus it ever is in England. Every project of human improvement which we can name, must lie in abeyance until we can accomplish a *real* reform of Parliament, by making that Parliament responsible. However, the spirit of prophecy is not needed to convince us that many years cannot elapse ere iron will be substituted for wood in the construction of ships. Iron hulls, properly fitted with air-tubes, would be unsinkable, even if leaky. I have heard it said that the difference in prime cost would not be very considerable ; and the increased demand for iron would tend to increased facilities in its manufacture. The quantity of employment for labour would also be increased ; and the expense of it would be compensated by the decrease of shipwrecks, and the increased durability of the vessels. We should produce, by mechanism, a supply of metallic material, to supersede the vegetable material produced by the chemistry of nature ; saving thus both time and the interest of capital employed in planting.

But although the law might be made effectual in enforcing an improved construction of vessels, and although surveyors might be made responsible in purse and person for a heedless examination of ships, or for a certificate given for corrupt purposes, still I apprehend that all would not go to the root of the evil. Convictions would be difficult ; and false oaths and false evidence would not be wanting, if sufficient purchase-money were forthcoming. We had better go at once to the fountain-head, and cure the evil at its source, without resorting to palliative expedients. The simple fact is, disguise it as we may, that the "true British sailors," the "gallant British tars," are simply the most degraded race in the British dominions. Ay, Sir, stare and hold up your hands ; but the fact is so, and your astonishment will not alter it. In "His Majesty's Navy" they are better paid and fed, because the expenses come out of the pockets of John Bull ; but they are flogged, and abused, and treated as slaves, without an appeal against injustice ; and for all this, the only recompense they can procure is the temporary enjoyment of the slave's paradise—inebriation. They are purely animal in their nature ; nay, in many cases worse than the lower animals ; and those who

are familiar with their habits will not dispute the statement. It has been the fashion to uphold them as patriots and high-minded men ; brave and generous, and utterly unselfish ; always ready to relieve the wants of others, and utterly regardless of their own. All this is unfounded. Their patriotism has been the abstract bull-dog love of fighting ; and they would have fought equally strenuously, nay, *have* so done under the *tri-color*, or the "striped bunting," as under the Union Jack. They would have fought, British ship against British ship, just as ferociously and unthinkingly as British ship against French ship ; and have double-shotted their guns as usual, to make as great a noise, and do as much damage as possible, without being very precise whether the damage were done to themselves by the bursting of the guns, or to the enemy by the discharge, provided the due allowance of grub were served out previous to commencing action, or their courage were freshened during action by a "raw nip," a custom less talked about than practised, and called "Dutch courage" by way of a blind. Even now, while I am writing, comes *The Times* newspaper of July 22, and the Mansion-House Police Report gives a case in point. Two hundred and fifty "gallant British tars" had enlisted in the service of Don Miguel, but were turned adrift before they left the river Thames, in consequence of Captain Napier's victory. The boatswain headed a deputation which applied to the Lord Mayor for redress ; and that magistrate asked "if they were aware that they were going to fight against their own countrymen, who were serving under Don Pedro?" The reply was in the affirmative. The Lord Mayor again remarked, "As you make such a pounds-shillings-and-pence affair of it, you would perhaps have no objection to fight for Don Pedro?" The reply was conclusive. "If we are well paid for it, it does not signify whom we fight for." The fact is, that sailors are not reasoning people ; they are only guided by excitement, and that excitement exclusively of an animal kind. The well-known story of the Sailor's Three Wishes,—An island of tobacco, with a river of rum, and—more rum still,—is a type of them.* They are treated like brutes by those who rule over them, and reasoning faculties are never called forth in them. Prize money has been the prime mover, both amongst naval officers and their men ; and what, after all, is prize-money but the result of licensed buccaneering? The bare fact of the existence of impressment is a proof of the absence of the power of reflection ; no race of men, not morally debased, would ever have submitted quietly to such a degradation as compulsory slavery of a worse kind than that of the blacks in the West Indies. A man of high mind, thus treated, would have sought the opportunity of making a fearful retribution and warning, by sacrificing himself like Curtius, and destroying the "floating castle," and its population of slaves and tyrants, through the agency of the powder magazine.

In "His Majesty's Service" the sailors are well-fed and clothed, and tolerably well-paid. They have the benefit of surgical assistance ; and, were they not slaves, might be held to be physically well off. But they are cut off from all humanizing association with their fellows, and especially with wives and families. This state of existence is in itself sufficient to destroy morality. The cant which has been used about the

* It was given in evidence, on a recent trial, that a sailor actually drank a portion of the contents of a colour-pot, containing a species of nautical paint made of white lead, fish-oil, and rum,—so strong was the love of drunken excitement.

"generosity of British tars" is disgusting to a reflecting mind. There are examples of true generosity, doubtless, amongst the mass of sailors; as there have been amongst kings; but they are the exceptions to the rule. The word generosity implies a love of one's kind, not the reckless disregard of money which has been earned without thought, and is thrown away without care. There is a saying, "That sailors earn their money like horses, and spend it like asses." It is true. And what are the cases of generosity cited for the most part? That a sailor, having no forethought, gives his cash away to such worthless beings as think it worth their while to set upon him. He breaks a window, and not thinking it worth while to wait for the change, breaks another to balance the piece of money. True generosity must be accompanied by self-sacrifice; but the sailor is, for the most part, not conscious of anything but the love of power, and of exciting wonderment for the time being; a lesson which he has unconsciously learned of his officers. Of the same nature is the generosity of Tories to the poor. Bad as is the condition of the sailor in "His Majesty's Service," it is immeasurably worse in the merchant service. In the East India service I believe the quality of the food is rather better than in ordinary vessels; but then the officers, who are accustomed to misuse the subservient dingy natives of the East, arrogate to themselves the right of flogging their men. The consequence is that the papers teem with complaints, and charges of tyranny and oppression, in which both sides are usually in fault: the men in the brutality of ignorance, and the officers in the brutality of irresponsible power. In the West India service it is much the same; but the acmé of all misery is to be found on board the small vessels of from one hundred to two hundred tons, sailing out of the port of London to Spain, Portugal, the Mediterranean, and on other comparatively short voyages. These vessels are usually commanded by men who have risen from before the mast, and are only superior to the common seamen by a little knowledge of navigation. Their wages are but little higher than those of common seamen, and their provisions are mostly the same. Perhaps, when well-treated, they are allowed grog, and tea and sugar, in addition to the bare beef, biscuit, and water, which is the food of the sailors. The advantages they have are, that they are not quite so hard-worked as their men, and they have the privilege of a little peddling traffic, with an apartment free from intrusion which they call their own, unless when an unfortunate passenger takes a berth with them, to pay his money for provisions and accommodations which he is never destined to realize. Like the keepers of small and uncomfortable inns, they know that passengers only resort to them as a matter of necessity, and that whoever has once embarked with them will never do it again; therefore, they extract as large a profit as they can, by the breach of every article in the specious bargain they have made. No human being is so full of promises as a captain in harbour: no human being so regardless of them as a captain at sea. Alas! poor passenger, when

"A rude and boisterous captain of the sea
Fastens a quarrel on him;"

especially on his own quarter-deck, of which, though it measure but a five-foot walk, he is usually as proud as a skipper who hoists the swabs, and writes R. N. after his name.* The lot of the cap-

* Let the merchants and agents in foreign countries, who are obliged to ask these people to dinner with themselves and families, speak to their habits and manners.

tain is bad enough; and emblematic of it is the economy of his domestic arrangement, where the provision-safe, and the paint cupboards, the water-closet, and the rudder head, are all contained in a green box some three feet square. But all this is as nothing to the condition of the seamen, who are simply the worst-used class amongst "His Majesty's subjects." I say nothing of the chances of drowning, as set forth by Mr. Ballingall: that is, for the most part, a quick riddance of a miserable existence; but the life they lead is, for the most part, despoiled of all enjoyment. Their food is salt-beef, coarse biscuit, and water.

"That beasts would cough at."

The water of the Thames has the peculiar property of being in a kind of putrid state for six weeks after it is barrelled; and if the vessel which contains it be an ancient porter barrel, it becomes the most detestable liquid thing upon the face of the round world. But even of this the sailors are not allowed an unlimited expenditure. Washing in it is, of course, out of the question. Few persons are so superfluous as to wash at all, in such craft; and I have known an instance of a skipper ordering a passenger not to cleanse his teeth, unless he could do it in salt water. To save the consumption of water, the practice used to be—and I believe it is still resorted to—to allow the seamen no drinking utensil but a gun-barrel, for dipping through the bung-hole of the cask,—and this precious cup is kept in the maintop; every seaman who wishes to drink being obliged to fetch it down, and carry it up again. It may be supposed that the badness of the water, and the trouble together, tend to prevent any unnecessary expenditure; and thus more stowage room is left for the owners. And then the three-square hole, called the fore-castle, in which the poor devils eat and drink—no not drink, they cannot carry down the gun-barrel through the rat hole by which they descend; but they sleep, or try to sleep, in spite of the hydrogen gas arising from the bilge water and the "sorted cargo," which half poisons them. Then, in addition, they are liable to be rope'-ended, and manually chastised by the captain and his mate, who may not ascribe to the magnificence of the cat. And for all this endurance they receive less wages than a "long-shore-man." Verily, there are many bad stations in this world; but were I a believer in the doctrine of transmigration, I would pray to the deity, "Make me a flying-fish; make me a South American mule; make me a London 'maid-of-all-work' to a furniture-broker's wife; make me a sore-backed horse, at a cattle hunt in the Andes; make me a red Indian, in the snow of Canada, with no game to be had; make me a 'nigger' in the West Indies; make me a London donkey; ay, make me even a silver-miner at Famatina, but do not make me a 'gallant British tar,' either in 'His Majesty's' or the merchant service. Do not even make me a merchant's son apprenticed to follow the sea." It is strange, but there is, actually at this time no means of bringing a lad up to the sea, without risking the utter loss of his morals, without the risk of making him a blackguard, a drunkard, a—all that is bad. In almost every business where the learner has to go through manual labour, and also in many of the professions, physical and intellectual skill is acquired at the expense of morality. This needs looking to, in this age of reform. The first part of the "mysterie of his craft" is to help the cook, and answer to the cabin call of "boy," with the tin soup tureen, moulded after the same fashion as those of the days of Van Tromp, the junk of beef, and the dough-boys,

the biscuit basket; and the captain's grog, which he gets into the habit of tasting, and getting thrashed for it, or sent to perambulate the quarter-deck, shouldering a handspike like a marine—a favourite remedy for sea-sickness, also. Then his sleeping-place is in the "forecastle;" and his principal solace is the intellectual conversation of the "tars," where he learns a half-mutinous spirit, easily convertible into the spirit of a tyrant when he becomes a captain himself. A favourite mode of improving threadbare morals in boys formerly used to be to "send them to sea." If nothing could be made of them on shore, the sea was an infallible cure. Verily, it is a proof of the goodness inherent in human nature, that there are so few pirates in the world. The merchant service is fruitful in motives to prevent seamen from being too scrupulous in bettering their condition by the strong hand. It would be a sore temptation to an impatient spirit. And for all that I have described, and much hard work, and cold, and wet garments in addition, the sailor gets only about soldier's wages.

Some easy landsman will perhaps ask, in the innocence of his heart, as the French Princess did about the starvation of her father's subjects, "Why is it endured?" Why do seamen suffer themselves to be thus ill-used? The boatswain, of Don Miguel, before alluded to, gave a conclusive answer to the Lord Mayor on the subject: "We are obliged by the law of self-preservation to accept of the less painful choice—it is better than starving. Go into the neighbourhood of Wapping, and you will find multitudes of willing, industrious, and efficient young seamen, ready to engage in any honest employment, but who cannot obtain any." Thus it is; population progresses against the means of subsistence among sailors as well as other classes; and they are willing to go to sea in the sieves Mr. Ballingall has so well described, rather than starve; Were the insurance laws altered, these very sailors would be the most earnest in tempting shipowners to give them employment in rotten bottoms, and do all in their power to evade the law, though it were conniving at their own drowning. They would rather drown than starve; and the former is a chance, while the latter is a certainty. An Irish labourer was once standing on a scaffold in a position more than ordinarily perilous, when a well-dressed, benevolent man called out to him, in an earnest tone, to be more careful; Pat instantly replied, with a quaint smile, "Sure, masther, and you're a rich man anyhow." The poor fellow could not imagine how a life of seven shillings a-week could be of any importance, whether it was lost or saved. Sailors think much the same of their lives. They are willing to risk losing them by death-shot in the battle; and they cannot imagine it at all a more fearful thing to lose them in the salt wave, by the peril of the breeze. "Yet still," the humane man will exclaim, "it is fitting, that something should be done to prevent their lives being needlessly wasted; more especially as the same measures which would conduce to save their lives would amply pay all the expense incurred, by the corresponding saving of property to the nation." I agree to this; and think that Mr. Ballingall is entitled to the gratitude and respect of the community, for the earnest humanity with which he has forced such an evil on the public notice; but it seems to me that so far from interfering with the freedom of trade by meddling with insurances, the better plan would be, to go to the root of the evil and educate the seamen; train their minds to reflect and reason, and assimilate them more to the character of the seamen in the United States, who gain high wages and save them, in many cases to purchase a farm,

or embark in other business on shore. These are men of a reflecting character, who do not take to the sea from liking, but, as a means of accumulating a small capital wherewith to begin the world, and then make way for others to follow in the same career. The American vessels on the banks of Newfoundland are commonly manned by the sons of New England farmers, who embark as partners in the fishing business; and, after making several voyages, retire with their gains, and become farmers or tavern-keepers. It is by no means an uncommon thing for the same man to be an able seaman and navigator, a good driver of horses, a skilful dealer, and a competent farmer and carpenter. I remember boarding an American brig in the broad Atlantic, bound for South America. The captain had his cabin fitted up as a workshop, and amused himself at his leisure hours, fabricating stick chairs, which he turned by means of a pole-lathè. He calculated on making a smart handful of dollars out of the chairs, as he was bound to a good market. And this is as it should be. He is a more perfect man of the active world. But our English sailors, as a mass, are not such skilful men as they ought to be, considering that they pass a whole life, according to the principle of the division of labour; being sailors and nothing but sailors. There are a far greater number of them who rank as foremast-men than as able seamen. And those, again, who can "hand, reef, and steer," are far more numerous than those who can navigate. Were they all properly instructed, they would be able to hand, reef, steer, navigate, understand mercantile dealing, and be able mechanics; to build as well as rig a ship. Among such men, inventions for the saving of labour would constantly be introduced; and vessels would be better navigated by a less number of hands, who would, consequently, get higher wages. The economy of this, in a national point of view, would be very great; and it should always be borne in mind, that skilled labour rises in value in a compound progression over unskilled labour. It is better to pay three guineas per week to one skilled workman, than a guinea each to three unskilled workmen. The one can perform what he undertakes: the others cannot, and they would consequently be dear at any wages. When landmen talk of the activity and handiness of sailors, they refer, in their own minds, to the standard of what they could do themselves in the like situation, without taking the previous training into consideration. Thus, a man might be a very bad rope-dancer professionally, who yet might be far more skilful than any of the lookers-on, who did not profess the art. To conclude, I shall be rejoiced if Mr. Ballingall's efforts are attended with success in drawing the public attention to these crying evils; and then, I doubt not, that experiment will gradually suggest the best mode of remedying them. Well-trained and reasoning sailors would understand the condition of ships as to sea-worthiness, and they would refuse to go to sea in shivers.

I remain, Sir, very truly yours,

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

THE VISION OF CRAIG LOCKHART.

The Drawing-room was brilliantly lighted up, and pleasantly perfumed. A variety of early flowers was tastefully arranged in a large china vase. The harp stood in its usual place. But its strings had ceased to vibrate. The hands that had struck them were now feeble and powerless, and the

voice that had rivalled their sweetest tones was now about to be hushed for ever.

There was indeed a great change. But how beautiful the wreck which still remained! Catharine, reclining on a *settee*, was enveloped in a white sack, the ample folds of which did not conceal her attenuated form. A profusion of dark ringlets lay neglected on her slender shoulders. Her eyes, naturally brilliant, large, and dark, now shone from their hollow sockets with a sort of supernatural lustre—while a livid circle which surrounded them formed a striking contrast to the marble paleness of her cheeks. The canker-worm was there; it had *ripped*, but could not consume; for even amidst the desolation which it had wrought, how beautiful, in its ruin, that almost ethereal fabric which was about to be levelled with the earth!

Catharine suddenly started up. Anxiety and alarm were depicted in her aspect. She lifted up her eyes to those who were around her, with a look which eloquently implored that much-needed assistance which yet she knew they could not render. "I feel something which I never felt before," she said, with evident perturbation; and then, turning to her father,* who was sitting at the foot of the *settee*, she added, "Do not weep—it will soon be over!" It was that trying moment, when the angel of death has made his first descent upon the unresisting heart—when the trembling sufferer feels, for the first time, the reality of that fearful struggle which is about to commence betwixt the soul and the body, and which, before, was known only speculatively; when the mind is exceedingly amazed and perplexed under the agony of the present, and the impenetrable darkness which involves the future. In a few minutes she became calm and composed; conversed affectionately with the few friends that attended her; and, in meek resignation, seemed to await that crisis which seals the destiny alike of the timid and the brave.

They who have attended a death-bed, know what *passes* on such occasions. They have received the parting advice and last benedictions of the dying. They have taken the last mournful "farewell," and have felt the last gentle, but fond pressure of the hand, and have watched the glance which, while feeling and intelligence lasted, became, as death advanced, more and more intense, till at length the feeble voice has become mute for ever; and the restless hands have become motionless; and the eyes, which before gleamed piercingly, beamless and glazed. They have witnessed, as it were, the dissolution of the world itself; for who has not felt, in such an hour, that the world was then nothing to him, as if in fact it had come to an end? They have thus discovered the emptiness of human greatness, and the folly of human pride, and the weakness and imbecility of human strength. They have seen the only real cause of joy or of sorrow.—— But humanity seeks to draw a veil over the more appalling part of the scene.

* Perhaps no man that Scotland has produced has done more towards the advancement of science, and the diffusion of sound and liberal views, than the gifted individual here alluded to. His writings, though the greater part of them were given to the world in his younger years, are characterized and distinguished by a purity and vigour of conception, by a condensation of argument, and profundity of reasoning, which at once obtained for their author that admiration and respect which splendid talents must ever acquire to their possessor. The most abstract and speculative truths were rendered familiar and attractive to the meanest capacity, by the clear and luminous positions in which he had placed them, the arrangement he adopted, and the classical elegance of his style.

suffice it to say, that behind the veil is the operation of what we call **DEATH**. There is experienced the bitterest pang of dissolution; the breaking, and tearing away of the heart-strings; the loosing of the "silver cord," which mysteriously unites the spirit with flesh and blood: the severation of soul and body, never again to come together, till the dawn of an eternal morn.

William left this scene with a heavy heart. He remembered those passages of Scripture which Catharine had uttered. Alas! in such a moment, those words, though full of comfort to others, had none for him. They were like a precious ointment, which a man has in his possession, but whose wounds are too deep, and too painful to be either healed or alleviated by its application. There was "balm in Gilead;" but there was "no physician there," to apply it with efficacy to his wounded spirit. Scarcely breathing, he repented them, one after another, with the intensest interest. The feeble tone in which Catharine had uttered them had penetrated his heart, and communicated a depth of melancholy to the expressions themselves, and to their import a fearful certainty, which he had never before found attached to them. At length he gave way to a flood of grief, such as had not rushed from his eyes since the days of childhood. But this, so far from soothing, tended only to aggravate and increase that anguish which nature thus vainly strove to assuage. The very consciousness that those tears were unavailing—the bitter sense of their utter inutility, but augmented that agony which was already too much to bear. It was long past midnight. The sky was clear and cloudless. The moon was full, and was careering through the heavens, rejoicing in her own splendour. William hurried on, he "knew not where, and cared not whither."

He stopped not till he found himself, without any consciousness of such design, standing before that little recess* where he had first seen Miss ———. The moon, still unclouded, was just about to set behind the western extremity of the Pentlands. Its light but faintly illuminated the tops of the hills. All below and around was dark. The wind, rustling through the yet unfoliated branches of the high trees, occasioned a low moaning sound, as if they were mourning for the loss of that light which had left them. He threw himself down on the ground on which the feet of Catharine had once rested. The air was cold and damp. Intensity of mental suffering had rendered him feeble and powerless. A benumbing sensation crept over his frame; and, though sleep was far from him, he felt a sort of morbid drowsiness, such as that which opiates are said to create. He lay thus, it might be, for an hour. His imagination then carried him to the death-couch of Catharine. There she lay, if possible, more pale, and melancholy, and beautiful, than ever. Her father bent over her and wept. William was conscious that this was an illusion. Again he felt the cold ground beneath him, and some drops of rain fall on his face. Immediately a light shone round about him. It was brighter and more dazzling than the sun. He beheld Catharine in the midst of that light. And when he saw her, he could not look up because of the exceeding brightness. She was the same—her eyes the same, but more beautiful than he had ever seen her. She approached, stooped down, and looked upon him. He held out his arms;

* A rocky seat on the east of the policy of Craig Lockhart, in the formation of which art has aided nature.

but, though she was close beside him, some secret power seemed to withhold him from clasping her. She wiped away with her hand the cold dew which had settled on his forehead; and having kissed it, she looked into his eyes with that ardent and steady gaze, which, alas! in former days, had been too well known. He could not suffer it longer. He started up, uttered a wild cry, and looked around him. There was nothing but midnight darkness. "Catharine!" he cried, as if she had been really with him; "Catharine! are you gone?" A voice from the rocks responded to his call, "*Catharine—gone!*" Recollection returned with its fearful reality; but he reeled, staggered, and sunk down, in a merciful insensibility of that misery which was greater than weak mortality could endure.

It was still dark when William awoke—if one can be said to awake when all power of recollection has gone from him. He opened his eyes with a thrill of horror. A vague perception of existence floated through his brain; but the nature of that existence, or who or what he was, the most painful efforts were unable to distinguish. It was not a lethargy—a mere stupor, or suspension of feeling: such a state would have been comparatively enviable. He was not asleep—of this he was certain; and he retained sensation, too; but it was of the most terrifying nature. It was, in one word, as if he had been a phenomenon in the law of nature—a species of creature at one and the same moment possessing and devoid of the principle of vitality. Forms and colours, of which he either had no knowledge or but a very imperfect idea, passed before him in inconceivably rapid succession; and he heard sounds, of which, before, he had no conception, and the individuality of which no effort of recollection could ever recall. And then there was a chaos of utter darkness and nonentity: nothing visible, nothing perceptible; a fearful void, and a silence still more fearful. He put his hands to his face,—and felt his clothes, with the instinctive purpose of discovering any medium of recognition; but all in vain. He was unable, after the utmost struggles, to ascertain his own identity. In the madness of despair he shrieked aloud. The sound of his own voice brought to his aid some more definite consciousness of being; but it was still horrible and bewildered. Again he made a desperate struggle to shake off his delirium; and again he failed. He was now enabled to cry out. "This is madness," he muttered, gnashing his teeth, and looking wildly around him. "I feel it in my brain; I feel it in every nerve." And he continued to chatter, glaring around him in the thick darkness, more like one possessed of an evil spirit that had effected its escape from hell, than a being who, but a few hours before, had breathed the gentle spirit of humanity.

The energies of mind and body were more than spent. A deathlike stillness overspread his frame, and he lay prostrate on the ground, in a state bordering upon total insensibility. In this perilous situation, a flash of lightning passed over him, accompanied with a great whirlwind. It was succeeded, almost instantaneously, by a peal of thunder, so loud and prolonged, that the hills groaned, as if shaken to their foundations. The bolt had struck the rock under which he lay. It was rent and shivered into a thousand pieces. A huge fragment, separated from the principal mass, tottered for a few seconds on the edge of the precipice, and hurled down, rolling and crashing, into the valley beneath. The rolling of the thunder—the rushing of the whirlwind—the splashing of the rain, as it fell down from the clouds with the noise of a mountain torrent; the creaking of the oaks—the ceaseless cawing of the rooks,

as, driven by terror from their resting-place, they wheeled round in short, broken circles, many of them encountering, in their desperate flights, the electric fluid; the bellowing of the distracted cattle, with the restless bleating of the flocks, whose feeble voices could be heard in the brief intervals of the storm—and, above all, the lurid and unearthly glare of the lightning itself, as, in the darkness of the night, it darted, almost without intermission, its forked and appalling form over the breadth of the earth,—all seemed to announce that some fearful crisis was approaching.

In the midst of this elemental war, the dormant faculties of William had been roused; but they were strangely perverted by the mysterious occurrences of the night. The vision which he had seen still floated through his fancy, accompanied with various supernatural connexions, real or imaginary; and the bewildered and agonizing impressions which these had left, were little fitted to dispel the illusions under which he laboured. His first impression was that he had been long dead—buried, and had now risen out of his grave. He heard the sound of trumpets, and the noise as of an army rushing to battle. As he listened, he saw a great assemblage of what he would have accounted human beings, but for a bright spiritual light that emanated from their bodies—beings in whom were blended more than earthly beauty, with the dazzling and unsullied effulgence of an ethereal essence. And many of them had harps. And when these touched the strings of their harps, the sound was as it were the sound of angels' voices. And while he wondered what this might mean, he saw an innumerable multitude of creatures, of frightful shape and aspect; some maddening with fiendish rage—others, apparently stupified with horror, venting, by terrific looks and gestures, their unutterable despair; and all impotently struggling to elude, while they were precipitately borne down by, some unknown power, the brightness of which was terrible to look upon. And then there arose fearful shrieks, and sounds of wailing and woe. And then all was silence and darkness as before. And he shuddered at the thought that he had been recalled to a sense of existence, only that he might be struck into utter nonentity. Again the lightning burst, and the thunder rolled. Flash succeeded flash, in such rapid and uninterrupted succession that the heavens and the earth seemed in one continuous blaze; while the concave rocks and huge basaltic columns on the wester hill reverberated heaven's ordnance in interminable roarings. He sunk down in the attitude of supplication. His eyes, lifted upwards, assumed a spectre-like immobility of glare. His hands were clenched. His whole frame became convulsed. He uttered some words, but they were words of incoherence and fear. His head began to swim—his limbs gave way under him, and he again fell prostrate on the ground, with a feeble groan.

The morning dawned, and a bright sun shone on the green tops of the hills. Everything was so still that it seemed as if nature, exhausted by the ebullition of her fury, was recruiting her energies in profound repose. William sat on a fragment of the rock. He was wet, cold, and stiff. His head leaned on his hand. His eyes rested languidly on the verdant summit,—and, as he looked upon it, he contrasted the freshness and serenity of the scene with the withering blight that had fallen on his heart. "This world," he said, "is a mere delusion. There is nothing in it which is real. All is airy and unsubstantial. What is pleasure? It is but a dream. What is joy? It is an empty sound. We raise the cup to our mouth, with the confident belief that we have only to drink, to make

us completely happy. Our lips have scarcely touched its brim before this cup, with all its prized contents, is, by an unseen hand, dashed to the ground. Life itself is but "~~an empty vessel~~," which "appeareth" for a little while, and then vanisheth away.

THE LYRICAL DRAMA.

To the Editor of Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

SIR,—The August number of your Magazine contains some strictures on the acting of Madame Malibran, to which, as touching upon a branch of theatrical representations hitherto imperfectly appreciated in England, and now about to usurp one of the patent theatres of the metropolis, I venture to say a few words in reply. Your critic, in the vehemence of his dissatisfaction, appears to have looked upon Malibran's performances in the "*Somnambula*" and "*Gazza Ladra*," in the light he would have contemplated Fanny Kemble's *Belvidera*, or Ellen Tree's *Mrs. Haller*. He makes no allowances for the warmth, the floridness, the exaggeration, conceded, in all countries but Great Britain, to the representation of the Lyrical Drama; a style essentially distinct from the dignity of tragedy, or the ease of comedy, in which laughing and weeping nature are to be portrayed in simple purity, and strict accordance with the routine of actual life. Opera is in itself a caricature of common action. Men and women, who exhaust their woes in *roulades*, express their transports in *E sharp*, or conspire against the state in three flats, are not to be confounded with ordinary beings. They constitute rather an arabesque or illuminated edition of human nature, invented for the illustration of that exquisite art which appeals so powerfully to the senses, as to render the mind insensible to improbabilities, and careless of the nature of its sources of emotion. The ears are suddenly intoxicated by so great a refinement upon vulgar sound. The eyes demand, in their turn, the cajolements of exaggeration. Everything in opera must be impassioned, gorgeous, grand, phantasmagoric, and suitable with such incongruities of *allegrette* queens and *marstosi* emperors. Recitativo constitutes in itself the perilous step between the sublime and the ridiculous. To accompany it with natural action, would be as for a man to play Punch in a round hat, blue coat, and corduroys. Pasta, the Siddons of the Lyrical Drama, has attained the highest perfection in her art. Her classical or mythological heroine is, in fact, an animated antique statue; a vision of the olden time given as a vision; awful, mysterious, unfleshy! Her romantic heroine, however, is passion itself; convulsive, energetic, *exaggerated*. In every sense a woman of genius, she knows better than to unite the demeanour of common life with the exaltation of mind and body that bursts forth in joyous song, or "turns its sad soul to music." Every person who has had occasion to compare Pasta's grand *Aria* in the first act of the "*Semiramide*," with Mademoiselle Georges' Address to the Populace in Voltaire's tragedy of "*Semiramis*," will recognise the distinction. The action of both actresses, essentially different, is perfect: that of Georges as the Queen of Tragedy, that of Pasta as the Queen of the Lyrical Drama; the one appealing to sense, the other to the senses; the one attesting her dignity to the mind of the audience, the other to

its eyes. It is true the lyrical actress must entrance the ear before she captivates the sight by such sorceries. But her whole performance is, or ought to be, incantation—magic—enchantment! She “takes the imprisoned soul and laps it in. ~~Enchantment~~ seizure can have clearly nothing to do with nature or with truth.”

I have been led to dispute the criticism of your London correspondent, by the circumstance that an effort has been recently made, and is about to be followed up, towards the naturalization of opera in England. For many years, and almost till the present time, “*Artaxerxes*” (*chef-d’œuvre* of a master too prone to “waft the soul upon a jig to heaven,”) has constituted the sole sterling opera on the British stage! An attempt was made by the Hon. George Lamb to introduce Metastasio’s *Demofonte*, under the name of “*Dirce*,” and the music of a native composer; but, aided by the latter weight, it sank to the bottom! Meanwhile the garbled importations of Storace and Michael Kelly retained their popularity. But, of Mozart’s “*Figaro*,” the principal music has always been, by particular desire, left out; and our School of National Lyrical Drama is almost limited to what are called musical pieces, such as “*Love in a Village*,” “*No Song no Supper*,” “*Lionel and Clarissa*,” or H. R. Bishop’s fiddle edition of Shakspeare’s comedies. Originally projected only as a vulgar parody, “*The Beggar’s Opera*” still forms, after the lapse of a century, the most favourite opera of the English stage.

The appearance of the “*Freischütz*,” struck a new chord in the public mind. The attention of the galleries being fascinated by the magic pageant of the Wolf’s Glen, they for once permitted the more refined portion of the audience to luxuriate in admirable music, admirably executed. Mrs. Wood’s *debut* on the stage supplied us with a performance of powers unequalled since the reign of Billington; while Phillips, no less gifted as an actor than as a singer, (*as an operatic actor*, of which school he is at present the only English representative,) enabled the managers to bring forward, in succession, several of the best modern operas of Germany, Italy, and France;—such as “*Der Vampyr*,” “*The Interrupted Sacrifice*,” “*Don Juan*,” “*Masaniello*,” “*Tampa*,” “*Oberon*,” “*Robert the Devil*,” “*Così fan Tutte*,” “*Cinderella*,” &c. &c. The taste for correct musical performances, thus engendered in England, has been considerably purified and strengthened by the recent performances of the German Company—by Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber, in all their purity. The sing-song ballad opera has been nearly expunged from the repertory; and the best houses drawn to the patent theatres for the last four years, have been the result of sterling and well-got-up foreign operas.

Acting upon this hint—the only hint which can be supposed to touch the feelings of a theatrical lessee—it is the intention, it seems, of the new manager, to devote one of his two theatres exclusively to operatic and choregraphic performances, aided by the skill of the first dancers and singers of our own and all foreign countries. It may be anticipated, therefore, that within a few years, the School of the Lyrical Drama will be perfected and naturalized in Great Britain.

In defiance of all the bigoted worshippers of Shakspeare I admit that I contemplate the project with satisfaction. The pleasure resulting to the public from dramatic representations is of two kinds: the excitement of the mind, and the excitement of the feelings; that which wakens joy, or grief, by a combination of incidents and charac-

terization; that which goes further still, and, by appealing through the passions to the soul, gives birth to new ideas, to thoughts, to reflections. Of all possible theatrical excitements, that of the Lyrical Drama appears alone to fulfil all the foregoing purposes. It rouses the imagination, awakens or enlivens the faculties, and prepares the mind for the impression of strong incidents. The effects produced, three years ago in almost every capital in Europe, by the success of the revolutionary opera of "Masaniello," has scarcely yet been properly appreciated. The "Dumb Girl of Portici," acted as a sort of rallying cry to factious spirits—it embodied "what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed:" it appealed, and not in vain, to the spirit of the populace. The Revolution at Brussels commenced at the very doors of the theatre where this piece had been performing. In Italy the result was no less remarkable. Even in phlegmatic Prussia, the power of the Lyrical Drama is so strongly developed, that the performance of the new opera of Gustave III. (exhibiting the assassination of the King of Sweden at an opera masquerade) has been interdicted by Government! Frederick William is fond, it seems, of masquerades, and has no mind to be offered up a victim to the stirring associations of a popular chorus. In the same way that the strains of the *Marseillaise* and *Parisienne* were found unpleasant to a Bourbon ear, those which tend to extenuate the assassination of an absolute monarch, have proved discordant to the tympanum of a Brandenburg!

But even without seeking to concede to the Lyrical Drama those distinctions it has obtained from all civilized nations, from the days of Pericles till now, we conceive that, on the grounds of its existing perfection, the English public cannot but benefit by its instalment in one of our great theatres. It is pretty generally admitted that we have but one writer of sterling English tragedy, and not one of sterling English comedy now extant. In music, meanwhile—music, which, as a universal language, interprets to England all the treasures of the continent,—there are nearly a dozen writers of first-rate merit:—Cherubini, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Marschner, Boieldieu, Auber, Bellini, Pacini, Weigl, Spontini, Pavesi, Carafa;—all of whose *chef-d'œuvres*,—their Douglasses and Schools for Scandal, (observe that no attempt is made to blaspheme the name or writings of Shakspeare)—will be successively got up in London for the delectation of British ears. While the legitimate National Drama satisfies the desires of the mind at Drury Lane, Covent Garden will witness the exclusive cultivation of Music—gracefully and truly defined as "the only sensual pleasure without vice!"—A few playgoers, perhaps, will grumble; a few of the sober-suited, to whom the mysteries of the Lyrical Drama are as a thing profane, and who consequently look upon the bright and energetic acting of Malibran as an extravagance. But the many will assuredly resort thither as to a place where the cares of life are easily steeped in forgetfulness; and where, to borrow the often quoted verse of Voltaire, •

"Les beaux-arts,—la danse,—la musique
De cent plaisirs fait un plaisir unique."

From admirers we shall become imitators; from imitators, creators: and Weber, whose advent produced so singular a reform in the Rossinian enervation of musical taste beginning to prevail in foreign countries, will, perhaps, be the remote founder of a School of Lyrical Drama, in a country where the symphonies of Purcell and Locke are voted su-

perannuated ; but which has, at present, little to adopt in their place but "Cherry Ripe," or "The Light Guitar."—I am, Sir, with respect.

Your obedient servant,

OPERATICUS

LORD DURHAM.

JOHN GEORGE LAMBTON, LORD DURHAM, is the eldest son of WILLIAM Henry Lambton, Esq. ; a man of ancient family, and of large landed-property at Lambton, in the county of Durham, who, for many years, represented the city of Durham in Parliament ; but died early, leaving his son, John George, a minor. Lord Durham married before he was of age. He married in that fashion in which men of his temperament generally marry—that is to say, to please ~~his~~ own inclinations rather than to obtain the approbation of those about him. It was, in short, a marriage of youthful passion on both sides ; nor were its fruits such as to throw a shade upon the ardent feelings from which it sprung. His lady died after a very few years, leaving him a youthful widower with ~~three~~ children. Her illness was lingering. It was consumption : and, throughout the whole trying scene, the conjugal tenderness of the agonized young husband was at once most afflicting and exemplary. It was in vain ; and he was left to forget, if possible, in the agitation of politics, the memory of a softer passion. In politics he was thus early dipped. He had, as soon as he was of age, become, after a struggle, one of the members for the county of Durham ; and his conduct, during the first Parliament through which he sat, was such as to secure to him the highest popularity amongst the mass of his constituents, and the cordial hatred of the Church and the Tory aristocracy, who have ever since been his unceasing opponents.

He was one of the few of the great landholders who stanchly and sincerely opposed the CORN BILL. Mr. Lambton protested, in the strongest terms, against that measure ; and complained of the House being surrounded by soldiers, under whose protection this bill was passed. He had the whole House against him ; but nothing could daunt the courage of the young orator, who, though of a fragile figure, possessed a powerful sweetness of voice, a fluency of eloquence, and a youthful sincerity, both of countenance and manner, which the House could not withstand. Mr. Lambton was heard with courtesy, and, if not always without impatience, yet with marked attention and involuntary respect. His conduct during the trying times, from 1817 to 1819 inclusive, was marked by the same courage and straight-forward sincerity. He was again a married man ; having, in 1816, espoused Lady Louisa Elizabeth, daughter of Earl Grey, now Baroness Durham. This marriage connected him more closely than ever with the Whig party ; but his conduct never savoured of the insincerity and pusillanimity which have too often been its characteristics.

In the year 1819, the bloody tragedy at Manchester, and its consequences, had put the whole of England into a state of agitation, unequalled until the passing of the late Reform Bill. In this agitation, the northern counties of England partook in a high degree ; and, in the autumn of that year, the ferment reached its height. A meeting of not

less than eighty thousand men, drawn from all parts of Northumberland and Durham, took place upon the Town Moor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The district was described as being in a state of almost insurrection; and it was asserted in the House of Lords, that not less than 30,000 men were secretly armed in the districts of the Tyne and Wear. On this occasion the Whig party behaved with their usual treachery and pusillanimity; and flocked to Alnwick Castle to pass resolutions against the people, under the direction of the Duke of Northumberland, then, and now, Lord-Lieutenant of the county. From this assemblage of aristocratic poltroons, Lord Durham, to his immortal honour, and, probably; from his persuasion and example, Earl Grey, were absent. Lord Durham treated that demonstration with the utmost contempt. He laughed to scorn the cowards or knaves who, under the real or pretended influence of fear, had deserted their country houses, and removed their valuables; and declared that he had no fear or distrust of the people of the north of England, but should come and live amongst them, as usual, at his seat at Lambton. This he did; and this confidence, expressed and felt, raised his popularity to the greatest height. That he ever lost it was his own fault. His being shut out of the House of Commons on the division upon his own motion for Reform was *attempted* to be made a slur upon his sincerity; and, with unthinking or ignorant men, it passed for desertion of his motion. Those, however, who know the customs and usages of the House of Commons must be aware that the whole was a despicable trick resorted to by the Tories, to wound at once the feelings, and destroy the popularity, of the member for Durham. The trick in some degree succeeded; and this diminution of the affections of the people some local disputes and jealousies contributed to diminish still further. The most equivocal step, however, of Lord Durham's political career was his acceptance of the peerage from the hands of Canning. What had *he*, the popular member, and the head of one of the most ancient families of the county of Durham, to do with a peerage? Why should *he* hide the name of Lambton under a coronet so bestowed? What had *he* done to disgrace his family name? Was he *fitting company* for a batch of mushroom peers, the mushroom-like offspring of a steaming hotbed of corruption? There was another disagreeable feature, as if the others were not enough, attending this transaction. The peerage was not given by Canning, who hated Lambton, out of any wish to propitiate *him*. The compliment was intended, if not to win over, at least to sooth into neutrality, his father-in-law, Earl Grey; who, after all, would not be so soothed, and who took the first opportunity of letting the sinuous rhetorician feel it. Lord Durham ought to have known this; and to have avoided the disagreeable situation of having his coronet taken from his head by his aristocratical father-in-law, to throw it in the face of the bestower! But to such humiliations is "ambition of the meaner sort" exposed. On the occurrence of that burst of popular indignation which drove Wellington and the Tories from power, Lord Durham formed part of the new administration. There is every reason to believe that, to Lord Durham's influence and advice, we are altogether indebted for the little good which that bill contains, and most especially for the decided refusal of all compensation to the boroughmongers. For this, for the ten-pound clause, and for the voting by stations,—we are, it is believed, mainly, if not totally, indebted to Lord Durham. It is most unfortunate for

himself, and possibly for his country, that ill health, aggravated by domestic calamities, would not permit him to exert himself at this crisis in the House of Lords. Had he been enabled to do so, he might have recovered the confidence of the people, and obtained a weight in the councils of the nation above that of any other man. His talents are undoubted. Sincerity only was wanting in these councils, and it was not wanting in him. Had Lord Durham been blessed with health to act the part it is believed he would have acted during that struggle, he might at this moment have been the foremost man in the eyes of his countrymen. The opportunity is lost, in all human probability, for ever. After the passing of the bill he soon retired from the administration, and, beyond all question, in disgust at the Irish Coercion Bill. Ill health was the cause assigned,* and was therefore not the cause. "Ill health!" why, he had been in "ill health" all along; and would ill health, at a moment like that, have induced him to withdraw his name from the administration now most in need of unanimity, or the appearance of unanimity? Oh! no. Ill health was not the cause. It was disgust at the ascendancy of Stanley, who, with Lord Durham, formed "the antipodes" of the Cabinet. It was impossible that these two haughty and irritable spirits, with so much that is alike, and so much more that is different, could long sit together at one Council-Board. The policy of the aristocrat in mind and blood—the policy of Stanley prevailed; and the proud Durham, who, if an aristocrat by blood, was still a democrat from influences, retired in ungovernable disdain. The mission to Russia he probably was cajoled in undertaking, under a delusive hope of doing some good to the unfortunate Poles. He was certainly sent there because he was found troublesome at home. He ought to have known better, and not further identified himself with a worthless administration, by running their sleeveless errands. This embassy ended, as it was sure to end, in nothing; and so, for the present, seems to have ended the political life of Lord Durham. What events may have in store for him and many others as little prominent at this moment, that Power, to whom the future is as the present, only knows. Never was a future so awfully hidden from human guess or human foresight, as are the coming destinies of this country. May they be better than the writer of this paper, at all events, conceives it possible they can be.

The character of Lord Durham may be shortly summed up. He is a man of strong talents, but one whose actions have been the immediate result of temperament rather than of reflection. It is, as we set out with stating, the great misfortune of his life to have been born an aristocrat. His errors have been mainly the result of his situation: his virtues have generally arisen from the better parts of his intellectual character. Lord Durham's characteristic has been a rooted hatred of Tory and of clerical domination. His personal election conflicts with the clergy of the diocese of Durham, his bitter enemies, may probably have given deeper impulse to this feeling. His own aristocratical dislike of contradiction and control may have added further intensity to it; but it is only a true and sincere belief of the dignity of human nature and of the right of all men to be free, that has preserved in Lord Durham, amidst all the sophistications and prejudices that have surrounded him, that determined hatred of oppression and oligarchical government, which is beyond all

* This is logic applicable to Cabinets only, we presume; for an assigned cause may sometimes be the true one.—E. T. M.

Lord Durham.

question uppermost in his breast ; and most so when he is left to himself and to his own free thoughts. Lord Durham has been accused of pride, of the most offensive and absurd sort ; and it is not to be doubted that he has occasionally made manifestations of this weakness. They are probably the result and symptom of a morbid, nervous temperament. It is quite certain that few men have been more beloved than Lord Durham is by those more immediately connected with him ; nor will it be easy to find a better husband, a better father, a better friend, or a better master. Like all irritable men, he is subject to fits of petulance ; and, like most men of rank, he has occasionally, when in danger of being resisted, endeavoured to *bear out* his petulance by assumption. The less fortunate results of a quick temperament must, however, be set against its advantages ; nor is Lord Durham to be *especially* blamed for sallies which Canning never could repress, and into which Brougham is often betrayed. The only difference is, that the greater celebrity of Canning and Brougham has better veiled their weaknesses.

Lord Durham (like Lord Grey) has been the victim of that licensed swindling, which is one of the unenviable privileges of " high life," and is known to have owed large sums to a ROYAL Highness, who himself, a few years since, escaped from his creditors to the grave.

He is essentially a man of business. A friend of the writer, who happened, some years ago, to be shown into his Lordship's study, on some accidental occasion, chancing to cast his eye on the table, which he had just left, found there two most characteristic subjects of his morning's occupation—the " Coal List," and " Cobbett's Register."

It is perhaps unfortunate for his country that Lord Durham's state of health has prevented his taking that part in politics which he ought to have done at this eventful crisis. A really democratic Ministry, with Lord Durham at its head, might have obtained and deserved the confidence of the country. One of the most awful circumstances of the times, is the want of public men of rank and weight in society, and at the same time possessed of energy and courage to lead the People successfully through that movement of extensive change, which, having once begun, cannot be arrested, and must, at all hazards, be proceeded with.

Lord Durham and Lord Radnor might now have " done their country service," indeed. They have both retired in false-alarm, or in self-mistrust when the time for action, for which they seemed to long, had just arrived. What remedy ? The conduct of events (for events must proceed) will fall into the hands of other men, who, with equal patriotism, may have superior courage.

Lord Durham is the only leading Whig of the north of England in whom the people now have the slightest confidence, or for whom they entertain the slightest respect ; and he now is only *not* distrusted and *not* despised. The Ministers are considered merely as a sort of " stop-gap" for the Tories—a few deal boards stuck upon the top of " the dyke," after the Dutch fashion, to arrest, if possible, the overflow of the waters. Not a public meeting to support them could possibly be got up in the three Northern Counties.*

* We believe the same thing may be said of every other district of England ; and as to Scotland, the friends of Ministers dare not call together, in the open air, the inhabitants of a single town of any consequence, to declare their sentiments regarding the Reforming Ministry and Reformed Parliament.—E. T. M.

SHORT SERMONS ON SENATORIAL TEXTS.

"I shall be glad to see the Dissenters, and particularly the Socinians, married by their own clergy, and amongst their own congregations."—
BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

It is indeed refreshing to hear a prelate of the English Protestant Church speak in such a fashion. What ! shall Dissenters and Seceders, and "particularly Socinians," that abused and heretical race, be allowed the privileges of moral freedom, and have recognised congregations of their own, and church ceremonies, and modes of conscience-contracts between themselves, and no money-pickings for the "Established Church?" Shall ties be made holy, and moral obligations binding among recusants, without fee to her self-despising ministers? May men and maidens, after all, be allowed to enter into wedlock compact, and be "honest?" O! Legitimacy! where, when, and to whom henceforth will thou be a word of fearful import to monarchies and marriage fruits, as in times of old?

"Mr. W. BROUGHAM agreed that the Bill was an infraction of the law."

THIS extraordinary truism—for what "Bill" is not an infraction of the law?—contains the pith and marrow of the principle upon which the Conservative clique defend the continuance of every law that countenances their rapacity. The lawyers hate the Lord Chancellor as Old Harry hates holy water; because all his bills are so many infractions of the law which justifies their plunder. The "Courts" will not be worth any barrister's attendance, if these infractions be not prevented.

"And such a course, if persisted in, would inevitably lead to a revolution."
—BISHOP PHILPOTTS.

It is difficult to say what will be the result of all the free-talking and free-writing that characterize the present times. Honest men are now as prone to converse about matters, the very mention of which would have ruined their grandsires, as of the most ordinary occurrences in domestic life. We need not go back many years, to recall to remembrance the outward and visible signs of loyalty to "Church and King," which every "respectable citizen" rejoiced in exhibiting. He who joined in this first of after-dinner toasts with lukewarmness of spirit, was a marked man. What person, who valued his reputation, would lend himself to the questioning the purity of the Church, or the behests of the Monarch? Who, at that period, would have risked his character, by doubting his duties to either or both? The King could do no wrong: neither could the Church. Who dare gainsay it? O! impious block-head! O! disloyal caittiff! Away with him! Jacobin—Revolutionist—Republican—Atheist!

The Church and its head, the King—(there are more nations than one in the world)—might have been monstrous in the things which would constitute iniquity among other establishments, other men; but the very acts of either were sanctified by virtue of their performance. The Church might have been steeped to its eyes in simony and sin; the Monarch might have wallowed in the mire of gaming, drinking, and

every debasing vice ; wo to him who turned not away his head and saw it not ; or who, seeing, arraigned its propriety. But now, what a revolution, what a mighty revolution has taken place ! a revolution not about to come, sweet Master Conservative, but that *has* come, and is now passing over us, as surely as yonder cloud is passing over that meadow, and as certain of speedy and complete accomplishment, as that it has certainly begun.

In what a predicament is the Church just now ? Into what disgrace have not her pillars and supporters brought her ? A byword, a reproach, a scandal in the eyes of good men, she stands the mockery of the bad. Even her hired and appointed defenders blush as they defend ; and the religion which is to lead all men to God, and to all good, is begrimed with the filth with which its own ministers have, generation after generation, defiled its holiness. The *shame* no longer cleaves to him who dares to think, or hint, or loudly declaim of church abuse ; but rather to him, the wicked one, who connives at or justifies it. Is not this a revolution ?

The King—rather than be invidious let us use the indefinite article, a King—is no longer the puppet that fools and hypocrites and knaves once made him—the Juggernaut of their professed idolatry. The “Schoolmaster” has settled that. Divested of despotic influences, and “stripped of its externals,” *Majesty* is indeed a jest—a jest which many laugh at, and more do not—the *joke is so expensive*. The people are beginning to acquire an unpleasant habit of reasoning about things ; and they cannot, for the souls of them, see wherefore such immense sums of money should be sucked out of their pockets to support the glory of the Throne, and the dignity of the Monarch. The brightest jewel in the Crown, some fine fellow has said, is the happiness and prosperity of the people ; and the people are precisely of the same opinion. Gems, and robes, and levees, and palaces, and court mummeries, they have not the slightest objection to, provided such mummeries were not so confoundedly dear. They cannot see—what perverseness!—the use of such things. The true greatness of an empire is to be found in its moral attributes ; and America, with a President of four thousand pounds per annum, seems to their stultified senses as morally great as King George, with ever so many hundreds of thousands. Not that they are tempted by the Evil One in making such a comparison for a moment, for they are monarchical to a man ; they know they must have a head, a nominal leader,—America herself has that ; the difficulty to them is in understanding by how much better a nation is governed in Europe, because it pays immense sums of money for the gilt to plaster their piece of gingerbread withal, than America is, under the nominal directorship of one of its humble sons, who has no state-family to perpetuate or be paid for, and who is selected to fulfil the temporary eminence by his own natural endowments. But that is all in consequence of America being under the ban of heaven. That tremendous territory is evidently under divine wrath ; for “no divine right” is to be found there. Kings are not made for all nations ; *that* is a privilege which this happy country knows most about to its cost. Yet the contrast is striking, and the people begin to scratch their polls, and look wise, and wonder why the “chief magistrate” of one country should be supplied with mines of wealth, and luxuries, and full license to put up and to pull down palaces, and to amuse himself in naughty ways, and have large families, and foist them into places of high honour and emolument, and have all these choice

“ blessings for life as vested rights ; and the chief magistrate of another country, many times more vast, a paltry pittance for the short season of his official career, and, that too, dying with its termination. People think, and talk, and write, and reason, upon these curious things.

Is not this a revolution ?

“ MR. SPRING RICE would therefore move that the returns be withdrawn, for the purpose of substituting a correct one.”

— A nice cool refreshing bit of official nonchalance, very creditable to Mr. Rice's expanding abilities, and to his disposition, also ; for he is of a somewhat torrid temperament. A “ return ”—a Parliamentary return, the most solemn way possible of hooking a fact—is moved, and not objected to, and ordered, and finally made, of the number of newspaper stamps issued and consumed within a given period ; all which ceremony presupposes Boards, Commissioners, Secretaries, Clerks, Messengers, Offices, Folios, Salaries, and so forth, altogether competent, and fitly contrived to the sending forth a passingly accurate statement of the matter to be elucidated. But upon publication, so thoroughly incorrect is that statement found to be that it becomes the subject of observation in the House of Commons, upon the petition of some unlucky lad of an editor, the circulation of whose Provincial has been libelled by the false return. One would think that anything like an error in an official statement so ordered, would be absolutely impossible, in even this imperfect world ; or that, if discovered, the Government would burst into a fever of indignation at the scandalous blunder their servants had committed, in substituting the figures 28,100 for 86,100. Goodness gracious ! Suppose, instead of *stamps*, *Place-and-Pension Pounds-Sterling* had been the subject matter of “ the return,” and the mistake, one would think, might be as easily, as accidentally, and as erroneously made, how the country might be misled ; how Mr. Hume might have been bothered, and the government itself scandalized ! Fever ? not a bit of it ; not even the grace of an apology. Up gets our friend, Frigidity Rice, “ and-a has no particular objection-a to move for the-a return to be withdrawn, that a correct one-a might be substituted ! ”

“ As far as advancing sums of money for the purpose of his brother's election, he admitted such to be the case ; but that was only to defray the legal expenses thereof.” “ This, he would venture to say, that no Peer of the realm had interfered less with elections than himself.”—The EARL OF WARWICK, in defence.

— THE latter declaration of the noble accused, by the expression “ less,” allows, then, that he has interfered in degree ; and interference by a Peer in election matters, no matter to what extent, is declared criminal by a law of the land. The word also clearly implies, that to his knowledge other Peers have interfered to a greater degree than himself ; and the poor Earl is not a little incensed that he, of all the flock, should be selected. But can he be so mortally stupid as to think (and a long and uncomfortable journey from the continent must have afforded him ample leisure for thought) that, with the circumstances of the Warwick election fresh in their memories—*fresh* is an infelicitous word applied to such rank business—the public are blind to the fallacy of his defence ? or is his Lordship so deficient in sense that he can persuade himself “ the

advancing sums for the purposes of his brother's election was only to defray the legal expenses thereof?" Any argument on such a point would be sheer solemn blockheadism, and this we are to take as a sample of the wisdom of an hereditary legislator!

"And this, he hoped, would lead to an immediate recognition by government of the rights of Donna Maria."—COL. EVANS.

How long, O, mighty Jove! how long is folly to reign over this green earth? By what ordinance, great Thunderer! is it that the extravagant madness of the many bending to the few is perpetuated? Why didst thou establish that law, O, Jupiter! by which men are fated to the doing of foolishness everlastingly? Rescind it, we implore; in very mercy rescind it! Let not absurdity continue triumphant over wisdom; nor let what little wisdom there is, wholly depart from among us.

How terrible is the thought, that evil should usurp so deadly a sway over the destinies of the world! When the reasoner contemplates the passing events of time, and reflects upon the actions of man, it is, in truth, terrible to see the desolating influence of IGNORANCE! Look at the occurrences of the hour, of a few past years, and at those whose WILL have led the multitudes of Europe; look at Charles X.; at the merciless Savage of the North, Nicholas; the Kings of Spain, Holland—in fact, the whole herd of monarchs, usurpers, and aspirants, for whose "glorious cause" the blood of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, has been spilled, and misery thrice as much multiplied inflicted!

It is not, however, from war, (the quarrel of a couple of crowned brawlers,) with all its horrors, that disastrous evil alone springs. Intrigue for power and place, with all its train of hatred, malice, heart-burning, mobbing, disorder, disunion wide-sown, oppression, tyranny, and passion-conflict, is the vast source of wretchedness to beings, who, were it not for this bugbear "legitimacy," would settle down into happy, contented (untaxed) citizens.

Here is this unhappy child, Donna Maria,—unhappy because of princely blood,—thrust forward as the puppet around which, for the interest of the few, the million is to be excited into partisanship, which, but for its brutal ignorance, would see the folly of being roused at all. It is from ignorance alone that this wickedness—no less—has arisen, has been perpetuated; and not till it is extirpated, will the happiness of the many be secure from interruption. When will ye be wise, O, people? What have ye to do with Pedro of Portugal, or with his "scoundrel brother?" How know ye he is a scoundrel? How know ye that Peter himself is none? The "House of Braganza!" what concerns it you, ye consummate blockheads? See, ye how brother Jonathan laughs, young, inexperienced, and imperfect as he is; laughs in very contempt at ye? Give heed, O, foolish people! to the counsels of wisdom, and be no longer fools.

"It might be true that these proceedings were according to law; but it did not, therefore, necessarily follow that they were right and just."—SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

MANY a sly hit has been made upon the difference, in interpretation, of law and justice, and many the dry joke cracked at the expense of the poor lawyers; but when we find his Majesty's Solicitor-General, one of the

law advisers of the Government, and a most leading member of the legal profession, "standing upon his legs," and declaring before the assembled senate, that LAW WAS NOT NECESSARILY JUSTICE,—it is enough to make honest folk stare, indeed. Whatever our estimation may be of Mr. SOLICITOR'S ~~opinion~~ as a barrister, we have the highest veneration for his truth.

WILLIE MILLAR O' THE GLEN.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

TUNE—"Andro and his cutty gun."

Blithe, blithe, is Willie Millar,
The first o' friends, the wale o' men,
Ye'll meet wi' few sae leal an' true,
As Willie Millar o' the Glen.

His heart is true to nature's truth
Wha dinna ken him, dinna ken
The ae best friend to age and youth,
Blithe Willie Millar o' the Glen.

For wit, an' lair that's matched by nane;
For keekin' into things fur ben,
Ye'll wait a while or ye meet ane
Like Willie Millar o' the Glen.

He's rowth o' cracks, an' canty sangs,
Auld-warld stories nine or ten;
His fame through a' the kintra gangs,
Blithe Willie Millar o' the Glen.

Like Wallace wi' his auld Scots sword,
Sae Willie wields them wi' his pen;
Ye'd better tak him at his word,
Brave Willie Millar o' the Glen!

At Lawland jigs, or Highland reels,
The swankest cry, when he does stent,
"The Diel's put lightnin' in his heels!"
Blithe Willie Millar o' the Glen!

At fun'ral wark, or draidgie spree,
Whan folk are unco grieved, ye ken;
Or foremost at the bridal spree,
'Tis Willie Millar o' the Glen!

A' Boston, Brown, or Buchan's warks,
He has them at his finger en';
He might been rank'd among the Clarks,
Blithe Willie Millar o' the Glen!

At toddy-bowl, or brandy-cup,
At bicker or at tappit-hen,
Losh! how his e'e it kindles up!
Blithe Willie Millar o' the Glen!

Blithe, blithe, is Willie Millar,
The first o' friends, the wale o' men;
Ye'll meet wi' few sae leal an' true,
As Willie Millar o' the Glen!

YANKEE CRITICISM ON CYRIL THORNTON; OR, ARISTOCRATIC AND RADICAL MORALITY.

WE congratulate ourselves on obtaining a man like Cyril Thornton to illustrate aristocratic morals,—“a soldier and a gentleman;” we should have disdained Captain Dundas, even with his new rank of Major. Cyril Thornton is a man of talents and of honour—an exaggerated specimen of a perfect gentleman, born and bred under the aristocratic influences. Far, indeed, is it from being our desire to say anything harsh or disparaging of him. We conceive him one of those who merit compassion for involuntary error, and the best endeavours of those who have been better instructed, for enlightening their darkness.

From Cyril Thornton we must turn to the author of the work which bears this name,—the late traveller in the United States: to him we give full credit for being a quick observer, and excellent judge of many minor points in our boy Jonathan's *style* and manners. The author of Cyril Thornton, we confess all but supreme as a critic in *toggery*, equipages, wines, made-dishes, equipments, furniture, boots, oratory, shoe-blackening, canvass-back ducks,—whether the name shall be pronounced *Jeems* or *James** for the time being—and how far the grace or beauty of the American ladies is to be determined by their post-dated Parisian gowns and bonnets; and much more than all this; while we demur to his being the fittest judge either of the morals and religion, or of the political condition and institutions of America. His morality, as unfolded in Cyril Thornton, is that of the *unenlightened* aristocracy of Britain: his politics, as we find them in the book of travels, that of the *unenlightened* Whig aristocracy. We no more blame the individual, that the morality of Cyril Thornton is low and spurious, than we should condemn a Jew for loathing pork, or a Turk for worshipping the Prophet. This, however, must not prevent our impugning false judgments founded on false opinions.

In the Life of Cyril Thornton, it may fairly be presumed that the author brings forward his own ideas and principles in the person of his hero. In philosophy, that work does not rise a hair's-breadth above its contemporaries, while, in morals, it in some points falls decidedly below them; and this, too, where we have a notion the writer intended to appear the very model of delicacy, refined sentiment, and exquisite sensibility, and the antipodes of everything vulgar, democratic, and Yankee. The writer is likely to hear with astonishment, as it is probably for the first time, that his work contains anything offensive to the highest morality and the purest taste; because it is undeniably level with, or rather above the standard of *honour* among the higher classes in Britain. The story of Mary Brookes, for instance, is evidently meant for a great hit. It is beautifully told! every critic will exclaim; and we have no doubt that it is the portion of the work over which the profusest floods of tears have been shed by tender-hearted youths and maidens, even of the higher classes, and that which has acquired for the writer the reputation of extreme tenderness and amiable feeling; though a plain Yankee critic, or even an English one who durst speak truth, would hold up the conduct of the silken, self-deluded Cyril, to unfedeemable condemnation and withering scorn. We shall venture to take the liberty of subjecting that pathetic episode to the fiery ordeal of an imaginary Yankee examination. It is intended, we have said, for a great hit. Let not the author

* See Bulwer's *England and the English*.

be shocked to learn that, in the eye of reason and truth, its moral tone is far below the adventure of Tom Jones with Molly Seagrim, in Fielding's reprobated novel. Tom, "a gentleman and a scholar," and desperately in love with Sophia, was too much of an honest lad to desert his rustic mistress, until he had many proofs thrust on him of her loose conduct, and detected her amour with Square. May we quote to Cyril a little of Tom Jones' morality, *scamp* as he was? "The ruin of the poor girl must, he foresaw, unavoidably attend his deserting her; and this thought stung him to the soul. Poverty and distress seemed to him to give no one a right of aggravating those misfortunes. The meanness of her condition did not represent her misery as of little consequence in his eyes; nor did it appear to justify, or even to palliate his guilt, in bringing that misery upon her. But why do I mention justification? His own heart could not suffer him to destroy a human creature who, he thought, loved him, and who had to that love sacrificed her innocence. His own good heart pleaded her cause, not as a venal advocate, but as one interested in the event, and which must itself deeply share in all the agonies its owner brought on another." And, *sentimentally*, Cyril deeply shares in those agonies, or in raving agonies of his own; but nothing moves him to the resolution of Tom, "who passed a long sleepless night; and in the morning, the result of the whole was, to *abide by Molly*, and think no more of Sophia."

But Sophia herself was not equal to the angelic being which Cyril paints Mary Brookes; the unfortunate girl who must be victimized because she is a maid of low degree, and of the most generous and disinterested feelings, and he the Squire's son.

The story is most apt to our purpose; and there may also be idler offices than probing to the fountain-head of those tears which fair eyes rain over the wo-begone Cyril, and high-born young gentlemen in similar distracting and delicate situations,—and in pointing indignation, not to the harsh father, nor yet to the loutish husband; but to the silken seducer, brimming over with melting sentiment, but blind to the plainest dictates of justice; without enlightened conscience, manly feeling, or true honour; the hood-winked worshipper of the Great World, and the Great World's Law;—and, above all, the idolater of *self*, the true aristocrat.

Suppose this youth reading his memoirs by the fireside of a plain New England farmer:—(*CYRIL reads.*)

"I have already said that in the walks of my sisters, I was generally their companion. These were frequently directed to a cottage in the neighbourhood, of which there was apparently no other inhabitant than a young and beautiful girl, whom Jane occasionally employed in little works of embroidery and needle-work. In appearance and manners, she was certainly considerably above the common order of cottagers' daughters; and there was a settled melancholy on her countenance, evidently not its natural expression, which could not be regarded—or at least on my part certainly was not regarded, without compassion. The gloom and expression under which she laboured were clearly not constitutional; for the gleams of a spirit naturally light and joyous, broke occasionally forth, and, like those of a winter's sun, seemed brighter by contrast with the heaviness and obscurity by which they were preceded and followed.

"But Mary Brookes (for such was her name) did not dwell in the cottage alone. She lived with her father, a rude and violent man, of whose character report did not speak very favourably in the neighbourhood. Isaac Brookes was sprung of respectable parents, and had commenced life in a station somewhat above that which he now occupied. He had been a farmer; but he was an imprudent man, given to irregular habits, and had not thriven in the world. His stock was distrained for rent, and he was ejected from his farm. Henceforward his hand was raised against every one, and the hand of every one was raised against Isaac Brookes."

This lovely girl had been affectionately and gently nurtured and educated by an aunt in comfortable circumstances; at whose death she returns to her bankrupt father's cottage:—

"It was indeed a home very different from the one she quitted. Isaac Brookes was still a widower; and his temper had become ferocious from poverty and disappointment. Deprived of all the comforts to which she had hitherto been accustomed, and treated by her father with cruelty and neglect, it was not to be wondered that her spirits sunk under a change of circumstances so sudden and severe. Her sorrow, though deep, was silent and unobtrusive; if she wept, her tears were shed when no eye beheld them; if she sighed, it was in the solitary desolation of her heart, when there was no human ear to listen.

"Such was the situation of Mary Brookes, when, with my sisters, I first visited her father's cottage. A creature more interesting it is difficult to conceive. Her figure was tall, and its natural grace was, perhaps, rendered more remarkable by the simplicity of her dress, and the air of retiring modesty visible in every look and gesture. Her face was pale; but when she spoke there was a suffusion in her cheek, as if the sound of her own sweet voice had made her fearful. She was

A maiden never bold
Of spirit—so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at itself.

To me she seemed a being, whom, to gaze upon, was necessarily to love; who would find sympathy in every heart, and support in every arm. But it was not so. The punishment of the father had been extended to the daughter, and she was friendless. Who would show kindness or protection to the daughter of Isaac Brookes? To whom could she look for comfort or support in her sufferings and trials? To none. The superiority of attraction she possessed rendered her an object of dislike to the mothers, and of jealousy to the daughters; for it is always peculiarly galling to be excelled by the unfortunate. From my sisters, it is true, she received all the kindness and consolation which they were prompted by their own feeling hearts to bestow. And I, too—think of the beauty and distress of this fair creature—of her meekness in suffering—of her fragile frame gradually sinking under the heavy burden that was laid upon her, and think whether every generous impulse of my soul was not awakened in her behalf."

YANKEE, (*smiling.*)

Ah, I guess, Master Cyril; you are going to ask this pretty girl to marry you?

CYRIL, (*reads on.*)

"Alas, for poor human nature, that the indulgence of even our best and purest feelings should lead but to guilt and error!"

"In the company of Jane and Lucy, I paid several visits to the cottage of Isaac Brookes. Of him we saw nothing; for early in the morning he went forth and never returned till night; and Mary was left, sad and solitary, the live-long day, to the cheerless task of lace-making or embroidery."

"The strength of the spells she had cast around me daily increased; her image haunted me by night and by day, yet never was the thought of injuring a creature so innocent and defenceless, even for one instant harboured in my soul. No; in all my dreams—and they were wild and countless—the Searcher of hearts knows that

I never tempted her with word so large;
But, as a brother to a sister, showed
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

"One day I visited the cottage alone, charged with a message from Jane, and I found Mary seated as usual at her work; but her eyes were heavy and bloodshot, and she was evidently under the influence of deep depression. There was nothing in the circumstances of my visit to alarm the most scrupulous delicacy, far less to excite apprehension in one so simple and confiding as this poor girl. She saw—she could not but see—that I was deeply interested by her distress; nay, that could the outpouring of my blood have contributed to restore her to happiness, it would have been shed as water.

"Poor Mary! her heart leaped up within her at the voice of kindness, long a stranger to her ear; and, while she listened to the words of pity and of comfort with which I sought to sooth her,

She could not bear their gentleness,
The tears were in their bed.

"Most true is the old adage, that pity is akin to love. The stream of one passion flows into another so imperceptibly, that the point of union cannot be discovered; and we glide onward with the current, insensible alike of our own progress, and of the direction in which we are carried, till we strike on some sunken rock, and are left perhaps to float a shattered wreck upon the waters.

"Day after day were my steps directed to the cottage; and anxiously did Mary watch, in her innocence and simplicity, for the accustomed hour, when her solitude would be cheered by my presence, her heart gladdened by my voice. From her own lips I listened to the story of her griefs. She told me her father pressed her to a hateful marriage with a gamekeeper on a neighbouring estate, a rude and violent man, whom she detested. That on her acceptance of his addresses depended her father's safety and continuance in this country; for on this condition alone had Pierce agreed to quash a prosecution for poaching, in which conviction was certain. Her tears flowed fast as she spoke, for her heart was torn by conflicting emotions. By a sudden impulse I caught her in my arms, and kissed the moisture from her cheeks; which in an instant glowed like crimson. She started back from my embrace with the offended dignity of maiden modesty; and I knelt down, and invoking God to witness the purity of my intentions, vowed to guard and to protect her with a brother's love. And thus her fears were calmed; but, alas! from that moment our fate was sealed.

"The frequency of my visits to Brookes's cottage afforded, as might be expected, matter for village gossip, too interesting to be overlooked; and it became necessary that our interviews should be arranged with secrecy and caution. The heart of every woman tells her, almost instinctively, of the close affinity between guile and concealment; and that of Mary shrank from it with fear and trembling. But she was young, inexperienced, and, above all—she loved. Our place of rendezvous was the tower on the hill already mentioned; and there we met at midnight, in silence and secrecy. Night after night these visits were repeated; and there did we linger till the dawn of morning-twilight gave the signal for departure. The Being who alone knew our weakness, knows likewise with what purity of purpose we trod the brink of the precipice to which our steps had brought us.

"Need I go on? The tale of guilty love, of hearts alike deceiving and deceived, has been often told. At length caution slept—we were but weak and erring creatures—Mary ceased to be virtuous—and the reproaches of my own heart told me I was a seducer."

The New-England man having heard this length, he rubs the horny back of his hand across his moist eyes.

Dang it, now, Master Thornton, but this is mighty touching. But now that the evil is done, why, man, we all know the remedy, Master Cyril.—We Yankees are rather strict with our boys and maidens—we are, as you know, of the old Puritan, crop-eared race; not of the King-Charles' breed at all; yet we allow for cases when it would be the better alternative for an honest fellow like you to clap the muzzle of the rifle to his forehead, rather than marry the girl. But your innocent, beautiful Mary Brookes is no ambitious quean, no artful wanton. It was your *disinherited* self she loved, Squire,—not your rank! Come, man, have heart. Don't abuse yourself so outrageously. It may all be repaired. *Passion*, you may depend on it, is the true seducer. Though, in your country, it is but fair and manly to blame the man only; since the poor woman is, by countless odds, so much the deeper sufferer. This is quite as a humane jurymen bolts twenty falsehoods, and sophisticates his judgment and conscience to let off a thief, rather than hang a man for stealing to the value of five shillings.

CYRIL, (*hesitatingly*).

I am afraid, Mr. Jonathan, you do not quite comprehend all the delicacies of such an affair.

YANKEE.

Hang it, man, I do. You should have craved the parson's blessing first, certainly. But no help now. Better late than never. Go and kiss off the tears that burn on the blushed girl's cheek—take her to your

heart, man, as your noble countryman, Robert Burns, did in a worse case; and as hundreds of them have done. You don't now, eh! Master Cyril? You surely don't think yourself,—the old Squire's disinherited son,—a man to be compared in a summer's day with Robert Burns? But I tell you, man, I am *not* a severe fellow: as a friend I would rather lend a hand to pistol you myself, than allow you to marry an unworthy woman. But poor Mary Brookes! How happy you must be as the lover, husband, and protector of this gentle, loving, and beautiful creature—formed, by your description, in the very prodigality of nature.

CYRIL THORNTON, (*who, during the Yankee's harangue, had exhibited considerable uneasiness.*)

There must be a few words to that bargain, Mr. Jonathan. I am told, though it may be flattery, that those I have used are fair and soft ones, melting and rending fair bosoms with the tale of my love and my despair. My peasant countryman, Burns, in spite of his many vulgarities, I allow was a clever man. But I presume, Mr. Jonathan, there is a difference between the Corinthian capital of society, and its Doric base? The moral rule of the lower classes can scarcely apply to us. You remember that “I am a scion of a stock of ancient descent.”

“Though untitled, its dignity had always been hereditary; and the frequency with which the names of my ancestors occur in the county records, as filling offices of provincial trust and importance, shows their influence to have been considerable. While it is due to truth and my progenitors to state thus much, I am quite ready to confess that our family-tree has produced no *very distinguished* fruit. Its branches have never been pendent with the weight of poets, heroes, statesmen, or philosophers. “If they have writ our annals right,” births, marriages, and deaths, the sale or purchase of land, the building of a house, or a donation to the parish church or county hospital, were generally the only events sufficiently salient, to afford footing even for the partial eloquence of a family historian. But if I have little reason to boast, I have certainly none to blush, for my ancestors. They were English gentlemen, fulfilling with propriety the duties of their situation, generally respectable in their relations to society; and leaving, when dead, nothing either ‘to point a moral, or adorn a tale.’”

YANKEE, (*with roars of laughter.*)

What a hum-drum set of Squires! Tarnation, man, won't ye then marry this fine girl, whom you pretend to love so passionately; and who has given you every proof of her unbounded confidence in your honour and your love? You are not—I give you your due, Squire—one of the cold-hearted, calculating, canting, snivelling rascals, who make the tenderness of the woman who loves you more than herself, her reproach.—Cheer up, Squire! Let me be your bridesman, and look forward to an improvement of the old breed, which shall give your illustrious house,—ha! ha! ha!—“heroes and poets;” ay, and honest men and bonny lasses, which we Yankees like as well. Seriously, Master Cyril, the rugged character of the poor girl's father gives her a double claim on your manly tenderness and fidelity; or, if it please you better, on your *chivalry*—on your generosity. In Yankee-land we should call it—justice.

CYRIL, (*betrayed into the vulgar attitude of surprise, tucking up his stiff shirt collar.*)

Friend Jonathan, you are, as I presupposed, a rather impracticable sort of person: I can scarce hope to make a *worky*, or a farmer understand the high strain of honour, the nice sense of feeling on certain subjects which prevail among individuals of a certain rank in Great Britain. It outstrips your imagination to conceive the horror and resentment every aristocratic matron—every well-educated young lady of any station in

my country, would feel at the degradation of a man of my birth marrying the creature he—But, this topic is torture to my feelings,

“Touches the nerve where agony is born,”

I must refer you to my memoirs. I have been told that the following passage has rarely been surpassed by the most touching of the sentimental German writers.

JONATHAN sulkily reads on himself.

Oh, County Guy, the hour is nigh—
The sun has left the sea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea,
The lark, his lay who trill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner by;
Breeze, bird, and flower, they know the hour—
But where is County Guy?—*Quentin Durward.*

Sweetly selected motto, Master Cyril, and most appropriate; the tryst of young, innocent, happy love.—(*Reads.*)

“On the night following I was again at the turn, but the hour of tryst passed, and Mary came not. It was a moonless summer's night, and the air was sultry and oppressive. For long hours did I sit watching for the sound of her footsteps, in the path that wound along the hillside, and start at every rustling of the leaves made by the fox, as he stole through the bushes towards his earth in the hazy cover,—but Mary came not, and the night passed in solitude and sadness. I lingered till day-dawn; and the song of the larks, that came forth to carol their sweet matins in the sun-rise, warned me that my hopes were vain, and I sought my pillow with worn spirits and an anxious bosom.

“My dreams were wild and dreary, and I woke only to encounter the fierce upbraidings of offended conscience. A lovely, friendless, innocent, and defenceless creature had trusted herself to my honour and protection, and I had plunged her in irretrievable ruin. What need was there to add new and more intolerable anguish to the griefs of one already desolate and oppressed? Why select as a victim, the most innocent, the most confiding, the most unhappy of her sex? In vain did I attempt to “kill the still small voice,” by pleading that I too had fallen unwarily into the snare. The pitfall was not dug in my path—I had sought it—I had voluntarily courted the temptation under which I fell. Had I not sworn, and called on the Deity to witness my truth, to love her but with a brother's love, and to guard her honour stainless and immaculate? She had trusted me. To her innocent and unsuspecting heart, my promises had been as those of gospel truth. She had clung to them with woman's faith. In them she had embarked all that belonged to her in this world—her innocence;—and she had been betrayed. What was it now to say, that I had overrated my strength, or to deplore the fatal consequences of my un-governed passions? Are not the consequences of his guilt lamented even by the most selfish and hardened sinner when the enjoyments it afforded him are past? But what could avail regret, however bitter? The victim had fallen—the altar had been desecrated by the sacrifice, and the immolation of innocence had been completed. ‘Vile seducer’ unprincipled betrayer of confiding love! Like Cain shalt thou be branded among men, and go down into the grave with the guilt of perjury on thy soul.”

YANKEE.

Come, now, Master Cyril, you libel yourself too far, man; unless, indeed, this is a chivalrous prologue to playing the part of villain.—(*Reads.*)

“Never till now had I felt the bitterness of an upbraiding conscience, and it goaded me to the quick. There is no extenuation of budily suffering I would not have preferred to the mental agonies I then endured. I strove to escape from my own reflections, but could not;—like the wretch, who feels in his quivering flesh the flames by which he is surrounded, and attempts escape in vain, for he is chained to the stake.

“And Mary, too,—where was she? Might she not have been driven to some act of despair, and might not even the guilt of murder be added to my already dark catalogue of crimes! Was I not once more to see and comfort her, to join my tears with hers, to tell her how much her very weakness had endeared her to my heart? [AMERICAN.—And to make arrangements for your marriage, no doubt, Mr. Cyril?]

I was indeed full of anxiety on her account, but I feared to venture to the cottage, for I knew my visits there were watched, and guilt is ever full of many fears.

"My steps were directed, therefore, to a part of the park, from which it was overlooked; and there did I sit for hours gazing on its thatched roof, and the little garden that lay between it and the road, neglected and full of weeds. The sun had gone down ere I quitted my station. No living being had approached the house, no smoke rose from its chimney top—it seemed tenantless and deserted.

"Sick of soul, did I return to Thornhill: I shrank from society—the caresses even of little Lucy were become hateful and distressing. I pushed her rudely from me; and, while the tears started up into her large and blue eyes at my unkindness, I retired to solitude and suffering, in my own apartment.

"Night came, and the stars again saw me at my watch-tower on the hill-top. They rose and disappeared; but Mary's footstep had not gladdened my ear, nor her tall and slender form delighted my eye. Heavily did the sun appear that morn to raise his disk above the dark curtain of the clouds; and less than usually jocund, methought, was the jubilee of living nature in his return. I did not return home, but roamed onward through the woods; and, selecting the path that led to where the shadow of the dark green pines was deepest and least pervious, I cast myself on the ground, and listened to the melancholy sound of the waterfall that ascended from the glen.

"It was noon ere I reached Thornhill; a letter had come for me by the post, and I knew it was from Mary. I thrust it hastily into my bosom, rushed up stairs to my apartment, and having secured my chamber-door from the possibility of intrusion, I opened it with a trembling heart. It was indeed from Mary, and gave melancholy evidence that her spirit, which till now had borne up against sorrow and misfortune, was at length broken. It contained no reproaches; she upbraided me not with my broken faith. She had foolishly, she said,—almost wickedly loved, where love was hopeless; and a dreadful punishment had followed her offence. She said, that all thought of happiness had fled for ever, and she now knew herself to be a creature alike alienated from God, and despised by man. She told me, too, that her father now treated her with more harshness and cruelty than ever; that he even threatened her life, if she refused to pay the price of his safety by marrying Pierre; and what could she do?—her heart was broken, and she knew not. She concluded by wishing me farewell for ever. We could never meet again. She had been guilty, but her nature would not suffer her to persist in guilt. Her love would cease only in the grave: it was mine unalienably, indefeasibly mine; yet she desired me to forget her. She was but a guilty, miserable, and worthless thing, unworthy of a thought; a weed tossed upon the waters, bound by no tie, and destined to be the sport of wind and waves. [JONATHAN aside—*Poor girl! she judges herself too severely. Master Cyril will be off to tell her so, and make all right as fast as possible. I begin to have a better opinion of Master Cyril. With such fine sentiment there must be some truth.*]

"The letter was written with trembling fingers, and blotted with tears. Shall I attempt to describe the effect it produced on me? No. The feelings of suffering that letter cost me shall still rest undisturbed in their sepulchre; nor shall the grave be called on unnecessarily to open its ponderous and mumble jaws, and cast them up again.

"Notwithstanding the expressed determination of Mary to see me no more, I felt it was necessary to my peace that at least another interview should take place. I wrote her a letter of comfort; I accused myself as the sole cause of her misfortune; I assured her of my undiminished, my unchangeable attachment; I entreated her to quit her father's roof, and accept an asylum from me; and I made a solemn vow never to intrude myself unbidden on her presence. Lastly, I conjured her by the love she bore me, to see me once more, to grant me at least the melancholy consolation of bidding her an eternal farewell.

"I despatched this letter by a sure channel, and with trembling anxiety awaited the answer. A day, and yet another day passed, and it came not. I could bear the torture of suspense no longer, and determined at all events to seek an interview. Prudence had hitherto withheld me from visiting the cottage of her father: but my mind was now in too high a state of excitement to think of prudence.

"These, therefore, I resolved to seek her. And I did so. My heart beat almost audibly as I approached the cottage. I lifted the latch, and listened for a moment to catch, if possible, some signal that the house was still tenanted by her so dear to me. No sound but the monotonous ticking of a clock broke the silence of the dwelling. I advanced slowly and on tiptoe, and through a half-opened door I beheld Mary, with

her head bent forward to the table, and her face covered with her hands. A basket with her work lay beside her, but it was evidently untouched. I saw before me the creature whom I had ruined and betrayed; my heart was moved with something of awe and fear, and I almost dreaded to approach. For a moment or two I stood irresolute, and then I called her by her name. Quick as lightning she started up, and gazing on me with a look of wildness, exclaimed, 'Oh! why have you come? God help me! my misery needed not this.'

" 'Yes, God will help you, dearest Mary,' said I; 'let not your heart be cast down; accept shelter and protection from one who would peril body, nay soul, in your defence.' [JONATHAN—*But would not do her the only justice in your power—Fie! man.*] She sank back into her chair as I spoke, and I advanced and knelt before her. 'Pardon, pardon the wretch who has betrayed you—mine was the guilt, not yours. Spare your self-reproaches, accuse him who is alone guilty, and who now sues for that pardon from you which his own conscience can never grant.' "

" Mary's only reply was a loud shriek; quick and heavy steps were on the floor, and, turning round, I beheld Isaac Brookes and Pierce the gamekeeper. I was instantly on my feet, and turned to front the intruders. The face of Pierce was black as Erebus, and was marked, I thought, by an almost diabolical malignity. He had lowered the butt of the gun which he carried to the ground; and he stood, with his arm resting on the muzzle, regarding me with a settled scowl. The face of Brookes, though of a different character, was equally marked by evil passion. Its first expression seemed to be one of unmingled fury; but that soon passed away, and his countenance assumed, as he approached me, a look of sardonic, or rather of malignant suavity, more unpleasant than ungoverned passion, because more difficult to deal with.

" 'Your servant, young Squire,' said he, slightly touching his hat; 'I thank you for your kindness to my daughter, and the care you seem to be taking of her; but when your honour thinks of visiting her again, you had better let me know before you come; because if you do not,' and his assumed mildness of expression was changed into a look of deadly determination, 'it may hap that evil may come of it,' glancing a look at the same time on Pierce's gun.

" 'I came, I assure you,' answered I, feeling all the awkwardness of my situation, but making an effort to conceal it, 'I solemnly assure you, with no evil intentions towards either your daughter or yourself. My sisters are deeply interested for her, and I——'

" 'Thank them and you too,' interrupted Brookes; 'you are very kind and condescending, and I am grateful, as in duty bound. In return, take one word of advice from me, and that is, neither to write to my daughter,'—and he produced at the same time my letter from his pocket,—'nor to visit her for the future, if you would live to inherit your father's estate. So, good morning to you, Sir.—Come, Mary, why don't you wish the gentleman farewell that's been so kind to you?—Good morning to you, Sir; and I recommend you to think on my advice.'

" I left the cottage immediately; and, as I passed the door, a peal of hellish laughter from within sounded in my ear."

YANKEE.

Your ears, Mr. Cyril! Don't you see, man, that you deserved to have them cropped? Was the English father, your father's poor neighbour or tenant, to fall on his knees, and respectfully thank you, the Squire's son, for the honour you had done him? Why, you sneaking, sentimental, chivalry-fellow,—here, in New England, the lads, ay, the very girls, would have tarred and feathered you! This is your high strain; your refined morality in Britain, is it? 'Such were my first lessons in morality,' you say.—*Morality, Squire?* Why, this is a morality would be kicked out of every dollar-making household in the States—hooted out of the New World, back to the high-minded aristocracy of Europe.—'They were bitter and severe.' To whom, pray? to your humiliated, ruined, scorned victim; or, if it ease your conscience, call her the partner of your folly. But I presume it will not. The scions of chivalry rather court the punishment of the *eclat* of *bonnes fortunes*.—(*Reads again.*)

" Baffled in all my hopes, I returned home in a state of wretched depression. By my imprudence I had aggravated Mary's misfortunes, and exposed her to ignominy and violence. Her father, it was evident, was aware of our correspondence, and was thus

furnished with an instrument of fearful power to bend his unhappy daughter to his wishes. I would have periled everything to protect her from the ferocity of her brutal parent. But what *could* I do? [AMERICAN—What *could* you do? Why could you not marry? In all your distress this simple idea never crosses your mind. Yours is not the kind of affection men cherish in New England!] Every avenue of communication between us was closed. If I approached the cottage, my steps were watched; if I wrote, my letter would probably be again intercepted by her father; and to incur detection in either case, what was it but to draw down on Mary's head persecution yet more severe, and add new dangers and difficulties to the labyrinth of those in which she was already lost. Now, indeed, all the fearful consequences of my crime were opened to my view. I beheld, in all its extent, the dark and fearful gulf into which, on the stream of passion, we had floated. I saw Mary perishing in the waters, and yet was unable to rescue or assist her.—Such were my first lessons in morality, and they were bitter and severe."

YANKEE.

Master Cyril, you do seem to have been in a sad taking, as we say vulgarly. I have many excuses for you. You get a cruel bad moral education, you real gentlemen. Perhaps you are going to act like an honest man at last.—(*Reads on.*)

"Deep, not vehement; fixed, not loud; and experience tells me that such sorrow is more difficult to bear, than that which comes suddenly, and like a torrent, upon the heart; which

Flows like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;

and which, sweeping down with the rapidity and desolation of a hurricane, like a hurricane also passes away. I felt no longer relief in the solitary indulgence of sorrow, but once more sought society, and strove to extract from it the only solace that remained for me—the power to *forget*.

"My sisters were engaged to pay a visit of some duration to a neighbouring family, and I agreed to accompany them. I was absent about a month, and during that period received no intelligence of Mary. Alas! had such intelligence never reached me, I had been comparatively happy; for I learned, on my return to Thornhill, she had become the wife of Pierre.

And now did the hurricane I have spoken of rage in all its violence within me! I uttered curses and exortations on her father, on Pierre, on myself, nay, even on Mary. Why, I exclaimed, in my almost impious frenzy, had this horrid and accursed deed been suffered by the great Ruler of the world? Why had he not blasted with his lightning the perpetrators of a crime so black and unparalleled? Were those lips that I had kissed—that bosom which had throbbed against my own; to be contaminated by the touch of a low and brutal barbarian?"

YANKEE, (*bitterly.*)

The Game-keeper—the low rascal! presume to make the young Squire's mistress "an honest woman," as the vulgar of your country say, before the young Squire was tired of her! Oh, Master Cyril!—I give you up.—I have no patience with your fine sentiments.

"There was almost madness in the thought, and yet it was a thought I was compelled to endure. To flee it was impossible; it haunted me like my shadow. I saw the look of conscious triumph on the face of the vile minion, as he gazed with gloating eyes upon his victim. I saw the convulsive shudder that came over her, as she recoiled with loathing from his touch. I could not go on. The picture was too horrible to be voluntarily contemplated; and, to avoid it, I would have plunged into the crater of a volcano. But what was past could not be recalled; and submission to the necessary course of events, is in man not optional but imperative."

YANKEE in extreme rage.

'Danged fine, high-flown, sentimental slangwhurgary this, Squire.—But fair words butter no parsnips, as plain folk say in the Old Country. And what, pray, does it all prove but your gross indelicacy, as well as your hard-hearted villany, in leaving the poor distracted creature you had taught to love you so passionately, and whom you pretended to love, though it was your noble self, and your chivalry, and the dull old Squires, your ancestors, that you really loved, Master Cyril,—to leave the friendless, ruined, and still-devoted girl in the power of circumstances you

had made so terrible to her ? That's the plain way of putting the matter in New England, Sir—ay, and in Old England too. I refer you to your countryman, Walter Scott, or to William Cobbett else ; or, if these authorities don't please you, to the historians of Margaret Lyndsay, or of Lucy Lethwaite, the victim of another English squire of high degree ; who was not, nevertheless, in quite so dangerous a way as yourself, Master Cyril. That knave must have had, all along, a shrewd guess that he was a treacherous, cruel villain ; and his remorse was deep and retributive at last. Now, you lull yourself to sleep, in the belief that you are the very martyr of a vehement, virtuous sentimentalism ; and all the young ladies weep for your misery. Good jeer, how pathetic !—(*Reads again.*)

So you must see poor Mary, or rather Mrs. Gamekeeper, again, must you ? You must ; such is the overpowering necessity of your profound attachment, and your tenderly compassionate nature. You must say fare well to the heart-broken wife of Pierce—the lost creature on whom, by your eloquent account, heaven had lavished all its choicest gifts to woman, but who was, for all this, not a whit the fitter to be the wedded companion of the disinherited representative of a race of dull Squires—porcelain English Clays—who dole out plum-pudding and blankets to old women at Christmas, and make them pay double for their bread and beef all the year round ; by which means, I guess, they get little of either. —(*Reads.*)

“ Having arranged my plans, I wrote a letter to Mary, in which I told her of my approaching departure—that it was necessary to my happiness that I should learn whether there was anything in which I could contribute to her comfort and tranquillity ; and, above all, that I should receive from her own lips, assurance of her forgiveness. I urged with all the eloquence I could command, that in the memory of having thus parted with her in kindness, I could alone hope for consolation when far distant, and conjured her, standing on the verge, as we did, of an eternal separation, not to deny this last—this parting request, to one whom she had once loved, who still loved her. My letter likewise indicated the hour and place of meeting on the following night ; and if she agreed to this arrangement, I desired she would give signal of her consent by appearing at the window with a white handkerchief in her hand.

“ Before sunrise I was at my post, but the execution of my scheme was by no means easy. There were servants about the house, by whom it would have been ruin to be discovered. Of Mary I had only caught a few occasional glimpses as she happened to approach the window, and no opportunity occurred of attracting her observation. At length, however, she came forth into the garden, singing, in a voice weak but exquisitely sweet, a song whose mournful cadences seemed breathed from a weary and a bursting heart. Every note of it sank deep into my soul. She had approached nearly to the extremity of the garden, which opened by a small wicket into the wood ; when I advanced, crouching as much as possible to avoid all chances of detection, and throwing the letter in her path, retreated hastily to my place of concealment. I feared the suddenness of the surprise might have caused her to scream, but it did not. When she saw the letter, she leant for support against a tree, as if suddenly bereft of strength ; but, soon recovering, she took it up, and I saw her returning with tottering steps to the house.

“ A long interval followed, which was passed by me in a state of restless anxiety. At length she approached the window, her eyes evidently swollen with weeping, and the white handkerchief was in her hand. She pressed it to her bosom and retired. I too, satisfied with the success of my mission, returned to Thornhill, screening myself as much as possible from observation, by directing my steps through the thickest and least frequented part of the wood.

“ During the remainder of the day my mind was restless and uneasy. Our interview would of necessity be a melancholy one, and I almost regretted having sought it. Mary, I thought, was too weak to support the agitation it must necessarily occasion ; and the motives which had induced me almost to force it upon her, I feared

were wrong and selfish. But the die was cast, and it was necessary now to stand its hazard; and when night closed in I was on my way to the place of meeting.

"It was a field distant about a quarter of a mile from Pierce's cottage, in the middle of which stood a group of chestnut trees, of uncommon size and luxuriance, and from this circumstance, it was distinguished among the country people as 'The field of the Five Chestnuts.'" It was a green and sunny spot; such a one as the passer-by might pause to gaze upon, before he plunged once more into the dark shadows of the surrounding wood. Here and there a large tuft of broom glittered like a mass of molten gold, but I need not describe it, for, after all, it was nothing more than a pretty field, such as one may meet almost anywhere. Why I had selected it as a place of meeting I know not; but here it was, beneath the shadow of the chestnut trees, that Mary and I were once more to meet, and bid each other an eternal farewell.

"When I reached the appointed place, my watch informed me that the hour of meeting was not yet come; and, throwing myself on the ground, I endeavoured, both for Mary's sake and my own, to acquire fortitude and self-command sufficient to enable me to pass calmly through the approaching trial. The spot where I lay was so much sheltered for the wind to reach it; but the swiftness with which the clouds ravelled in the sky, showed its influence to be powerful above. One moment a mass of opaque vapours veiled the moon, and the earth for a time was covered with the curtain of darkness. Anon, they had passed away, and the glorious planet again shone forth in her brightness.

"Such was the night: but my observations on the firmament were cut short, by perceiving that my watch already indicated the hour of meeting to have come. I started up, and, taking advantage of the glimpses of the moon, whenever in queenly osality she came forth from her canopy of clouds, gazed anxiously around to watch for the approach of Mary. At length I saw a female figure at some distance, emerging from the wood. It was she—it was my once pure and innocent—my still beautiful Mary. With the swiftness of a greyhound loosed from his leash, I sprung to meet her. In a moment I was by her side—my arms were extended to fold her once more to my bosom, when the report of a gun was heard, and at the same instant I felt myself wounded. A bullet had passed through my shoulder—I staggered backward a few paces and fell.

"The circumstance of being shot, always produces a considerable confusion in a man's ideas. I have no very clear remembrance of what passed around me, as I lay on the ground. But a shriek, loud and piercing as ever gave expression to human anguish, yet seems to tingle in my ear, when I revert to that moment."

YANKIE, (*drily*)

Served you right, Master Cyril! And so you were winged and doctored, and got an ensigncy; and dutifully received the paternal parting injunctions—your father saying,

"From any act of dishonour the blood that flows in your veins will preserve you; and to avoid acts of folly and imprudence, it is necessary to taste the punishment that follows them."

The old gentleman surely knew nothing of Mary Brookes. But I forget, he was a far-descended squire as well as yourself, and an aristocrat as well.—(*Reads.*)

"Of Mary Brookes I saw—I heard no more; but I have since learned that she died soon after my departure. When I returned to Thornhill several years afterwards, I wished to shed a tear on her grave. But there was no stone to mark its site;—the sexton knew it not: Mary and her grave were alike forgotten."

MARSH FARMER, (*slamming the book together, and pitching it behind the blazing logs, while he laughs derisively and furiously.*)

"Ha! ha! It's a tarnation pity, Master Cyril, that you had not found the proper spot to drop that precious tear upon. That distillation of your several years' sensibility might have laid the poor girl's pale ghost. Oh, man! man! how much sin, misery, and self-delusion, lies against the aristocratic influences under which you, and the like of you, in the Old Country, are bred! Are not you now, Master Cyril, 'as a soldier and a gentleman, peculiarly fitted' to judge and pronounce on the state of the higher morals in a democratic state, or even in your own country?"

CYRIL, (*earnestly.*)

But, surely, Mr. Jonathan, even you, with your odd Transatlantic notions, will allow that, in my case, marriage, though I had been so foolish as even to think of it, which I never did, would have been utter ruin and madness.

YANKEE, (*drily.*)

Why, they all came, 'man—ruin, and madness, and death, too:—but not to you, Master Cyril.

CYRIL, (*hemming awkwardly.*)

I had not, as you know, one penny unless old Spreull had come down. I offered to take care of the girl; but the degradation of such an alliance—my family—our ancient race; besides, I never deceived her—I made no promise of marriage, I—

YANKEE, (*rudely.*)

Hold your tongue, man, with your not-deceiving, and your not-a-penny: how many strapping feet and inches are there of you? Has your birth deprived you of the use of your hands and limbs? Are you all chivalry, fribble, and fine sentiment? You could handle a listchet very well, I guess, if you liked. Mary Brookes, by your account; had the virtue of industry, till you broke her heart. Could it not have struck your aristocratic pate—if you had had a spark of Radical heart about you, it would—to have marched off right slick with your wife to our Backwoods, if there was nothing better for it?—Ay, man, you need make no faces about it; marched off with Mary under your arm, and the long rifle slung over your shoulder, to the Republican tune of *Yankee Doodle*?—Ha! ho! ho! Pardon my rudeness, Squire; but how like a stuck-pig you do stare; dismayed at the boorish audacity which supposes it possible that one of your rank could act the straight-forward part of an honest man. Excuse me for believing, "that with a once warmly-loved, and still much-loved fellow-creature's happiness" entrusted to you, *you* durst not have sported with a trust so sacred." Seriously, Squire, had marrying the girl you pretended to love subjected your honour to the vulgarity and American habits so pathetically depicted by your cousin, Mrs. Trollope, I could not have been so unreasonable as to expect it. Conceive a slip of a true old Squire-stock, on which Martinet or Dandy may have been for some generations engrafted, spitting out, and eating hominy and corn-soup, with wooden spoons, among upstarts and wood-choppers, a thousand miles to the westward of Warren's Blacking! ha! ha! ha!—and all that a gentleman might behave like a Jonathan; please himself in his marriage, and act like a man of spirit, not divested of all humanity, and of an enlightened moral feeling. Come, now, Squire, don't sulk. If I have keel-hauled your aristocratic morals in one lanch, remember, your countrymen and countrywomen have taken my whole nation to task, scolding our notes with, all the while, a beam like a weaver's in their own eyes.

THE OLD AND THE NEW LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

At length, the second Viceroyalty of the Marquis of Anglesea has terminated; but how different is its reputation from the first! Then he was "the beloved;" now, he is "the detested." Then he sacrificed

* Burns' Letter on his marriage.

The Old and the New Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

place for the people; now, he abandons place, because he finds it impossible to delude them. Never did there exist so contradictory a character—"nil fiti unquam, sic inpar sibi"—at one time, the idol of popular adoration; at another, the mark for scorn to point his slow unmoving finger at. In both instances, the adoration and the scorn were the results of his merits and his faults. In 1829, he left Ireland with thousands to bid him farewell; in 1833, he abdicates the viceregal throne, and there is "none so poor as to do him reverence."

From the moment that the Marquis of Anglesey threatened the Catholics with the sword, he became too remarkable a personage for one moment to escape the vigilance of the Irish. Upon assuming the Viceroyalty of the country, instead of appearing amongst them, as they expected, in his favourite hussar uniform, he entered the metropolis in the modest garb of a private gentleman, and thus tacitly abandoned his denunciation of strife. The circumstance was a simple one; but it won for him the respect of the people he was to rule over. His government was then reversed; because the people received, from an avowed foe, some of that justice which a partisan never could dispense. At last, the opponent of religious freedom became its advocate; and those who sought for liberty of conscience almost deified the exalted convert. His path was covered with blessings; his looks were watched with fondness; and his voice, if he had chosen to raise it upon the day when he was stripped of his Lord-Lieutenancy, could have commanded a nation. Instead of a British Peer, Anglesey might, at that time, have been Chief Consul of Ireland. He left Ireland, the most popular Lord-Lieutenant that had ever presided over her destinies.

In 1830, Lord Anglesey was again appointed to the Viceroyalty of Ireland: he came the representative, not of a Tory, nor a Borough-mongering Ministry, but of a Whig, and liberal Administration. Although it was well known that he was opposed to the national question of Repeal, yet his appointment was hailed with unmixed pleasure. He arrived in Dublin and—his procession to the castle was like the funeral following of a deceased friend. Those who came to see him, came not to greet, but to weep for his *departed character*; for between the time of his being named as Lord-Lieutenant, and his appearance in that capacity, he had made two appointments which demonstrated his ignorance of, or his contempt for, popular opinion. "His Lordship began his administration (the words of the historian in describing the remorseless Wentworth, are, in this particular, most applicable to Lord Anglesey,) in a manner that was ungracious, and could be hardly expected from a man of his wisdom and experience, who knew the consequence of the first steps that a governor takes, and the impressions which they leave in the minds of the people." Lord Anglesey came, as his Attorney-General, a man who was only known to the Irish as an avowed opponent of Catholic Emancipation, and a Tory so shameful and so heartless; that, in his detestation of Liberalism, he endeavoured to prevent a tribute of respect from the Irish Bar being offered to the illustrious John Philpot Curran! This was a *striking* proof of his Lordship's want of judgment: his want of feeling was demonstrated in his exaltation, to the highest place on the Bench, of a gentleman who was only celebrated in Parliament by acrimonious attacks upon the character of Mr. O'Connell—the friend, the supporter, and the admirer of the gal-

lant Marquis himself! The people forgot that the Marquis had been a Tory,—that his Tory predilections clung to him; and, though Whiggism might be on his *lips*, Toryism was still in his heart. He promoted his *private* friends; but he lost the good opinion of the *public*. The Irish heard that one of the fortunate gentlemen could sing a good song, and the other tell a pleasant story; and, while they fancied that the law was entrusted to a Velluti, and justice confided to a Jack-pudding, they believed their opinions were purposely disregarded, and their long-cherished feelings treated with contempt.

It would be a weary and a disgusting task to one, who was amongst the most fervent of the admirers of the Marquis of Anglesey, to go through the details of his administration. It was nominally a Whig Government; but it was carried on by Tories, and disgraced by the worst acts that Tories could be guilty of. Written promises were shamefully violated, and as publicly broken as they were notoriously made; prosecutions were instituted, grounded upon the depositions of English and Irish informers; juries were packed for convictions; the press was shackled; the common working printers sent to jail; the most active reformers were incarcerated for raising their voices against the unholy exactions of tithes; and the last distinguished act was prosecuting the proprietor of the *Pilot* newspaper for publishing a letter of Mr. O'Connell's, which, it was alleged, "brought the Coercion Bill (the bill which the people name the house-breaking-and-dragooning bill) into contempt!" Such was the concluding act of the administration of the once "popular," "liberal," "high-minded," "chivalrous," and "freedom-loving" Anglesey! The curse of tergiversation was upon him, and he has felt its baleful effects. "*Nil aquale homini fuit illi.*" Can it then be a matter of surprise that he should, in the course of a few years, have experienced the popularity of a Bolingbroke, and endured the contempt showered upon a deposed Richard?

The soldier is now succeeded by a civilian. A second time the Marquis of Wellesley returns to administer the affairs of Ireland. It is to be hoped that, when he again resigns, it will be with a more settled character for firmness and decision than when he before ruled over the country. At a former period, the Marquis of Wellesley was controlled by the time-serving administration of Lord Liverpool. If he again stoop to the Orange faction who insulted him, when he, in the vain endeavour of conciliating them, partook of their festivities, he will be for ever lost in infamy. Has he the means to contend with them? Is the reign of spies, of eaves-droppers, of underling betrayers at an end? If not, better for himself, and far better for Ireland, he had never again assumed the reins of government. He knows them, their power, and their hatred of the very names of justice and liberality; and, if he is not able to put them down, they will make him a mere "vice of kings, a cutpurse of the empire and the rule."

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. V.

THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

Wrong not the labouring poor by whom ye live!
 Wrong not your humble fellow-women, ye proud!
 For God will not the poor man's wrongs forgive,
 But hear his plea, and have his plea allowed.

Kill not the flower that feeds the useful bee,
 For more than beauteous is that sweet flower's blush :
 'Tis toil's reward that sweetens industry,
 As love inspires with song th' enraptured thrush.

To fallen humanity, our Father said,
 That food and bliss should not be found unsought ;
 That man should labour for his daily bread ;
 But not that man should toil and sweat for nought !

Not that the beast should live a living death,
 To give the worst a beastly sense of life ;
 And waste in servitude their fleeting breath,
 That bloated drones might bribe their hell-hound, strife !

Oh, be not like the vapours, splendour-roll'd,
 That, sprung from earth's green breast, usurp the sky,
 Then spread around contagion black and cold,
 Till all who mourn the dead prepare to die !

No ! imitate the bounteous clouds, that rise
 Freight with bliss, from river, vale, and plain ;
 The thankful clouds, that beautify the skies,
 Then fill the lap of earth with fruit and grain.

Yes ! emulate the mountain and the flood
 That trade in blessings with the mighty deep ;
 Till, sooth'd to peace, and satisfied with good,
 Man's heart be happy as a child asleep !

But slow to good, when Mischief calls, ye haste,
 And turn to ban God's best gifts, mind and time !
 In worse than sloth your baleful days ye waste,
 Artificers of poverty and crime !

Does law-made robbery want a base defence ?
 O'er fraud and force a brother's cloak ye throw :
 Does hors'd Corruption ride o'er Innocence ?
 Ye gild the blood-stain'd hoof that lays her low.

And reignest *Thou*, O God ! while gods like these
 Reverse thy laws, and mock thy slumbering ire,
 Till the plagued state becomes one vast disease,
 Whose horrid ulcers vomit blood and fire ?*

* The worst symptom of the malady now preying on the vitals of the body politic, is the apathy with which our first-class merchants and manufacturers, and, I may add, the middle classes generally, regard the insane power which is straining the fatal cord that binds us to competition with our best friends ; converting customers into rivals. Those imitators and upholders of an aristocracy, that is sucking their blood like leeches, will not see, until it be too late, that the strikes and unions which they deprecate, are but the beginning of a resistance to the Corn Laws, which is too probably destined to bring down the roof of the social edifice on the heads of all. Per are not the multitude rapidly learning the value of organization ? And, debased and degraded as they are, who shall assure us, and what right have their oppressors to expect, that they will not eventually apply their strategy—the most easily acquired, and the least intellectual of all knowledge—to other than squire-and-parson-pleasing purposes ? In the meantime, the for-ever-lost and renegade Whigs, by refusing to untax knowledge, are withholding from the people the only means by which they might know how to use wisely the tremendous power which they could not now avoid possessing if they would.

Lord ! bid our palaced worms their vileness know,
 Bleach them with famine, till they earn their bread !
 And, taught by pain to feel a brother's wo,
 Marvel that honest labour toils unfed !

They never *felt* how vain it is to seek
 From bread-tax'd trade its interdicted gain ;
 How hard to toil, from dreary week to week,
 And ever labouring, labour still in vain.

They never heard their children's grim despair
 Cry, " Give us work, ere want and death prevail !"
 Then seek in crime, or ineffectual prayer,
 A refuge from the *bread-tax* crowded jail.

They never saw the matron's breaking-heart
 Break slowly o'er her son's desponding sigh ;
 Nor watch'd her hopeless mate, when glad to part
 From all he loved and left beneath the sky.

They heed not, though the widow wrings her hands
 Above her wo-worn husband's nameless grave,
 When her last boy departs for distant lands,
 Rather than live or die a *bread-tax*'d slave.

But, Lord, *Thou* hearest, when the sufferer cries !
Thou markest, when the honest heart is rent !
Thou heedest, when the broken-hearted dies !
 And *Thou* wilt pardon, *when thy foes repent*.

Then let them kneel,—oh, not to us, but *Thee* !
 For judgment, Lord, to *Thee* alone belongs !
 But *we* are petrified with misery,
 And turn'd to marble by a life of wrongs.

TAIT'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

RELUGAS,

The Seat of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder.

Art thou a dreamer of the noontide hour,
 Who shapest out structures mutable and proud,
 As the wind fashions from the shifting cloud ?
 Is not this scene above thy fancy's power ?
 Calm beauty here hath built herself a bower ;
 The traveller who will not linger here
 Lacks all the higher sympathies ; the tear
 Of sensibility is not his dewer :—
 Oh, sweet Relugas !—beautiful thou art—
 What though thou beest as a deserted nest,
 Thy image haunts shall ever haunt my breast,
 Even to the tender gushing of the heart.
 Ere thy dear image from my soul depart,
 Be mine the place of everlasting rest !

FORTRESSES versus BARRICADES.—A considerable sensation has recently taken place among the French politicians, or rather among the politicians of PARIS, where *everything* is sensation. Creatures of impulse, the French are the most rash and sanguine of mankind; and even those who regarded the enthronation of Louis Philippe as a temporary step, a measure of expedience to arrest the progress of a torrent whose unforeseen outbreak threatened ruin to the institutions of the country, no sooner beheld him on the throne, than they began to predict miracles from the idol of plaster-of-Paris they had been compelled to substitute for their antiquated idol of brass. The new pagod was at least so far good, that it could be broken to pieces *à discrétion*. The *Citoyen des deux mondes* might be transported to his second hemisphere by the will of his masters, the people, who had selected him (*faute de mieux*) as *their* master. They have long begun to think differently, and to conceive that the offsets of the old tree of Bourbon legitimacy are made of no better wood than the parent trunk. They are apprehensive that Decazes, the besotted enemy of free trade, is about to enter the Ministry; while their Citizen King, growing ashamed of his babyhouse fortification of the Tuileries, (a shallow ditch, surmounted by a hedge of roses and lavender-bushes,) is beginning to intrench himself in right earnest, against their vacillations of opinion. Fortresses are erecting round the capital, and the Chamber openly inveighs against an attempt to "*embastiller le peuple*." The letter of Clermont Tonnerre is quoted; and the only means (an unfailing engine in the hands of the present Ministry) of closing the mouths of the clamorous is, by putting forward the fortification of the lines of Paris as the plan of Napoleon. That the republican party, or *parties*, for there are two, and potent ones, in France, should be gagged by pretences such as these! That the advocates of national freedom should yield up their understandings at the mere echo of a name, whose reality was pain and grief to them,—the name of the most despotic monarch that ever sat upon a throne,—a monarch of spies, gendarmes, and the Censure!

That, at a moment when the just boundaries of society were overthrown, and the wolves preying on the sheepfold, a more rigorous enforcement of the consular laws might be indispensable, we readily admit. We know that, during the reconstruction of a public edifice, the idle and mischievous must be excluded by a temporary fence. But the temple is *now* complete; no further need for scaffolding or pale. Time has been afforded for the relaxation of the universal panic; for the renewal of commercial activity; for the operation of the new principles of the new men employed to concoct the new constitution; and if temporary or precautionary measures are still required, those men and those principles are good for nothing. France will not be blinded by the schemes of a dozen charlatans, whether effervescent or "doctrinaires." A stupendous class of thinkers has been originated throughout the provinces of the kingdom, by the system of public instruction founded on the ruins of the first revolution; of thinkers whose discontents are of a very different nature and influence from those of angry journalists and petulant boys from the military colleges. But *these* men are just now silent. The very press is pausing. The ridicule incurred by the misdirection of the St. Simonian tenets has rendered the wiser and truer patriots cautious in the expression of opinions too readily confounded with the doctrines of a few intemperate mystics. The *demagogie* of Garnier Pagès, and Caret, editor of the *National*, is unsupported, and lamented as premature,

except, indeed, by the excited population of Lyons. But it is this very tranquillity, this precaution, this sternness of public disapproval, which has quartered the *supers pompiers* of the King of the French on the heights of Montmartre, and transferred a few thousand propitiatory francs from the strong-box of Neuilly into the pockets of the orphans of *La Jume de bois*. The mode of Dr. Bowring's reception in the great commercial cities has imparted, meanwhile, a valuable lesson to the Ministry. The facilities afforded to an international treaty between two commercial monarchies by this solitary instance of the co-operation of the republican party, is a thing to make Franklin smile in his grave, and Louis Philippe tremble on his throne. Béranger might make the jest poetical; but we will not extinguish it in prose.

THE ADVENT OF MINISTERIAL PERFECTION.—By a Treasury Minute, bearing date 16th August, 1833, their Lordships (pricked, it may be, by some strange misgivings,) promulgate the following extraordinary truth:—“It is important that all offices under the Crown should be filled by persons competent to perform the duties of their situations.” Not satisfied with this gratuitous assertion, these sapientipotent personages actually go on to say that “strict regulations should be established for the purpose of securing that object, as far as may be practicable.” Surely the Whigs are not meditating a retreat. Has my Lord Althorp any compunctious visitings on the score of his genius as a financier, or Mr. Secretary Stanley of his gentleness and urbanity, or Viscount Palmerston of his protocolizing? In the name of wonder! what construction can be put upon this notable minute? Time disposeth all things, therefore await we the impending wonder.

THE WISDOM OF THE FACTORY MASTERS.—Most of us deem ourselves wise in our own generations, and so, doubtless, do the factory masters. Nevertheless, these respectable persons, to whom we are indeed great friends, and who are doubtless huge friends of ours in return, must allow us to state in gentle phrase, that, upon the face of this wide world we scarce know greater ninnyes. Everybody has heard of the uproar these factory masters are making about the Time Bill. Some of the most rotund and formerly comfortable looking of the corps are even waxing sallow, through sheer vexation. But the query occurs, what rational means have the said sound-headed individuals employed to avert what seemed an evil, and to make something of what they call “their case?” They complain grievously of Sadler, and talk of his chicaneries; but is it possible the Leeds linen-draper can, by dint of sheer management, have defied and beat off the whole column of factory masters? Humiliating, in this case, is the confession; for downright gulls they must be—gulls centuried into stupidity—simple jack-asses. Truly, jackass is the word; for the factory masters say they have been beaten, and it is manifest to all of us they have uttered nothing but a bray. Let us just think a moment of the merits of this question. The poor goaded operatives complained of their long hours, and doubtless many of them pined at heart to witness the toil of their children. Well, the cause was clear, inasmuch as there could be no main cause but one. The cause was the dearness of food, which at once impoverished the labourer, and, as it were, built up capital within walls which it could not overpass, but against which it ever and anon bulged and broke down. The landholders and Mr. Sadler knew this perfectly: but it was, perhaps, possible to stave off the evil day; and they seized upon the hardships of the operatives as a thing to magnify for their own behoof, and to turn against the factory masters. The

rational course of the mill-spinners might, we think, have been plain: they ought to have shewn the whole affair to their operatives, agitated a repeal of the Corn Law through every district of England, and after first enacting a protection to poor children, promised a Time Bill, if it should be necessary *then*. The factory masters and operatives are, by the laws of nature, one and indivisible; the one cannot flourish without the other; and yet the landlords have had the management to separate them. Never more tell us that fox-hunters are dunderheads. And the truth is, we have yet to record the best part of their management. Ask a factory master why, just now, he has never opened his lips about the Corn Laws, and it will come out that they—the corps—have been *advised* otherwise? But who advised them—who were the counsellors? The landed proprietors, who, because of terror of the Poor Laws, have not joined in the conspiracy of the astute Leeds man? Even so! O, how marvellous the wisdom of the factory masters!—Seriously, however, what are the manufacturers about? If they had now used their opportunities, and skilfully turned the evening's manœuvre, we are firmly convinced that these infamous laws might have already been touching on abolition.

PARTY MEN.—Blessed, for the hypocrites, (whether self-deceived by folly, or by knavery deceiving other people,) thrice blessed were those days of political stagnation, when the breath of the people was frozen into silence; when simply to vote with Ministers constituted a Tory, and wisely to vote with opposition, a Whig; when no man had to render an account of the faith that was in him; and the electors of Great Britain barely knew the names of their elect. Blessed, we say, were those days of political stagnation. The difficulty experienced by the Whippers-in of both Ins and Outs, during the present session, is confidentially whispered to have been a martyrdom; and, by both parties, the numbering of their legions was finally pronounced impossible. It was easy enough to be a Tory and a staunch one, so long as Toryism implied a surrender of your vote to Wellington, and your conscience to Eldon. But Toryism has now a sub-division of sects, surpassing the Protestantism of the University of Wittenberg; and every month or so of the present session has created a new crisis, splitting, for the thousandth time, some hair already infinitely split. The country gentlemen grew puzzled! After a long debate at the Carlton, ending in a declaration of "war to the knife," they beheld Lyndhurst walk out of the House half a minute previous to the division, with his proxy in his pocket; and Peel and Wellington playing Cartouche and Maudlin, with each other like *farceurs* in a puppet-show. Had these saints and Martyrs of their creed abjured the Holy Catholicism of the Tory faith? or, having discovered the falseness of its miracles, were they still, and notwithstanding, in league with its priesthood, to deceive the unwary multitude? "No!" cried they, "we are the simple sheep, compelled to submit ourselves to the barking and bullying of our guardian dogs, for fear of the wolf. We abhor the Whigs; but we are still more afraid of the Radicals." And so, like silly sheep, they scampered hither and thither in the meadows, without aim or object; a few were swamped in the ditches, a few stuck in the hedge-rows; and not a few thrust their heads into the pillory of the nearest stile. And, behold! the shepherd comes in the evening, and looks aghast: he is ashamed to recognise his self-immolated flock. He had hoped to fleece them at leisure, or butcher them for his own advantage. He could find it in his heart to wish the wolf had taken them at once. Were they

blind, to rush into such perils? Ay! blind with the worst of blindness—the incurable myopy of party spirit!

PEERS AND PLAYHOUSES.—A pitiful numerical assemblage of the Lords threw out by a pitiful majority the Dramatic Performances Bill, introduced and carried through the Commons by Mr. Bulwer; and a right reverend prelate signalized his “order” by making a speech thereupon; which, as a dramatic translator, came with a marvellous bad grace from him. Peradventure the times are out of joint, and congregations of the vicious are consequent upon theatrical representations. Now—waiving the question of the wicked being tolerably numerous in *all* public assemblages, be their character nominally what they may—if, by dramatic performances, the naughty are prone to concourse together in unmeet quantity, then ought the attraction to be not only not tolerated under any guise, but put down at once and wholly. The senators of these times, however, seem to be of opinion, that it is better and wiser to leave untouched an existing evil, than run the chance of polluting themselves by attempting to amend it.

The Reverend, the Bishops of the English Church, are so wholly opposed to creature comforts, that wherever they exist, they are voted intolerable. On the very Sunday, however, next following the evening when the prelate bench helped to smother in its birth this anxiously expected measure, it chanced these eyes to behold more than one, or two, or three sad-coloured equipages, coachmen, footmen, and horses of costly breed, rolling along in most aristocratic display, for apparently the sole behoof of sundry gentlemen in well powdered bob-wigs within, that looked as much like bishops as could be. Thereupon we took thought, and, fatigued in limb, we said querulously, “Surely this were luxury: but is this day not the Sabbath; and how may be interpreted the fourth item of the decalogue, as touching the labour of cattle? Fools! If laymen could explain such intricacies, where were the use of Bishops?”

ROYAL AND NATIONAL FESTIVITIES.—Nothing is so easy as to throw dust in the eyes of the French populace; but it must be gold dust at the least. When things go wrong in England, when the Exchequer hangs fire, or the populace *takes* fire; when peace abroad creates war at home; or the hearts of the people lust after strange meats and foreign corn; *the king goes out to dinner with his subjects*; shows himself at the national theatres, and the storm ceases! In France, the thing is reversed. When the Parisians grow angry, invent caricatures against the monarch, or manufacture songs against government, *government invites the Parisians to dinner*; and, as before, the storm ceases! The liberal party has latterly assumed a menacing attitude in both countries. But after one of Attwood's speeches, William IV. set all things to rights, by eating the “Roast Beef of Old England” at the tables of the Marquis of Westminster and the Duke of Buccleuch; just as, after one of Garnier Page's orations, Louis Philippe subdues the malecontents by a distribution of legs of mutton and sausages. The English cry out to their household gods, “Come eat us!” The French exclaim to *their Lares*, “*Coquins! donnez nous du pain!*” In order to render the matter more manifest to the populace, the English sovereign makes his journey to his banquet as long and tedious as possible! The state coach rumbles off to Richmond, or Rickmansworth; so that, as in the case of Johnny Gilpin, the turnpikemen may “prate of his whereabouts;” while the French monarch places his *pigeon* on the top of a soapy *mat de cœgne* (“Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb!”) and makes the lovers of liberty grin through a horse.

Tait's Commonplace-Book.

collar, to earn their Bayonne ham. Squibs and crackers commemorate the condescension of the pacific princes of both countries ; in France, at the expense of the monarchy ; in England, at the expense of the subjects. " Mad World ; mad Kings ; mad Constitution." Our lawyers eat their way to the woolsack, our King to the affections of his people. The French malecontents feast a day, to fast a year ; and bless the clemency that provides them with porridge at the expense of their own salt !

ORRAR AND MUIRNE.

[FROM THE IRISH.]

SHE comes along the flowery lawn—
Joy sparkles in her dewy glance ;
And, in the fanning breath of dawn,
Her jetty locks in ringlets dance.
Less lovely from his orient tower,
The sun o'er green Bin-Edur glows ;
Less welcome falls the pearly shower
That wakes to life the fainting rose,
Than thou, enchanting Muirne ! art
To cheer thine Orrar's throbbing heart.

Ere yet my youthful-arm could wave
The glittering sword in fields of fight ;
When tuneful Bards to glory gave
The deeds of Erin's matchless might ;
My bosom thrilled with Valour's flame,
Inspired by Music's kindling power ;
I sighed to hear my father's fame,
And burned for battle's fiercest hour ;
But, Muirne ! then, I ne'er had viewed
That form which since my soul subdued.

Yet, Muirne ! oft has Orrar sought
His country's-foes—nor sought in vain ;
Where'er this hand th' invader fought
His bravest, mightiest, strewed the plain
But never has my conquering spear
Against the feeble aimed a blow,
Nor, when disarmed, and pale with fear,
Has laid th' imploring warrior low.
Sunbeam of life to Orrar's breast !
Then calm his tender fears to rest.

Sweet flower of blooming loveliness !
Fair-bosomed swan of Beauty ! hear !
And, with one winning smile, confess,
That Orrar's strains can please thine ear.
Ah ! see that fondly-beaming smile
Bright with young Passion's gentle fire !
Yes, these dear looks no more beguile—
That glance invites my soul's desire !
The rosy flush that lights thy cheeks,
The dawn of Orrar's bliss bespeaks !

THE IMBECILES.—"The *Whigs* are in power!" If those exceedingly wrong-headed gentlemen, who now form the Cabinet of our most gracious and much-bewildered Monarch, are to be considered the representatives, the very concentrated essence, the heart-core of Whiggism, then truly have the Whigs, as a party, deserved most righteously the abuse that their opponents have peppered upon them for so many years. The imbecility of the Grey Cabinet will have one good effect,—there is not a true Whig in all the empire that is not desirous to abandon that disgraced cognomen, for any other that will best designate his contempt for those to whom it is now exclusively applied. We know but three *legitimate* terms—Tory, Whig, and Radical; and, taking deeds as we find them in the present hour, it is a matter of question, whether the ranks of the latter-named are not daily receiving fresh and most honourable accessions of number, abstracted from Whig forces. Toryism is confined to a few rogues—none but fools would confess Whiggism; but it were better to be a rogue than a fool: for a rogue has gumption enough to foresee the impending consequences of his misdeed, and the desire to avert them; but a fool may perpetrate the same act, without the sense to understand the one, or fear the other. A Radical may become the impersonation of political excellence yet, for aught any of us know.

THE MOUNTAIN SANCTUARY.*

By DAVID VEDDER.

BLEAK was the winter-Sabbath morn,
And dreary was the sky,
When the persecuted left their caves,
To worship the Most High.

An unfrequented mountain gorge
Received the trembling flock;
Their canopy was mist and clouds,
Their altar was the rock.

The eagle o'er their sanctuary
Majestically soar'd,
And scream'd discordant, while the crowd
Most reverently adored.
The chilling wind moan'd fitfully,
Through groves of stunted pine;
And the torrent rush'd, and thundered,
Through the desolate ravine.

And from that lonely rugged spot
Ascended, rich and rare,
The incense of the contrite heart—
The sacrifice of prayer.
And angels from the heights of heaven
Did look, complacent down,
On the honoured heads that soon should wear
The MARTYN's glorious crown!

And grey-hair'd sires forgot their griefs,
And all their wrongs forgave,
When they heard of HIM whose power
The barriers of the grave.

And widows, poor and desolate,
And homeless orphans, pray'd
For pardon from the throne on high,
On their oppressor's head.

And matrons, haggard, pale, and wan,
With babes upon the breast;
Expell'd from husband, hearth, and home,
Gaunt, destitute,—oppressed,
Exulted in their sufferings,—
Nay, smiled at torture—death—
And gazed on the Sun of Righteousness,
With the eagle-eye of faith!

And wo-worn groups in manhood's
prime,
By tyranny harass'd,
Whose tatter'd garments—matted hair—
Stream'd on the wintry blast,
Attun'd their voices solemnly,
To an high and holy theme;
And the strains of Zion blended with
The roaring of the stream.

* * * * *

The ruthless conquerer may climb
The slippery steep of fame;
And venal pens, corroding brass,
Immortalize his name.
Unfading wreaths; celestial palms,
And crowns, are their reward,
Who brave the tyrant, when the sword
Of persecution's bared.

* Vide Woodrow, *passim*.

TRUE CAUSE OF IRISH DISCONTENT.—“Tithes must be abolished. The absence of this justice is the sole secret of Irish discontent. Do the same justice to Ireland as to Scotland. There is not, on the face of the globe, a people so fond of justice as the Irish; and until they are done justice to, in point of Church property, all legislation is vain. They may not break out into open insurrection; but deep-rooted discontent will mar all legislative enactments, and Ireland will ever be a source of enormous expense, of anxiety, and of weakness to England. Some honest men really suppose that Agitators are the sole cause of Irish discontent. There never was a greater delusion. That discontent has existed for centuries, simply because Ireland has always been treated as a conquered province, to which no boon was ever granted, until wrenched from her English governors by fear;—and therefore it was no longer considered a favour.”—*From an excellent speech of H. Winster Baron, Esq., M.P. published as a Pamphlet.*

SOUTHEY.

SOUTHEY! though mutable, thy soul is clear;
Politically Proteus though thou art,
Before th' upright tribunal of the heart
Thou art acquitted. Hearty was thy cheer,
When bursting from the bonds of time and fear,
The orphan, Liberty, indignant rose,
And stepp'd into the arena—crush'd the foes
Who strove in vain to curb her young career.
What wonder that, when Liberty became
Unbridled Licence, foully striking down
The rights of man, through coronet and Crown,
Thou should'st indignantly thy love disclaim,
And in thy heart hate? on thy cheek the frown
Essay the frantic Bacchanal to tame?

PAUPERISM.—POOR LAW COMMISSION.

To the Editor of Tait's Magazine.

SIR,—Illness of a most distressing nature prevented my opening your Magazine for June till two days ago, and consequently my not sooner noticing your most excellent article in that No. entitled “Pauperism—Poor-Law Commission.” And now that I have scarcely taken up my pen, I am authoritatively reminded that I must be brief. I shall therefore confine myself as nearly as possible to the recital of a few facts, strongly corroborative of your reasoning and statements in that excellent article. In the year 1809, I served the office of high-sheriff for the county of Gloucester; and the duties of office directing a material portion of my attention to the state and circumstances of the dreadfully large number of wretched inmates of the county gaol at Gloucester,* my perceptions of the intimate connexion between pauperism and crime were first awakened. Many well-intended, but slightly-efficient plans for

* There are no less than ~~five~~ gaols belonging to the county of Gloucester!

reducing pauperism, were tried in vain ; until after a visit to Paris, its prisons, and crime-multiplying system, in the year 1816, I determined to try whether, without the aid of poor laws, or what is commonly called charity, I could not induce at least a few individuals amongst the labouring population on and connected with certain property I possessed in a mining district of Monmouthshire, to exert themselves for the purpose of extricating their industry from the depths of despair, and themselves from the degradation of at least occasionally applying for parish relief. In the course of my observations and experience as a magistrate for three counties, I had become convinced that the pauperism, demoralization, and most of the crimes committed by what are called the *lower classes*, are much more imputable to the faults, errors, and injustice of the *superior classes* in society, than to the poor themselves; and that, although their crimes are visited, and sometimes most unmercifully too, on the head of the immediate offender, by *human* tribunals, the time will come when retributive justice will visit the *real* offenders—those who have been the *cause* of the evils which afflict society, through which others have suffered. In the year 1818, from the most thorough conviction that “no man will work *hard* without the *hope* of thereby bettering his circumstances, and also, that without such *hope*, there is no hold upon the laborious classes,” (to use the words quoted by you from the communication of Mr. Little of Little Stanhope,) I induced three labouring men with families, two of them common working colliers, and one a farm labourer, to take small portions of land on leases for lives, at small fixed ground-rents, for the purposes of converting them into gardens, and building thereon small but convenient and substantial cottages. With very few exceptions, everything was to be repaid by instalments, so that the very appearance of charity was cautiously avoided. The houses were built, the gardens were cultivated under potatoes; and, amidst the sneers and jeers of pauperism, demoralized fellow-workmen, and, I am sorry to add, amidst every possible discouragement which the *superior classes* could heap upon the experiment, the cottages were inhabited, and a rare heap (bury, pit) of capital potatoes secured by Michaelmas. But what was the astonishment of the revilers, when, in October and November, a great part of the gardens was cropped with winter and spring greens, and the remainder ridged up for the early spring planting. The tide began to turn: the comfort of a warm house; the sufficiency of room for separating the sexes in their lodgings where decency required it; the advantages of an oven and a pig-sty; a garden teeming with common useful vegetables the second year, and an unexhausted potato pit in the spring; but, above all, the proud feeling of the cottager that all these were his *own*, silenced the scoffer, and made the hesitating adventurers happy. Many of the most industriously-inclined of the poor eagerly and respectfully applied in the course of the second year, for portions of land in the third year. I cannot now enter into the details as I would wish, but upon proper application, they shall be given to any persons desirous of them. Suffice it to say, that the village first founded, and two others, at the distance of about two miles, each on the same property, contain at present between two and three thousand inhabitants, many of whom are the owners and families of owners of *one, two, three*, and in one or two instances, of *four* stone-built tiled cottages and productive gardens, the results of their *own* judiciously-advised, well-directed, and *hopeful industry*; affording proof from irrefragable, or if I may so term it, tangible facts, of the practicability of extricating *even now* the most degraded and dependent of the much-injured poor from the situation of wretchedness and despair into which misgovernment and oppression have plunged them. As circumstances justified the undertakings, a market-house, school, &c., &c., were built by the proprietor, and shops for the sale of most necessary articles have been established.

The experiment thus made is full of “PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS” of the most important but most simple truths of Political Economy, open to the examination of all the world, and incapable of misleading or mystifying any one.

As two of a vast many facts which ought to be known, I cannot conclude without adding that my villagers have carried away from all competition the prizes for vegetables, fruit, and even in some few cases, for flowers; and that, of the monies, or monies’ worth in materials, advanced, not more than forty pounds of all the money advanced by me, to be repaid by instalments, remains unpaid.

JOHN H. MOGGERIDGE.

WOODFIELD, NEAR NEWPORT,
MONMOUTHSHIRE, 29th June, 1833.

LITERARY REGISTER.

REFLECTIONS ON A GRADUATED INCOME AND PROPERTY TAX. By EDWARD JONES, Esq., pp. 60. London: Hurst.

THERE is much that is sound and true in this pamphlet, with some of the old rubbish about *Reciprocity*, of which farther study will enable Mr. Jones to get clear.

ECCLESIASTICAL ESTABLISHMENTS OPPOSED ALIKE TO POLITICAL EQUITY AND CHRISTIAN LAW. BY THE REV. D. YOUNG, Peeth. Glasgow: Robertson.

THE Scottish press is literally teeming with publications hostile to the principle of Ecclesiastical Establishments. The authors are chiefly Dissenting Clergymen. And this is the class of men best qualified by their education and pursuits to confront and demolish the arguments of the supporters of a state religion, and of ecclesiastical endowments. This warfare reminds us of the time scarce gone by, when arguments for slavery among Christians were gravely drawn from the Old Testament, and even from the New Testament Scriptures. But, within the last month, slavery has been prospectively abolished throughout all the British dominions. Is a mode of controversy, followed by such termination ominous? The motto to Mr. Young's able pamphlet, which is taken from Robert Hall's writings, contains the essence of the whole matter under discussion:—"Human laws may debase Christianity, but can never improve it; and, being able to add nothing to its evidence, they can add nothing to its force." The whole merits of the question, as we view it, might lie in a nut-shell. If, from the Old Testament we derive arguments for tithes, or a compulsory levy for clergymen, such as the annuity tax of Edinburgh, why not for slavery, for polygamy, for putting idolaters to death, or, as Mr. Young correctly puts it, "for putting him to death who disowns the established religion?" The simple fact of three modes of religion being ESTABLISHED by the British Legislature, is of itself sufficient to impugn the principle of establishment in the dominions of Britain. In Scotland we have Presbyterianism, the least offensive of establishments, as it is the most scantily endowed. In part of our American colonies, the Catholic faith is maintained and recognised; in England, the Episcopalian religion; and in Ireland, the most enormous and hideous political abuse is perpetrated, in the name of an established religion, that was ever in any country engrafted upon Christianity. Established religions, then, are distinctly recognised by the British government merely as affairs of political expediency. Scotland obtained a Presbyterian establishment, because Scotland then was so. But if Scotland now seek Voluntary Churches, it must be expensively and numerically superior, singly or together, for it never can be principle that will oppose the desire. We must give one brief extract from this pamphlet. It is one in which the author meets the argument of Judaism sanctioning the exaction of tithe. "We, who take simple views, cannot see that the argument merits serious refutation, or that Judaism sanctions tithe among Christians any more than it does circumcision; but since the argument is raised by clergymen of the Establishment, let it be, by all means, refuted by the ministers of the Dissenters. It is done effectually here:—

It was foreseen, from the very commencement of the present order of things, that a party would appear in this country, not of restless agitators, but of loyal and peaceable subjects, who would, in conscience, be opposed to the principle of these Establish-

ments, while their own title to be reckoned Christians, was too obvious to be disputed. Such a party has appeared, and exists at present in great numbers; and is there anything in Judaism throughout which warrants the taxing of them for Establishments of which, on principle, they disapprove? So far from warranting, Judaism condemns an exaction so iniquitous. Although he who set it up was Jehovah, the God of the whole earth, whose right to demand support to it from all classes of men it were impious to question; yet he restricted that demand to the peculiar people, and did not suffer it to go beyond them. The Levites were to receive tithes only from "*Their brethren of the House of Israel*"—from those namely who were one with them in fellowship, and who religiously concurred with them in the sacred purpose to which the tithes were appropriated. This was God's way of tithing; but the modern tithing, which is all of man, tramples on the equity, and spurns the decency, and discards the wisdom of such a limitation. It fastens on the evangelical Protestant Dissenter, and compels him, whether he will or not, to pay for the maintenance of what he believes, and has unanswerably proved to be, a corruption of Christianity. It tells him that his conscience is nothing to it; that his poverty is nothing to it—that his holy and inoffensive deportment is nothing to it; that the cheerfulness and the devotion with which he supports his own pastor is nothing to it—that its soul in short knows no pity nor any respect for his Christian excellence; but that unless he complies with its demands, whether he be able or unable, it will spail him of his goods or cast him into prison, or—if he offer resistance to its rapacity—spill his blood on the high places of the fields. Nor does it confine itself to the evangelical dissenter; it extends the same relentless demand to the money-loving Jew, the exasperated Papist, the blaspheming infidel, the prodigal and the worldling of every rank and name; deepening in one and all of these classes a hatred of Christianity, and rearing a formidable barrier in the way of their conversion.

By Mosiac statute, the payment of tithes, and of all else connected with the priesthood, was not compulsory, but free. It was not enforced by civil pains or penalties, but left, as every religious duty ought to be left, to the conscience and discretion of each individual. In the whole of the Old Testament, either in the law of Moses, or in any other part of the sacred writings, is there a law annexing pains or penalties to the non-payment of tithes? In the whole Book of God, there is no power given to a civil or an ecclesiastical court, to enforce the payment of tithes. *There is not on sacred record a single instance of a prosecution for tithes, or clerical impositions*: there is not even an attempt to extort them; and there is not an instance on record, where the distraintment of goods, or imprisonment, or civil or ecclesiastical process, was ever adopted for the recovery of tithes and ecclesiastical dues. This was not owing to the Jews always paying their tithes. We have evidence of the contrary. God says to his people, by the prophet Malachi, "Bring all the tithes into the storehouse, and prove me herewith, if I do not pour out a blessing upon you, until there is no room to receive it." This proves that the Jews were not either punctual or faithful in paying their tithes. What course does God command the prophet to adopt for their recovery? Does he bid the priests sue for them in a civil or an ecclesiastical court? Does he command them to sell the furniture—ay, the very bed of the poor, as is often done in England, and has lately been done in Edinburgh, for tithes, tithes and clerical impositions? Does he bid them imprison such as either will not or cannot pay tithes? No! The bishops, priests, and deacons of the Church of England, and the presbyteries of the Church of Scotland, have only one precedent—that is, the conduct of Hophni and Phinehas, who would not have fadded flesh but raw; and, if the people would not give it raw, they said they would take it by force. They are well come to this precedent, the only precedent on which their whole system hangs.

CAPTAIN OWEN'S VOYAGE TO ARABIA, AFRICA, AND MADAGASCAR.

2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley.

FROM the length of time that it takes for some books to make their way to Edinburgh, one would imagine that, instead of daily mails steamers, smacks, and coaches of all kinds, we were still patiently waiting the arrival of the *London Fly*, which, by an exertion, reaches the northern metropolis once a-week, or ten days; and generally brings parcels in about six weeks or two months after they were despatched. Here is a book that we should have liked to have said a great deal about; but, after it has run the great circle of the periodical press, dar-

we venture upon the exhausted theme? Of the many casualties and misfortunes of CAPTAIN OWEN'S VOYAGE, this is the least.

The VOYAGE is a narrative of disasters, sickness, and death, compiled from the *spliced logs* of the many brave fellows who sunk under the dreadful influences of the climate of Africa on European life; and from the journals of the few survivors. This expedition was sent out by the Admiralty, principally for nautical objects. Much hydrographical information was brought home, but at an expense of life which nothing can compensate. This is the more afflicting, as the officer who commanded the expedition might have prevented this dreadful havoc, had he not been tied down to time and place by Lords of the Admiralty, who, with their assistant secretaries, were the fitter to issue peremptory orders to professional seamen, from knowing little of the coasts the ships were sent to explore, and nothing whatever of the sickly seasons, or of the effects of the climate.

The record of mortality in these volumes nearly swallows up every other kind of interest.

NOTRE-DAME; OR, THE ANCIEN REGIME. *A Tale.* By M. VICTOR HUGO.
London: Effingham Wilson.

NOTRE-DAME is, by many degrees, the most striking work of fiction that France has sent us for more years than we can reckon. It is a work of great genius and originality; full of profound and elemental truth. We shall only, at this time, notice the appearance of this romance, in an English dress—so easy and well-fitted, that it looks native to the wearer—for we have a set purpose of returning to it.

EUROPE; A POLITICAL SKETCH, AND OTHER POEMS.

By CHARLES OWEN APPERLEY. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

If we do not always meet with first-rate poetry in Mr. Apperley's volume, we find liberal sentiment and good feeling, and an assertion of the right of poets to look abroad for their materials amid the strong interests, feelings, and passions which agitate society around them, instead of chirping like grasshoppers, or warbling like nightingales. In accordance with this principle, the subject-matter of the best of these poems is recent or contemporary political events. Though his name does not seem Irish, Mr. Apperley has a warm filial affection for *ould* Ireland. He has written some spirited stanzas on the suppression of the only clauses which made the Irish Church Bill desirable, to those who longed to see the abuses of the monstrous Church Establishment of Ireland abolished. His best verses are all on political subjects which possess a moral interest.

METIC VIGILS, AND OTHER POEMS. By WILLIAM BENNETT BAKER.
London: Simpkin and Marshall.

A MAN, it is said, may be known by the company he keeps:—a poet may generally be known by the topics he selects. Mr. Baker's verses are domestic and serious. He dedicates his volume to James Montgomery,—composes a *Monody* on the Death of the Rev. Adam Clarke,—inscribes Stanzas to the Memory of Henry Kirke White,—Verses to *My Mother*,—to *My Infant's Grave*,—and *My Native Village*. They are all amiable and unobjectionable; and will, we daresay, be much admired in the circle of the poet's immediate friends and neighbours; and this is not the least desirable kind of fame.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES—THE TARIFF,
CONSTITUTION, &c. &c. London: Rich.

THIS is a small, neatly got up, and compendious volume of American Statistics, or a *Useful Knowledge or Guide-Book*, for persons interested in American affairs. It is history, geography, and an almanack in one; and will be a desirable companion to emigrants and travellers, or persons connected with the United States by commercial relations.

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH. By EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, Esq., M.P.
Author of *Pelham*, *Eugene Aram*, &c. &c. London: Bentley.

THIS is a tolerably comprehensive title, but the volumes bear it out. They give a bird's-eye view of English society; an analysis of our national character, manners, and social habits; of the state of education, morals, religion, and political parties in England. The work, as a whole, is however rather illustrative than analytical. The philosophy of Bentham, the state of Science and of Art, form distinct sections. To accomplish his object, Mr. Bulwer has introduced many subordinate heads, and details, to which it is impossible for us to allude even by name. The author does not affect system or any order of arrangement; and, as may be presumed from the limits, only glances at many of the subjects, and exhausts few of them. Mr. Bulwer has communicated lightness and attraction to his work, from illustrating many of his opinions by lively anecdotes, characteristic traits of manners, little stories and sketches *à la Bruyère*, managed with the spirit and felicity which might be looked for from the author of *Pelham* and *Paul Clifford*. It is not difficult to recognise the originals of several of those worthies to whom we are introduced. We doubt not that Mr. Bulwer's painful experience has enabled him to draw those most annoying, because most unreasonable of all bores, the literary bore, of the several species.

Not a few of the opinions of the author may be fair matter of amicable controversy; and in some he has not taken sufficient pains to know his own mind. Mr. Bulwer has adopted the extreme and party opinions of the day on the Poor Laws; confounding the enormous evils of administration, with the lesser evils attending remedial institution. But if he has attacked Pauperism he has not spared PRIVILEGISM. He treats the aristocratic influences unsparingly; and, without overlooking the errors and vices of the People, traces them to their true cause—while he does ample justice to the sound and generous heart manifested by the many.

From the weight and multiplicity of his duties as an author and a Member of Parliament, Mr. Bulwer has lately resigned the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which the proprietor of that work pays him the indirect compliment of having ruined, or very seriously injured, by liberal politics. There is more of this leaven in these two volumes than has pervaded all the numbers of the Magazine since Mr. Bulwer has conducted it; nor do we imagine this will be found their disqualification, however it may have fared with the periodical.

MEMOIRS OF BARON CUVIER. By MRS. LEE, formerly MRS. BOWDICH.
1 vol. octavo, with Portrait. London: Longman, Rees, &c.

THIS Memoir of the most eminent naturalist of his age, is the production of a lady, who, from peculiar circumstances, is probably better

qualified than any individual in England to depict the personal character and domestic life of Baron Cuvier. During the life of her first husband, the African traveller, Bowdich, Mrs. Lee was introduced to the family of the great Savant; of which, for a time, she was an inmate, and with which she has since maintained frequent and friendly intercourse. Her chief purpose, as stated in her sensible preface, was to correct errors that were afloat in England respecting the character of her friend, and "to attempt to lay open to the English world the noblest part of the gifted individual—his heart." Mrs. Lee has divided her memoir into three parts, respectively tracing the leading events of Baron Cuvier's life, an account of his works, the history of his legislative career, and anecdotes illustrative of his individual character and habits. If Mrs. Lee's account of Cuvier is somewhat eulogistic, the warmth of her feelings of admiration and gratitude pleads for the pardonable excess. She has given many traits of his amiable character in domestic life, and of his benevolence, which only a woman's tact could have noted, and a woman's sensibility appreciated. To scientific persons, a chronological list of the published works of Cuvier, with a list of the leading events of his public life on the opposite page, will be interesting and useful.

OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE. 8vo, pp. 439. London: Fraser.

THIS is a reprint of the series of papers which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, under the name of the SCHOOLMASTER'S EXPERIENCE IN NEWGATE, with considerable improvements, and many important additions. The author enjoyed better opportunities of acquiring an intimate knowledge of the origin of crime, of the characters and habits of criminals, the effects of punishment, and the working of the penal code, than almost any other man can attain. He was Schoolmaster to the juvenile thieves; and a kind of confidential attorney or secretary to such of the criminals as chose to employ him. The book is one of great value, from the mass of facts which it contains on a subject of the greatest importance to society. It must already have done much good by the attention it has called to prison discipline, and the state of crime.

THE NATURALIST'S LIBRARY, Vol. II.—MONKEYS. By SIR WILLIAM JARDINE, Bart. Edinburgh: Lizars, and Stirling & Kenney.

THERE may be libraries more *useful*, libraries more *solid*, and libraries more *literary*; but there are none so generally attractive as the *Naturalist's Library*. It is for all ages, and all classes. In noticing the first volume some time since—the *Natural History of the Humming-bird*—we explained the purpose of this series. The literature, or rather the science of this volume, we conceive superior to that of the first. The *Portrait and Memoir* are those of BURTON. The coloured plates are as numerous as in the first charming volume; but then they are of monkeys, most life-like and expressive mock-men. But still one does love Circassian better than Lapland beauty; and we fear the general eye is much to be consulted in works like the *Naturalist's Library*. In a third volume we are promised a continuation of those "little loves," the *Humming-birds*.

CHRISTIAN MORALITY; a Series of Sermons, by the Rev. W. J. Fox. London: Fox.

WE have perused this little volume with great pleasure. Mr. Fox's discourses combine, with a simple and unpretending eloquence, the earnest

inculcation of whatever can elevate the human heart. They cannot be studied as they ought to be, without making the reader a wiser and a better man than when he opened the volume. Mr. Fox, it is well known, labours in a wide field: his Christianity is for the improvement of the world, and not the speculation of a moody cloister. May God's grace be with him! May the pure Being he worships, aid him in every good endeavour, and grant him what knowledge he has not yet attained!

ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By HARRIET MARTINEAU.

No. 20.—Cinnamon and Pearls. London: Fox.

THIS is one of Miss Martineau's most pleasing treatises. It transports us to the fine island of Ceylon; and, as is usual with this gifted lady's writings, we are made so familiar with the scenery, and so well acquainted with the manners, and the little everyday superstitions of the people, that we can take the voyage without doubling the "Cape of Storms," and dive for chanks and pearls, over our quiet cup of tea, by the side of a safe Scottish ingle! We exceedingly regret that these delightful periodicals draw so near a close. But while Miss Martineau lives, she will labour in some fashion, for the instruction of her countrymen. Brief as has been this excellent lady's literary career, there are few living authors to whom the world is more indebted.

FINE ARTS.

MY SKETCH BOOK.—No. 2. Tilt: London.

CHOICE, and thrice pleasant is the produce of thy pencil, George Cruikshank. We never meet thee but as a friend in whom we delight; for a facetious companion art thou, George; and a philosopher withal. Many times hast thou made our ribs ache with unvoiced laughter, and more than once, yea often, hast thou put us into grave reflection, and melancholy moralizing. In thy works are some things more than meet the eye; they be discourses to peruse attentively, and meditate upon, not skim-mard through. Thou hast been called a caricaturist; and albeit, thy exuberant faunry now and anon seeketh relief in the depicting of strange, and laughter-stirring phantasies: yet is that man a sad, shallow-thinker, George, who can detect no moral in thy tracings, or see no more than clever drolleries whereto to glance and laugh, and then go his way. With an eye to discern, thou hast the hand to pourtray nature in some of her most pointed peculiarities; representing her as she is, in truth and in fact—not as she might be, according to the imagination. Thy fancy conjureth not up a merry thought, on which the *artist* manipulates with what skill he may; whatsoever be the circumstance or condition of the original which thou desirest to immortalize, nothing but true, faithful, uninterpolated COPY will satisfy thee; and well it is that so it is; for thy pencil speaketh truth, and conveyeth often profitable, even pleasant information. Fare thee well, George, for a season; we have a word or two to say to the Tuitites of these Isles.

The autograph manuscript of a great author is a pearl of price in the estimation of all those who desire to see the workings of a master-mind; so is it with the first sketches of a renowned artist: every one loves to see the rude material from which a fine picture is made up,—yet neither is easily got at. The sketch-book of such a man as George Cruikshank must necessarily be a treat at all times; and we were not a little surprised at the tettery of our modern Hogarth, in venturing to *waste* the rough notes of his private remarks, which a little diligence would have enabled him to work into an important history, by publishing them in a crude, and undigested shape. But nature is inexhaustible; and so, we suppose, he thinks, are his own powers; and if he can afford to fling away such delightful jottings, the public and ourselves will never tire in receiving them with acceptance bounteous. The second number,—the first we have not yet seen,—of "My Sketches," which are to "ap-

pear occasionally," contains some exquisite morceaux. It is astonishing with what felicity he gives us a long story in half-a-dozen lines; every stroke of the etching needle tells. There is a miniature *scratch* of a jolly-old blade, (just below "the Jack,") of scarcely half-a-score lines; yet full of fire, vigour, and effect. The pillars of a gin-shop—a couple of liver-destroyed wretches in the last stage of drunkenness—is a sermon that an hour of words would fail in making half so eloquent; and it is in these truth-touches that Mr. Cruikshank so often shines, by bringing to the mind that conviction which makes a man moralise in spite of himself. Were we to notice (and yet they richly deserve it) all the sketches in detail contained in the present number, we might more than exhaust the space usually allotted to the Fine Arts. Yet we cannot refrain from mentioning the capital group of the Tiger-lily, nor that ruthless cockney on the deck of the Margate steamer, with hat duly tird to his coat buttonhole, and hands in pocket, muffled-up throat, and his squeamish hinder-man turned to the gale, (a gentle southerly) somewhere off sea-reach; he is a copy to the very life of some poor starveling that may be any day seen in any of the packets that start from London Bridge. The fourth sheet is full of character; all capital, and correct in copy. The old weather-beaten seaman upon the look-out with his "spy glass," brought finely up to his off eye, the near one closed with due energy, and his barcca' pipe well poised on the left arm, is a rich bit of luxury and business brought in combination. But we must restrict our observations to the mere assertion of the cleverness and point which predominate throughout the number; we are selfish in hoping that such encouragement will be given to our friend George, as will insure a long continuance of "My Sketch Book."

A Portrait of that admirable teacher of Political Economy, HARRIET MARTINEAU, has been published. It is engraved by Finden, after a painting, in miniature, by Miss Gillon. If genius and benevolence can shine through human features, this must be a delightful picture. All who have formed an acquaintance with this excellent lady's mind, through her writings, will rejoice in the opportunity of becoming familiar with the features of one whom they must so much love and

POLITICAL REGISTER.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PARLIAMENT.—The Parliament was prorogued on the 29th of August, by the King in person. The Royal Speech went over the chief measures of the session, and gave Parliament and the Ministry full praise for what they had done. In alluding to Foreign Affairs, the Speech stated, that although no definitive arrangement between Holland and Belgium had been made, the treaty concluded in May prevented a renewal of hostilities. It announced the renewal of diplomatic relations with Portugal, and that hostilities in Turkey had been terminated. The Charter of the Bank of England was said to be renewed on terms calculated to sustain public credit, and to secure the usefulness of that establishment. The system of Government established in the East Indies, it was anticipated, would prove to be wisely framed for the improvement and happiness of the natives of India; while the opening of the China Trade, would afford a new field for British commerce. In alluding to Negro Slavery it was remarked, that the interests of the Colonial proprietors had not

been overlooked; an observation in which every one will feel disposed to concur. No notice was taken of the rejection of the Local Courts' Bill; but the other measures for improving the conveyance of property and rendering law proceedings more expeditious and less costly, were duly praised; and it was announced that a commission had been appointed for digesting into one body the enactments of the Criminal Law, and for inquiring how far a similar process may be extended to the other branches of our jurisprudence. The commission for investigating the state of municipal corporations was then noticed, as well as the acts for giving constitutions to the Scotch Burghs. The Coercion Act was spoken of as a measure of great but unavoidable severity; and it was said that the spirit of insubordination and violence which had prevailed in Ireland, had, in a great measure, been subdued. The Irish Church Bill was then noticed, and the affairs of Ireland were dismissed with the intimation, that his Majesty was determined to maintain inviolate the legislative union. The estimates, it was remarked, were considerably lower than

those of former sessions: but no prospect was held out, of a farther diminution of taxation.

In closing our summary of the labours of the first Session of the Reformed Parliament, we regret to reflect, that none of those alterations in the mode of exercising the elective franchise, which experience has shown are required, have been carried. Without the vote by ballot, the majority of the electors, more especially in the counties, can never freely exercise their choice. The necessity for payment of taxes to qualify a voter, will always much narrow the number of electors; and after the experience already obtained of the mischievous consequences of this regulation, it could hardly have been expected that it would have been retained. But, above all, we regret, that no step towards the shortening of the duration of Parliaments, has been taken. As long as they continue of their present endurance, no effectual control can be maintained by the constituency over their representatives; without which control, it is impossible to obtain good government. Notwithstanding the reform in Parliament, sinecures seem as secure as ever; and it is now obvious that Ministers are resolved to maintain unrepented the taxes on the press. The opposition against the House Duty is so strong on the part of the inhabitants of the metropolis, that Ministers will feel themselves compelled to repeal it next session; but any farther removal of the public burdens is, we fear, not to be looked for, while our army is kept up at the present enormous expense. On the whole, it cannot be denied, that the Reformed Parliament has disappointed public expectation. It hardly differs from its boroughmonger predecessors. All the measures which have passed would, we are convinced, have equally passed, had no reform in the representative system been made. The most remarkable feature in the history of the session, is the servility of the House of Commons to the Ministry. This servility was strikingly evinced on many occasions, and more particularly on the votes on the Irish Coercion and Irish Church Bills, and that on the Malt Tax. Neither has the House shown much regard for the public purse; as the votes of twenty millions of compensation to the slaveholders, and of a million to the Irish clergy, testify. It was never shown that the slaveholders were entitled to any compensation; and even if they had, there is every reason to believe that the sum allowed is exorbitant. The million to be advanced to the Irish clergy is nominally a loan; but it is evident, from the opposition made to the provisions proposed by

Mr. Hume for securing its repayment, that it is a loan which will never be repaid. In this manner the people of Great Britain are taxed for the maintenance of the sinecure Church of Ireland.

ENGLAND.

A storm commenced on the 30th of August, and continued during the two following days, which occasioned very severe losses, both by sea and land. The *Amphitrite*, with 108 female convicts twelve children, and a crew of sixteen persons, was lost on the French coast, near Boulogne, and only three of the crew were saved. There is every reason to believe that the whole passengers and crew might have escaped, had the captain felt himself at liberty to allow the convicts to go on shore. But both he and the surgeon seem to have been so much alarmed by the fear of the consequences which might ensue to them from such a step, that they delayed making any attempt to put the convicts on shore, until it was too late; they thus occasioned a fearful loss of human life, and became themselves the victims of their own indecision. Many other vessels were lost on the English, Dutch, and French coasts. The Earl of Wemyss's smack was wrecked on its voyage from London to Leith, and nine ladies and children who were in the cabin were drowned. The other passengers and crew escaped, and in this case, as well as in that of the *Amphitrite*, the loss of life is to be attributed to mismanagement. In Kent, as well as in other parts of England, much damage was done in the hop grounds and orchards. The hop duty, which had been estimated a few days previously at £200,000, sunk to £50,000. In the metropolis the storm raged with great fury, and the tide was so low, that persons forded the Thames at Waterloo Bridge. At Edinburgh the storm was hardly felt.

Donna Maria, the Queen of Portugal, and the Duchess of Braganza, arrived at Portsmouth from Havre on the 8th September. Although the Queen had been recognised by the French Government, she was not received in France with the honours usually paid to royalty, but on her arrival in this country she was treated with all due honour. On the 15th September, she visited the King and Queen at Windsor, and an entertainment was in the evening given to the royal visitors.

The Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the conduct of the police at Coldbath Fields, have reported that the police did not use unnecessary violence in dispersing the mob; though it is admitted that they followed the crowd farther than was necessary, and

that they were not subjected to that efficient control which could prevent individual instances of undue exercise of power. The charge of intoxication is reported to be groundless, and on the whole it is declared "that the conduct of the police as a body, on the occasion in question, affords no just cause of complaint."

THE CLERGY.—In all parts of the kingdom the clergy are apparently contending with each other to render the church established by law hateful to the people. In England obsolete claims for tithes have been reared up, and numerous lawsuits commenced to enforce payment. Claims for personal tithes have even been made; and an agricultural labourer of the name of Dodsworth has actually been thrown into jail for payment of 4s. 4d., being the tithe demanded on his wages of L.13 a-year. This proceeding has been felt, even by the Tories, to be too bad. In Ireland some of the clergy have refused to accept of the loan voted by Parliament, preferring to take their chance of enforcing payment of their tithes to accepting what is due to them in peace. In Edinburgh the clergy have given a heavy blow to the establishment by their proceedings for payment of the Annuity Tax.

PENSIONERS AND PLACE-HOLDERS IN PARLIAMENT.—It is rather humiliating, after the efforts which have been made to reform the House of Commons, to find it necessary to make an investigation into the number of pensioners, sinecurists, and place-holders who still find a seat within the walls of St. Stephens. An investigation, however, has been made, and the result is well worthy of consideration by all who consider that the representatives of the people should be independent of the influence of the Crown. From the report of the select committee of the House of Commons, it appears that there are sixty members holding places and receiving emoluments from civil offices, pensions, &c., to the amount of L.86,291; sixty-four members holding commissions in the army, the emoluments of which, as returned, are L.23,492; nineteen members holding commissions in the navy, the emoluments being L.5,080; and forty-five members in the militia and yeomanry, who received pay when employed. The total of the public money annually divided among 188 members is L.114,863, besides occasional allowances and emoluments, of which no return has been made. This report explains in a great measure the causes of the power of the Ministry in the House of Commons. Three hundred and sixty members constitute a full House; and if these 188 receiving the public money, attend and vote for Ministers, as they must in general

find themselves bound in honour to do, the success of Ministerial measures is certain. We fear it will soon be full time to take into consideration the farther reform of the Reformed Parliament.

IRELAND.

THE Marquis of Anglesey has retired from the Viceroyalty, on the plea of ill health, and has been succeeded by the Marquis Wellesley. That nobleman is in his seventy-third year, and can hardly, therefore, possess the bodily and mental energy necessary for the execution of the duties he has undertaken. During Lord Wellesley's former administration, he distinguished himself by his efforts to put down the orange faction; and his appointment has consequently given great offence to that party.

SCOTLAND.

SIR W. RAE, the late Lord Advocate, has been returned for Bute, Captain Stuart having accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, previously to his going abroad, on professional duty. The county of Bute is wholly under the influence of the Marquis of Bute, and, consequently, Sir W. Rae was returned without opposition. He may be useful in Parliament, when the subject of the reform of the Scotch law is brought under consideration.

THE ANNUITY TAX continues to excite much interest. Ewart, a Baptist, was imprisoned for three weeks, although he is a man advanced in life, and in very indifferent health. His liberation was owing, not to the mercy of the clergy, but to a flaw having been found in the proceedings. The proceedings generally have been conducted so irregularly on the part of the clergy, that out of five imprisonments, three are said to be illegal; and actions of damages are, in consequence, either instituted or threatened.

THE CONTINENT.

The despots are evidently alarmed at the progress of liberal opinions throughout Europe, and are anxiously devising means to maintain the old system of government. The Emperor of Russia, whose treatment of the Poles proves that he is destitute of all sense of justice and feeling of compassion, is at the head of the royal conspirators against the liberties of mankind. The Congress at Manchestergratz will, in all probability, lead to important results, and may possibly again plunge Europe in a general war. It is a gratifying circumstance that the good understanding between Great Britain and France continues to increase; for as long as peace exists between these two countries, Austria and Prussia will dread engaging in war. Notwithstanding the military resources of these countries, they cannot

regard a conflict with Great Britain and France without alarm; for to the navy of the former and the army of the latter would be added domestic insurrection, the very fear of which would prevent the Austrian and Prussian Governments from engaging with their whole strength in the struggle. The Austrian Monarchy contains within itself the seeds of its own dissolution. Lombardy, the Tyrol, Hungary, and Galicia, are anxiously watching the time when they may assert their liberties; and it requires all the vigilance of the Government to prevent the discontents which have long existed in these important parts of the Empire from breaking out into open explosion. In such circumstances Austria has every reason to wish for the maintenance of peace; although it is not improbable that the Emperor of Russia will use all his influence to induce her to enter into the league against the freedom of Europe. Without her cordial co-operation, such a league would prove of little efficacy; and it is therefore on the policy to be pursued by Austria that the peace of Europe chiefly depends.

FRANCE.

THE King of France has made a royal progress to Havre, during which the usual quantity of flattery and absurdity, for which such occasions are remarkable, has been exhibited. Upwards of thirty members of the English royal yacht squadron attended his Majesty on this occasion, and Louis Philippe appears to have been highly gratified with this mark of respect paid him by the British nobility. The treatment experienced by Donna Maria in France gives some colour to the rumour that the Duke of Nemours has been rejected as a suitor of the young Queen. Monarchy seems far from increasing in popularity. The Republican papers so far outstrip in circulation those of the *juste milieu* party, that it is believed that the Ministry contemplate the imposition of farther burdens on the press, by increasing the duty on newspapers. The Bourbons do not yet seem to be reconciled to a private station, and the motions of the Duchess de Berri are watched with much jealousy by the Government. This lady, who is as restless as ever, has been kindly received by her brother the King of Naples, and she has obtained permission to visit Charles X.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

THE differences between these two countries continue as far from a settlement as ever. The King of Holland has been invited to take part in the Congress at Munchengrätz, whither the Prince of Orange has already proceeded. Until the deliberations of that Congress are

closed, it is vain to expect a settlement of the Belgian question.

RUSSIA.

THE Emperor of Russia, in his way to the Congress, was tossed about for three days in the Gulf of Finland; and he was at last obliged to put back to St. Petersburg, and proceed by land to Schwedt. The Duke of Cambridge has set out for the same destination; and it is not unlikely that the Congress may be honoured with the presence of the Duke of Cumberland, who has broken up his establishment in London. The investigation into the alleged conspiracy by the Polish refugees against the life of the Emperor continues, and fourteen or fifteen Poles have been arrested; but the greater number of the conspirators have concealed themselves. Whether any such conspiracy ever existed, it is difficult to determine; as it is the policy of the Russian Court to get up such plots, in the hope of palliating, in some measure, the atrocities committed against the Poles.

SPAIN.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the rumours, the King of Spain is not only still alive, but able to transact business. His Majesty seems to become more liberal as he advances in years, and has opposed the advice of Zen Bermudez to interfere actively in favour of Don Miguel.

PORTUGAL.

THE Constitutional Cause, though not yet triumphant, proceeds favourably. The Miguelites have abandoned their attempts on Oporto, and have marched towards Lisbon, with the view no doubt of assailing the capital. The Miguelite forces are estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000 men, while Don Pedro has not more than 10,000 to oppose them; but as the fortifications of the city have been strengthened, lines formed two miles in advance, and the garrison of Oporto, are in the rear of the assailants, confident expectations are entertained that the Constitutionalists will be able to repel every attack made on them. The recognition of Donna Maria by Britain, France, and Sweden, and the honours with which she has been received in this country, cannot fail to prove of much service to her cause; and even though Lisbon should be taken by Don Miguel, his chance of ultimate success, will not be greater than it was two months ago.

SWITZERLAND.

THE discontents in Switzerland still continue, though open hostility has for the present been put down. There is strong reason to suspect that Prussia and Austria have fomented the disturbances; their object being to occupy the country with a military force; a step which, if

permitted by France, would be of great consequence to the despots in the prosecution of their schemes.

ITALY.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the efforts and precautions of the Austrian Government, the flame of liberty has not been extinguished in Italy. The Austrian despotism is execrated throughout the whole Peninsula; and were it not for the subdivision of the country into paltry states, the numerous fortresses, garrisoned by large bodies of Austrian troops, the removal of the Italian soldiery into Hungary, and the substitution of German troops in their place, Italy would, ere now, have been revolutionized. But the circumstances we have enumerated present powerful obstacles to the friends of liberty; and the time has hardly yet arrived when the efforts of the Italian Liberals, to free their country from Austrian domination, is likely to prove successful. The great danger to be dreaded is a premature attempt, which may endanger the safety of those friends of liberty who yet remain in their native land.

GREECE.

THE French troops have retired from the Morea; and thus another instance has been added to their relinquishing the military occupation of Belgium, of the good faith of the French Government. King Otto, as may easily be imagined, is not well pleased at this respect for the faith of treaties shown by the French, for his subjects are far from being reduced to due subordination. We fear that the experiment made by the European potentates, of setting a "King Log" to rule over the modern Greeks, is not likely to succeed.

TURKEY.

As might have been anticipated, the Russians are not inclined to give up the hold they have obtained in Turkey. Constantinople, no doubt, is evacuated by the Russian troops, but they have only retired to a convenient distance. There is much reason to believe that Wallachia and Moldavia have been ceded to Russia, in payment of the debt which has been raised up against the Sultan. The Russians have no doubt laid their plans for gradually incorporating the Turkish dominions with their own empire; a scheme which, judging from the apathy shown by the great Powers of Europe, they may ere long accomplish.

THE WEST INDIES.

THE first scheme for the emancipation of the slaves, that by which a loan of fifteen millions was to be granted as a compensation to the slaveholders, was received with much hostility; but when the planters learned that the loan of fifteen millions was converted into a gift of

twenty, the plan was highly approved of. Upon farther consideration, however, the slaveholders appear to think it expedient to conceal their satisfaction at the very favourable bargain which they have made, with the view, no doubt, of obtaining still farther advantages from Government. Had it been anticipated that in the Whig plan for the abolition of slavery, the slaves were to be purchased at more than their full value, we suspect we should have had the planters advocating rather than opposing negro emancipation. We much fear that the emancipation scheme will prove very burdensome to the country. The twenty millions voted for compensation is only the first payment. Besides the expense of the judges who are to superintend the operation of the plan, Britain must lay her account with supporting the aged negroes who are too old, and many of the children who are too young to support themselves by their labour. How many millions such support may add to our national debt we have yet to learn; but it can hardly fail to increase considerably the sum voted as compensation.

AFRICA.

The French Ministry have announced their intention, of permanently retaining Algiers, adding that they are not bound by any treaty to give it up. We suspect, however, that the French already feel that its possession is more troublesome than lucrative. The continual incursions of the Arabs are very annoying, and have in some recent instances been repelled with difficulty. The civilization of the tribes in the neighbourhood of Algiers, is a task requiring much time, and is likely to prove more beneficial to posterity than to the present generation.

TRADE AND AGRICULTURE.

THE rise of the price of wool and cotton has ceased, and symptoms of a fall are visible. The increase of price has had an injurious effect on our manufactures; for as apprehensions were entertained that the rise would not be permanent, manufacturers were unwilling to purchase largely, and the same disinclination was perceptible among the buyers at the cloth halls. A brisker demand is, however, soon anticipated, as the season is approaching for laying in the winter stock of goods; and this expectation probably prevents the reduction which might otherwise take place. The cotton weavers continue to be well employed.

LEATHER.—The Leather Fair at Bristol, in the beginning of September, was numerously attended, and the demand was brisk. More extensive sales were effected

than at any fair for several years past. No great advance of price was however obtained.

THE IRON TRADE continues in a prosperous state, a farther advance of 10s. per ton having taken place. This branch of trade cannot fail to be benefited by the extension of railways throughout the kingdom, on account of the great consumption of iron, which must thus be occasioned.

AGRICULTURE.

THE evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons corroborates the statements which have long prevailed, relative to the distress of the agriculturists. It is now established beyond question, that agricultural capital has rapidly decreased within these few years, and that the effects of that decrease are apparent in a diminution of the stock of cattle and sheep,—in the imperfect cultivation of the soil,—and in deficient crops. In some parts of England, it appears that farms capable of yielding from 12 to 16 bushels of wheat per acre, have been altogether abandoned, the price of grain being inadequate to pay any rent, after discharging the burdens affecting the land. Only two witnesses from Scotland were examined; who must have been very inadequately informed of the state of our agriculture, if they stated, as we understand they did, that distress does not generally prevail. It may be true that some farmers are in a better condition at present than they have been in at some former periods since the termination of the war; but we can assert, from extensive inquiries, made in almost every grain-growing district in Scotland, that the farmers have never, since the commencement of this century, at least, been in a worse condition than at present. Since 1815, they have seldom had a season in which they could provide for more than their rent and their current expenses; and during bad years, of which there have been many, their rents were in a great measure paid from their capital. That great distress must exist, will appear from the slightest consideration. While the price of grain has fallen nearly one-half since the war, the rents of farms have not been reduced more than a third; and in most instances no abatement whatever was given until the capital of the tenant was exhausted, and a debt incurred in paying the rent stipulated for when grain could be sold at the high prices. Seventy years ago, grain was nearly the same price as it is at present, while rents have increased at least four-fold. The landholders have not yet felt the whole evil of the fall of prices. Their rent-rolls are much higher than can

continue to be paid, unless a great and permanent rise take place in the price of grain. Their rents have hitherto been drawn either from the capital of their tenants, or from deteriorating the soil; but we strongly suspect that neither of these sources can be much longer relied on. The capital of the tenant is in most cases exhausted; and numerous instances could be pointed out, even in our most favoured grain-growing districts, where the soil has been run out and impoverished, in the vain effort to pay an exorbitant rent. The landowners are suffering more at present from the deterioration of the soil than they are generally aware of. Much more is to be considered in the management of an estate than the keeping up of the rent-roll, and preventing the tenants from getting into arrears. Efforts to draw more from the soil than it is capable of yielding may succeed for a few years, but they must end in ultimate loss.

The weather for the harvest has been on the whole favourable; and the greater part of the crop, in the lower districts of Scotland, was secured by the middle of September, in good condition. Much loss was sustained from storming, by the high winds in the latter part of August. The crop, generally, is much inferior in bulk to that of last year. Wheat is thin on the ground and deficient in straw, but remarkably free from disease, and of excellent quality. Barley is about an average crop; and the quality is also superior. Oats hardly reach an average. Beans have been much injured by insects, and the crop will turn out deficient, but peas promise well. The potato crop has improved greatly, but will probably not reach an average. These remarks, regarding the crops in Scotland, generally, apply equally to England and Ireland; and on the whole, we may conclude, that the crops throughout the kingdom, are under an average.

ORCHARDS.—This has been a remarkably bad season for stone fruit of all kinds; the produce of apples and pears is also rather deficient. The fruit in the orchards on the Clyde yielded upwards of L.3000.

CATTLE AND SHEEP.—The prices of cattle and sheep still keep up. At Falkirk trysts, on the 9th September, there was a brisk demand for sheep, of which upwards of 50,000 were on the ground. The prices were from 15 to 20 per cent. above those of last year. Cattle were also in good demand, but the prices received were not so much above those of last year, as those realized for the sheep. The number of cattle exceeded 40,000. There was a great show of horses, but few of them were sold.

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE RADICAL PARTY.

DURING the critical periods of the last session, the call of the Radicals to office became, for the first time, a subject of speculation. From the moment that the feasibility of a Radical Ministry was discussed, a charm was broken which had operated to their exclusion. The corollary to *potest quia posse videtur*, (he *can* because it is thought he *can*,) is the negative, he *cannot*, because it is thought he *cannot*. So long as it seemed impossible that the Radicals could form a Ministry, or that the Radicals could be intrusted with the government, the opinion of the impossibility went far towards making the impossibility. That opinion has lost much of its confidence. Instead of the off-hand, contemptuous, assertion of impossibility, we now hear the discussion of the practicability; and though the conclusion is generally in the negative, an important step is made, in the agitation of the question. The Radicals themselves are least interested in this matter. They have not yet thought of office. The thing has seemed too distant to occupy their attention. But the Whigs and the Tories have thought much of the possibility and the probabilities of a Radical Administration, and are not forcibly struck with objections and difficulties which seem insurmountable to the Radicals.

This is to be observed: that Radicals are in the habit of taking a view of each other which men of the two opposite parties do not take of the Radicals. The strength of the Radicals is better understood by antagonists, upon whom their blows fall, than by those with whom they stand ranked shoulder to shoulder. The Radical combatant, seeing his neighbour's piece flash in the pan, cries "Pish! this fellow is good for nothing!" Or, when he observes him ramming down five or six cartridges, one upon the other, he exclaims, "There is no such thing as serving in the same rank with this thoughtless man; his piece will

burst with the charge, and blow us to pieces !" But, on the opposite side, they see nothing of the flash in the pan, and they feel the effect of the next shot ; and they know nothing of the danger of the excessive charge, and they receive the unwelcome bullets of the supernumerary cartridges.

The very earnestness of the Radicals in the cause makes them over-critical upon each other. The Whigs, when they stood opposed to Tories more directly than the Radicals are now opposed to the Whigs, were not affected with any such cause of disunion. They were not so anxious about objects as to spoil their fellowship. The cause was with them a mere pretence. They were only anxious to make a show of battling for the people ; and had a large toleration for backward comrades. As a party, they had all the advantages of the *sang froid*.

There are some prominent Radicals, perfectly conscious of all qualifications for power in themselves, but who cannot recognise in others the fitness for colleague. When these persons have severally and separately surveyed their own qualifications, they have surveyed everything that is trustworthy in the world ; and all beyond is doubt and despair, or contempt, scorn, and aversion. Affected more or less with this error, (the causes of which we shall presently explain,) the leading Radicals are the last men who will see the feasibility of a Radical government.

Those who cast about to see whether the thing is practicable, are in the habit of challenging the names of men for certain appointments and of inferring too much from the hesitation or difficulty there always is in the answer. They have to observe, however, that vast is the difference of effect between a thing proposed and a thing done ; that a different opinion awaits a Ministry actually named by the King, from that which is exercised upon an ideal cabinet. Possession goes a long way, in opinion of qualification, as well as in law. Six months before the Whig Ministry was formed, had any one suggested the arrangement of it, with the solitary exception of the appointment of Lord Grey, he would have been overwhelmed with derision.

. . . . quod optanti Divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvens dies en attulit ultro.

We have ourselves heard a shout of ridicule raised at the suggestion of Lord Brougham for the Great Seals. What would become, was it, asked, of the real property of the country, with a Judge of such incompetency in the Presidency of the Chancery ? He would throw all equity into confusion, it was confidently asserted. Yet he is Chancellor ; and, when promoted, the impression of his unfitness lost all its force. As for the appointment of Lord Althorp to the Exchequer, lived there a man out of Bedlam, or in Bedlam, who would have ventured to suggest it ? Had any one in speculation named Lord Palmerston for the Foreign Office, the comment would have been, " What ! a Tory ! — a hack of the Castlereagh stud ! Can he pull fairly with a liberal

Ministry? Preposterous!" He has pulled as well as any of them, because he was a hack. But we are showing what objections *would have been*, and not what was their soundness. Had Lord Melbourne been proposed for the Home Office, the narrow aristocratic tenor of his whole political career would have been instanced in objection, and especially his palliation of the Manchester massacre. It may be observed, that these objections have been justified, and the anticipations of incapacity realized; and that the objections to Radicals, and anticipations of their incapacity, would in like manner be verified. But, after all, it is commonly concluded that the present Ministry, with all its feebleness and faults, is the best that, in present circumstances, can be had; and, supposing the worst, of a trial of the Radicals in office, it may be said of them, too, that, though not all that could be wished, there are no better to be found. Power carries with it large allowances; and when we weigh the reputation of men out of office, with the reputation of men in office, with a view to deciding on the fitness of both for office, a great error is committed. In the scale for the political race, the saddle weighs more than the jockey.

The Radicals have their disadvantages, which we have never denied; nay, we have been forward in proclaiming them, for we have been anxious to remove them; but they have, on the other hand, elements of strength which are very much undervalued, and their opinions are spreading and seizing upon the minds of men who don't lack the worldly vantage-ground for giving the most powerful effect to them. Radicalism is now to be found in all the *strata* of society. It has been slowly but steadily mounting upwards, and has its hold in every class; more in one order, and less in another; but some footing everywhere, and everywhere still extending. This is not the case with the Whig and Tory parties, whose range is limited to the Aristocracy and Middle Classes, and becoming daily weaker and weaker in the latter. A cause is now in operation which will accelerate the renouncement of Whig and Tory opinions in the Middle Classes. Whig and Tory will unite in endeavouring to maintain the Church; and by the Middle Classes, who constitute the body of dissent, the Church will not be borne; and every attempt to support it will alienate the middle people from the politics of the supporters, and propel them to Radicalism. The Church is, at this period, the most powerful lever for the work and the cause of the Radicals. Every struggle made for the Church breaks up the soil upon which all our rotten institutions rest. In the custom of quiet was their safety; and whatever agitates the minds of men, and sets them upon extreme resolutions and action, must hasten the downfall. For the Church, or against the Church, will soon be the great questions dividing and determining the political arrays. This contest goes to the core of the nation; and to the core of the nation Radicalism will go with it. In the generality of political disputes, there is some delusion in talking of the opinion of the People as ranged on the

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one side or the other. The mass of the people is generally inert. The portion exercising opinion, constituting what is termed public opinion, is, in truth, commonly a small minority of the whole nation. This small but energetic minority, composed of those who think, or think they think, is divided into the conflicting parties of Whig, Tory, and Radical ; and the larger part of the divided minority assumes the name of *the People*. Such is the ordinary state of things ; but there are great questions, great excitements, which warm the mass usually incurious and inert, and fuse it into one of the fiery streams of opinion,—such as the late Queen's persecutions, or the Reform in Parliament. We will not add the Church ; because what the Church question *will be*, no other question since that between the first Charles and the People has been. The Church we now look upon as a vast stove, melting the apathy of the country, and turning the naturally cold and sluggish material to rushing fiery streams. All this lava runs to Radicalism. It is true that it will cool again with the exhaustion of the cause of ebullition, and settle down into immobility ; but this it will not do, till Whig and Tory, and the things for which Whig is Whig and Tory is Tory, have received a damage past repair.

That things are working for Radicalism—that the tide is making for the party, is clear enough ; but the question is, in what trim the party will be found to float upon it. And here we must observe, that the word *party*, in its political acceptation, is inapplicable to the Radicals. In everything implied to a fault in the word Party, the Radicals are deficient to a fault. As yet, they are so far from the culpable compromises of party, that they are not ripe for agreement in the selection and pursuit of objects. It were almost as reasonable to speak of the party of brown-haired men or black-haired men, or the party of the blue-eyed or the hazel, as of the party of the Radicals. The term is applied for want of a better, to describe a heterogeneous mass, having the one principle in common, that the people should and shall be governed for the benefit of themselves, and not for the benefit of their governors, except as the benefit of governors is identical with the benefit of the governed. Upon this end the Radicals are agreed ; or they who do not propose this end, have no right to the name of Radicals. But the differences begin with the first start towards it. There are Radicals who are Republicans,—there are Radicals who are Monarchical,—there are Radicals who hold to the institution of property, as to the sheet-anchor of society,—and there are Radicals who, to favour industry, would make sacrifice of property, which is the object of industry. As we descend into the mass, these sects multiply. Among the leading men, the differences of opinion are slight in themselves ; but they avail for separation, and the prevention of any cordial co-operation. The great body of the Radicals, we believe, at the present moment to be, or to believe themselves, monarchical ; but it is melting into Republicanism, and many are Republican without knowing it. They are

striving for a Republic in substance, without wishing to disturb the forms and outward semblance of a monarchy. This is a matter not worth present dispute. Should the time for discussing it arrive, the question will be simply this:—Shall we have the uses of one thing, with the costly sign of another; shall we put in operation one set of principles, and keep up for show only, and at a great expense, the principle of power without qualification, at variance with them?

To the leading Radicals, or, more properly speaking, as there are none who *lead*, to the more prominent in public life, we ought to look for the guidance of the Radical spirit into right channels. But they are chiefly occupied in nursing their reputations for the little coteries of the true worship, or the true creed. This anxiety about a small fame detracts lamentably from efficiency. The perpetual consideration whether a thing is *lanti*, or *worthy* of the individual who deliberates about taking it up, extinguishes the true public spirit, which should have no regard but to the usefulness of the object, be it little or be it great. And after a man has once waived action to this consideration, he falls into a habit of inertness; his past negligences mount up into precedent, and become reason for not doing upon present occasion what he has not done upon occasions past; and thus his omissions make his rule of conduct.

If the last session of Parliament, the Radicals did not fulfil expectation. Those of whom much was expected, disappointed; and others, of whom opinions absolutely unfavourable were entertained, distinguished themselves most honourably. The latter had not to *sustain* reputation, and they have earned it. We would particularly instance Mr. Clay, the Member for the Tower Hamlets, who showed himself one of the most right-thinking men in the House, and a sufficiently-good speaker for all useful and desirable purposes. The plea of many of the Radical Members, for their omissions, is the unmannerly, the ruffianly, conduct of the House. They could not bear up against the contemptuous inattention, or the boisterous yells, and outcries; that is to say, they could not perform their part, which is, to bear up against all these things, and so to beat them down. No man in Parliament will be serviceable to the people's cause who cares for, who thinks of the House. Any desire to have the ear of the House, or carry along its sentiment, is an absolute detriment to efficiency, a division and a waste of power. A man who has the abilities and the ambition to take a commanding position in the country, should, in the present state of things, use the House only as a place whence his speeches go forth to the public. He should think of nothing but the reports. He should speak for the people out of doors, and know that what fully serves and satisfies them must be displeasing to the aristocrats by whom he is surrounded. There is no trimming between the two things, without losing something of effect, on the one side or the other. The man who attempts to keep well with

the House, must abstain from uttering many plain truths which would be acceptable and serviceable to the people. But he must be heard to be reported, some one here observes ; and he must study the humour of the House, in order to have its attention, or its toleration, at least. We answer, that any man whose mind is more in his work than in his repûte,—who is more anxious about objects than present fame and present applause,—who will persevere, and rise, and at it again after every fall,—will make his own terms with the House. Mr. Hume is an example. He had to encounter every sort of attempt to bear him down—ridicule, scorn, bellowing, bullying, &c. ; but *he would not be put down* ; and though fighting his battle with every disadvantage, his pertinacity conquered the insolence of the House. So it will be with any other man, of competent abilities, who resolutely makes the attempt. But, in making the attempt, he must lay his account with every conceivable annoyance. He must press on, like the adventurer in the Fairy Tale, whose progress up the mountain of enchantment is opposed by unseen hands, and whose ears are stunned by the threats and scoffs of bodiless voices ; but who, aware of the conditions of failure, (that if he stop or turn back he will be turned to stone, and serve, as all do who fail in great enterprises, as impediment to those who may follow in the same attempt,) goes steadily and undauntedly on to success.

Faint hearts are no hearts for the gallantry necessary to the People's cause ; and a sensitive ear is no accompaniment to a patriot's tongue. Nothing grows on exercise so much as daring. The first thing which a man finds upon trial of his courage, is the little occasion there is for the courage, or the nothingness of nine-tenths of the apprehensions that would have daunted one less bold.

When we investigate the causes of that disunion of the Radicals, which may be referred to individual *impracticability*, (if we may be allowed the expression,) though we find much of inconvenience in the effect, it is impossible to regret the circumstances to which it owes its existence. The same habits of mind which enable a man exposed to the corruptions of society to preserve and maintain his opinions against the sneers and sophisms of the great majority of those with whom he mixes in aristocratic circles, of the more pretending of the middle classes ;—the same habits, we affirm, which enable him to hold the truth that is in him against these manifold assaults, fortify his convictions against all other impressions. Having held out in garrison so long against enemies, he has acquired a custom of resistance and impenetrability, which is turned against friends. Locked up in his martello tower, he cannot walk arm-in-arm with his brother. The hard properties that have preserved his Radicalism, prevent amalgamation. This is the great obstacle to the working of a Radical Ministry. Can the Radicals co-operate? Ability there is enough, and aptitude for

business; in connexion, too, with the station in society on which the prejudices of the country insist. The concord is the only doubt.

In Parliament, we have no hesitation in naming, as perfectly qualified for office, (we take them in alphabetical order to avoid any invidious precedence,) Mr. Charles Buller, Mr. E. Bulwer, Mr. Clay, Lord Durham, Mr. Grote, Mr. Hume, Mr. Lloyd, Member for Stockport, Sir William Molesworth, Mr. O'Connell, Sir Henry Parnell, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. John Romilly, Mr. Strutt, Mr. Wallace of Kelly, Mr. Warburton.

Out of the House—and there is no sufficient reason for limiting the choice of the leading public functionaries to the House—Mr. Bickersteth, Mr. Charles Austin, Colonel Napier, Mr. Crawford, and several others may be named, as men of Radical opinions tempered with judgment, and eminent abilities. But there are others practised in business, who come under no political denomination, and who would be valuable auxiliaries in the subordinate offices of a Radical Government.

WIN-HILL;* OR, THE CURSE OF GOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

THIS day, ye mountains! is a holiday;
 Not the bless'd Sabbath, yet a day of rest,
 Though wrung, by cant, from sordid men, who pay
 Their homage to the god whom cant loves best.
 I hallow it to Heaven, and make it blessed.
 Wild Moscar Dell, receive me! headlong Wye,
 Let my soul hear thee from the mountain's breast,
 Telling thy streamlets, as they leap from high,
 That richer, lovelier vales, and nobler hills are nigh!

Now quit thy home, thou bread-tax'd Artisan!
 Drink air and light, pale victim, while thou may'st!
 What dost thou hence, umbrella'd Englishman,
 Bound to thy pagod in the straited waste?
 Deem'st thou that God dwells only where thou pray'st?
 Come worship here, while clouds the hill-tops kiss!
 Death numbereth them who linger where thou stay'st.
 Bliss-praying supplicant! why shunn'st thou bliss?
 Oh, can ye hope for heaven, and scorn a scene like this?

Thy sisters, in the vales left far behind,
 Are dead, late-coming Primrose! months ago,*
 They faded slowly in the pensive wind:
 Thou smilest—yes, the happy will do so,
 Careless of others' wrongs and others' wo.

* The central mountain—not the highest—of the Peak of Derbyshire.

Carnationed childhood's favourite! thou, too, here?
 Ay, roses die, but daisies always grow.
 Skeleton, Ash! why lag behind the year?
 Where Don and Rother meet, no half-clad boughs appear.

Nor there, are children of the young year seen;
 But tawdry flowers flaunt where they grew, and tell
 How soon they died! even as the base and mean
 Laugh o'er a good man's grave. But near the well
 That never fails, the golden pimpernel
 Enjoys the freshness of this Alpine clime;
 And violets linger in each deep cool dell,
 As lowly virtues of the olden time
 Cling to their cottage-homes, and slowly yield to crime.

Last Wind-flower! knew'st thou April? Infant June
 Sees thee, and reddens at thy modest smile;
 And o'er thee still May's chaffinch sings his tune,
 Well pleased thy musing idlesse to beguile,
 Where two streams meet beneath thy lonely isle;
 And cottony bog-rush, and the antlered moss,
 And the brake's lady,* cluster round thee, while
 Their heads at thee the rising foxgloves toss,
 Where gnarled and lichened oaks the shadowed torrent cross.

So bad men frown! but can their frowns compel
 The cowslip to remain beneath the sod?
 Can they prevent the mosses of the dell
 From lifting up their tiny hands to God?
 No, to the soul these point its far abode,
 And humbly tell us what the angels are;
 Immortal flowers! as dewdrops on the sod,
 Pure; or the beams that hymn from star to star,
 The King who paves with suns his wheelless, noiseless car.

Oh, thou great Scotsman, with the meteor-pen!
 Come from thy Trosachs, Wilson,† come, and paint
 Yon monarch of our Alps! that little men
 May feel thy Titan soul in theirs, and faint
 Almost with inspiration; from the taint
 Of worldly vileness freed, as by a spell,
 And made, at once, half-prophet and half-saint,
 When rending thee to town-sick hearts, they tell
 Of scenes few love like thee, and none can paint so well.

How wildly start the wild flocks as we gaze!
 How softly sleeps upon the lap of noon
 The cloud-couched lightning! and how sweetly plays
 The laughing blue above the blackness; soon
 To melt in fire and horror, where, aboon
 This lesser giant's storm-swollen floods and firs,
 Yon distant giant fronts the mid-day moon,
 While solemnly the wind-fed wigan‡ stirs
 Its flapping leaves alone, o'er fern and sun-bright furze!

* The Ladysmock, Rousseau's flower. † The Author of the City of the Plague.

‡ The mountain-ash.

To bathe with married waves their monarch's feet,
See, where the Ashop and the Derwent haste ;
And how he rears him from the vale, complete .
In all his time-touched majesty, embraced
By the blue, bright-blue heavens ; his proud brow graced
With that stone diadem which Nature made
Ages before her practised hand had graced
With living gems the bluebell-haunted shade,
Or, high in lucid air, her wind-swift wings displayed !

King of the Peak ! Win-Hill ! thou, throned and crowned,
That reign'st o'er many a stream, and many a vale !
Star-loved, and meteor-sought, and tempest-found !
Proud centre of a mountain-circle, hail !
The might of man may triumph, or may fail ;
But, Eldest Brother of the Air and Light,
Firm shalt thou stand when demigods turn pale !
For thou, ere Science dawned on Reason's night,
Wast, and wilt be when Mind shall rule all other might.

To be a crowned and sceptred curse, that makes
Immortals worms ! a wolf, that feeds on souls !
One of the names which vengeance whips with snakes
Whose venom cannot die ! a king of ghouls,
Whose drink is blood ! To be clear-eyed as owls,
Still calling darkness light, and winter spring !
To be a tiger-king, whose mercy grows !
To be of meanest things the vilest thing !
Throned Asp o'er lesser asps ! What grub would be a king ?

But, crown'd Win-Hill ! to be a king like thee !
Older than death ! as God's, thy calm behest !
Only heaven-rivalled in thy royalty !
Calling the feeble to thy sheltering breast,
And shaking beauty from thy gorgeous vest,
And lov'd by every good and happy thing !
With nought beneath thee that thou hast not blessed,
And nought above thee but the Almighty's wing !
Oh, glorious god-like aim ! who would not be a king ?

But, lo, the Inn ! the mountain-girded Inn !
Whose amber stream is worth all Helicon !
To pass it fasting were a shame and sin ;
Stop ! for the gate hangs well that hinders none ;
Refresh, and pay, then stoutly travel on !
Ay, thou hast need to pree the barley-wine ;
Steep is 'th' ascent, oh, hard, thou look'st upon !
To reach that cloud-capt seat, and throne divine,
Might try a stronger frame, and younger limbs than thine.

Now, having drank of jolly ale enough,
To climb Win-Hill is worth ambition—Yea !
Ambition, even if made of jolly stuff,
Should drink strong ale, or never will he say
To rival climbers, " Follow on my way ! "

Old ale and jolly, be it dark or pale,
 Drink like a toper, be thou green or grey !
 Drink oft and long, or try to climb, and fail !
 If thou would'st climb Win-Hill, drink old and jolly ale !*

" Blow, blow, thou breeze of mountain freshness, blow !"
 Stronger and fresher still, as we ascend
 Strengthen'd and freshen'd, till the land below
 Lies like a map !—On ! on ! those clouds portend
 Hail, rain, and fire !—Hark, how the rivers send
 Their skyward voices hither, and their words
 Of liquid music !—See ! how blueely blend
 The east moors with the sky !—The lowing herds,
 To us, are silent now, and hush'd the songful birds.

This spot is hallow'd : sacred are these rocks,
 To death and sorrow. Here, amid the snow,
 A stranger died,† where seldom the wild flocks
 Ascend to feed. Clouds ! for ye only know
 His griefs and wrongs ; tell me his name of wo,
 The mutter'd history of his broken heart ;
 That of a thing so noble we may owe
 To you a relic, never to depart,
 A tale, o'er which proud men may sometimes pause, and start !

From the hard world that scorn'd to scorn him, he
 Retir'd, to die in solitude, as dies
 The royal eagle in his majesty,
 Where no mean bird may peck his fading eyes ;
 And told the mournful winds, with tears and sighs,
 That so fall'n man should ever die, alone
 And undegraded. O'er his cheek the skies,
 Stooping in pity, wept to hear him groan,
 And drown'd in faithful tears his soul's last low-breath'd moan.

Nor other tears for him were ever shed,
 Except by her who, dying, to her breast
 Clasped him, her child, and mourn'd his father dead ;
 And kiss'd and kiss'd that babe, and bless'd and bless'd
 The orphan'd worm that suck'd her into rest ;
 And still, almost with hope, her grief beguiled,
 And tried to pray, till death her eyeballs press'd—
 But could not pray, amid her ravings wild—
 That God would take the life she gave to that poor child !

* See our old song " Back and sides go bare."

† A few years ago, a human skeleton was found near the summit of this mountain, and removed to the church-yard at the village of Hope, where it remains uncoffined and uninterred.—*Hallamshire and Derbyshire Magazine.*

He died. But still the winds that lov'd him came
And whisper'd, though he made them no reply.
And still his friends, the clouds, bedew'd his frame
With frozen tears, less cold than charity.
But little men, whom summer brought to see
The heath-cock's plumes, beheld him where he lay,
And robb'd him of that glorious tomb, which he
Chose in his pride; bearing his bones away,
His proud, insulted bones, to mix with common clay.

And I will *not* loathe man—although he be
Adder and tiger!—for his sake, who died
Here, in his desolation great and free,
And, with a fall'n immortal's might and pride,
On human nature's dignity relied,
When all else failed. No workhouse menial's blows,
Check'd his last sob! no packthread mockery tied
His sunken chin! and sick of mortal woes,
I bless the pillow which his Hampden-spirit chose.*

High on the topmost jewel of thy crown,
Win-Hill! I sit bareheaded, ankle-deep,
In tufts of rose-cupp'd bilberries; and look down
On towns that smoke below, and homes that creep
Into the silvery clouds, which far-off keep
Their sultry state! and many a mountain stream,
And many a mountain vale, "and ridgy steep;"
The Peak, and all his mountains, where they gleam
Or frown, remote or near, more distant than they seem!

There flows the Ashop, yonder bounds the Wye,
And Derwent here towards princely Chatsworth trends;
But, while the Nough steals purple from the sky,
Lo, northward far, what giant's shadow bends?
A voice of torrents, hark! its wailing sends!
Who drives yon tortured cloud through stone-still air?
A rush! a roar! a wing, a whirlwind rends
The stooping larch. The moorlands cry "Prepare!
It comes! ye gore-gorg'd foes of want and toil, beware!"

It comes! Behold!—Black Blakelow hoists on high
His signals to the blast from Gledhill's brow.
Them, slowly glooming on the lessening sky,
The bread-tax'd exile sees, (in speechless wo,
Wandering the melancholy main below,
Where round the shores of Man the dark surge heaves,)
And while his children's tears in silence flow,
Thinks of sweet scenes, to which his soul still cleaves,
That home on Etherow's side, which he for ever leaves.

* Was this unfortunate a victim of the Corn-laws? Then, for the honour of our common nature, the system of free exchange and unrestricted industry ought to be fairly and fully tried. If it fail to rescue man from pauperism, and his name from disgrace which would enrage a viper and make the earth-worm blush,—let us, like the falling eagle, retire indignantly to woods and deserts, and perish there.

Now expectation listens, mute and pale,
 While, ridg'd with sudden foam, the Derwent brawls.
 Arrow-like comes the rain, like fire the hail.
 And, hark ! Mam-Tor on shuddering Stanage calls !
 See, what a frown o'er castled Winnat falls !
 Down drops the death-black sky ! and Kinderscout,
 Conscious of glory, laughs at intervals ;
 Then lifts his helmet, throws his thunders out,
 Bathes all the hills in flame, and hails their stormy shout.

Hark ! how my Titan guards laugh kings to scorn !
 See, what a fiery circle girds my state !
 Hail, Mountains ! River-Gatherers ! Eldest-born
 Of Time and Nature, dreadful, dark, and great !
 Whose tempests, wing'd from brows that threaten fate,
 Cast shadows, blacken'd with intensest light,
 Like the despair of angels fallen, that wait
 On God's long-sleeping wrath, till, roofed with night,
 The seas shall burn like oil, and Death be waked with fright.

Storm ! could I ride on thee, and grasp thy mane,
 A bitless bridle, in my unburnt hand ;
 Like flax consum'd, should fall the bondman's chain,
 Like dust, the torturers of each troubled land ;
 And Poland o'er the prostrate Hun should stand,—
 Her foot upon his neck, her falchion's hilt
 Beneath her ample palm. Then every strand
 Should hear her voice : " Our bulwark is rebuilt,
 Europe ! but who shall gauge the blood these butchers spilt ? "

And what are they, oh, land of age-long woes,
 Who laid the hope of thy redemption low ?
 Are they not Britain's sons, and Labour's foes,
 Who, sowing curses, ask why curses grow,
 And league with fate for their own overthrow ?
 When will their journey end ?—They travel fast !—
 Slow Retribution ! wherefore art thou slow ?
 When will the night of our despair be past ?
 And bread-tax'd slaves become Men, godlike Men, at last ?

Thy voice is like thy Father's, dreadful storm !
 Earth hears his whisper, when thy clouds are torn ;
 And Nature's tremour bids our sister-worm
 Sink in the ground. But they who laugh to scorn
 The trampled heart which want and toil have worn,
 Fear thee, and laugh at Him, whose warning word
 Speaks from thy clouds, on burning billows borne ;
 For, in their hearts, his voice they never heard,
 Ne'er felt his chastening hand, nor pined with hope deferr'd.

Oh, Thou, whose whispering is the thunder ! Power
 Eternal, world-attended, yet alone !
 Oh, give, at least, to labour's hopeless hour
 That peace, which Thou deny'st not to a stone !
 The famine-smitten millions cease to groan ;

When wilt Thou hear their mute and long despair ?
 Lord ! help the poor ! for they are all thy own !
 Wilt Thou not help ? did I not hear Thee swear,
 That Thou wouldst tame the proud, and grant their victims' prayer ?
 Methought I saw THEE in the dreams of sleep ;
 This mountain, Father, groan'd beneath thy heel !
 Thy other foot was placed on Kinder's steep ;
 Before thy face I saw the planets reel,
 While earth and skies shone bright as molten steel ;
 For, under all the stars, Thou took'st thy stand,
 And bad'st the ends of heaven behold and feel,
 That Thou to all thy worlds had'st stretch'd thine hand,
 And curs'd for evermore the Legion-Fiend of Land !
 " He is accursed ! " said the sons of light,
 As in their bowers of bliss they listen'd pale.
 " He is accursed ! " said the comets, bright
 With joy ; and star to star a song of bale
 Sang, and sun told to sun the dismal tale,
 " He is accursed ! " till the light shall fade
 To horror in heaven's courts, and glory veil
 Her beams, before the face of Truth betray'd ;
 " Because he curs'd the Land, which God a blessing made ! "
 " He is accursed ! " said the Prince of Hell ;
 And—like a Phidian statue mountain-vast—
 Stooping from rocks, black, yet unquenchable,
 The pale shade of his faded glory cast
 Over the blackness of black fire, aghast—
 Black-burning seas, that ever black will burn ;
 " He is accursed ! and while hell shall last,
 Him and his prayer heaven's marble roof will spurn,
 Who cursed the blessed sod, and bade earth's millions mourn ! " *

NOTES ON PARIS ;
 OR CORRESPONDENCE OF THE GRIMM OF THE COCKNEYS,
 WITH THE KING OF COCKAIGNE.

Quel amour incroyable,
 Maintenant et jadis,
 Pour cette ville dont le diable
 A fait son Paradis !

• Branger.

A WORD TO THE WISE, AND TWO OR THREE TO THE FOOLISH.

It may be desirable to inform the illiterate, and remind the literary reader, that, during a portion of the eighteenth century, when Paris was considered the intellectual capital of Europe, it was the fashion among petty princes of less enlightened countries, to entertain a correspondent among those men of letters, who were in the habit of supping

* It was a maxim of the Roman law, that whoever made his property a nuisance, should cease to be a man of property ; and this maxim was but a commentary on the unwritten law of God—unwritten, or with the pen of desolation written over the face of fallen empires. When the patricians of Rome destroyed the Licinian Law, and monopolized the soil, did not their heads then-over-after fall like poppies ?

with Madame Groffrin, and bandying philosophy with Helvetius. Potentates are but a concentration of the public. The epistles thus edited, with no common care and pains, were in fact addressed to the kingdom, in the person of the King; and, after having served their more ostensible purpose of fertilizing the mind, and enriching the conversation of royalty with extracts from the newest works, satires on the newest measures, and an accredited edition of the newest *bon mots* current in the salons of Holbach or Madame d'Epinay, they have been bestowed upon posterity for the purpose of infusing a light into the mysterious by-ways of literary and political history. The epistles of D'Alembert, the Memoirs of Grimm and Diderot, and the *Correspondance Littéraire* of La Harpe, are far from the least valuable of their works.

And why has this laudable custom been discontinued? Is it that, during that all but fabulous epoch of Napoleonic glory, when the Mayor of Rome sat side by side with the Mayor of Hamburg at the Imperial board, exclaiming, "*Bon jour, mon voisin!*"—" *Mon voisin, comment ça va?*"—the telegraphs of the empire wafted the playbills of the Theatre Français, and the prolixities of the Institute from Tiber to the Pole? Is it that, during the sovereignty of the elder branch of the Bourbons, the witticisms of Paris were found too heavy for the *Post*?

N'importe! An illustrious monarch of our own time and country, has called upon our services to render him an account of all that has been written, said, painted, sculptured, acted, built, or harmonized at Paris, during the year 1833. His Majesty, the King of Cockaigne, eager to compare his reminiscences of the age of Louis Le Grand, when Colbert was minister, and Vatel cook, with that of the Citizen King, whose ministry is of the *doctrinaire* persuasion, and whose *potage*, and its concoc-tor, are at present anonymous,—graciously permits us to extenuate nothing, and to set down as much in malice as we please.

Although it does not enter into our design to place in our magic lantern (like Lady Morgan) the Dukes and Duchesses with whom we do, or do not dine; or (like Sterne) the *grisettes* of whom we purchase our gloves;—although we do not promise (like Grimm) to analyse every *nouvellette* of the Livid school, or all Mrs. Ancelot's lugubrious farces;—the monarch we have the honour to serve, requires us to be at once circumstantial and comprehensive; dainty as the shelves of Chévet, and cosmopolitan as the tables of the Café de Paris, or the pages of Galig-nani. We affect no scandal. We leave it to the royal waiting-maids, inditers of Memoirs; "by whom," says Paul Louis Courier, "the history of monarchies ought always to be written." We affect no new theories of philosophy; for a single debate in either of the Chambers would out-Herod our Herodry. Our lucubrations address themselves to a prince whose chief ambition is, that, "good digestion wait on appetite." And we are not without hope that they may tend to that com-posure of mind and body, so advantageous to the functions of the epi-gastric region. May the public find them equally effective!

NOTE I.—ASPECT OF PARIS.

Paris cannot be more advantageously visited by a citizen of the world than during the *Miune-monat*,—

"May!

When lords and ladies are making love,
And the clowns are making hay!"

All places, indeed, look best, all people are most agreeable, during that brief season of hope and promise; and though the faded English Countesses whose names are not yet superannuated on the lists of flirtation, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and the boy attachés, who have not entered theirs elsewhere, insist upon the superiority of the winter, and the Carnival, with its balls, operas, and hubbub of frivolity; certain it is that the moment of general excitement, when the avenues of the Boulevards and the Tuileries put forth their verdure, produce a correspondent revivification among the inhabitants of Paris. No people are fonder of the open atmosphere; no open atmosphere is pleasanter to dwell in, during the early days of summer. Sick of their theatres, their *salons*, their *soirées*, they rush to the Bois de Boulogne, in search of its first violets; or plant themselves in chairs along the walks of the Tuileries *Jardin*, as if admiring for the first time its lofty groves of chestnut, and delicate arcades of lime trees. The Easter drive to Longchamps, a sort of public ovation in honour of the spring, affords the first signal for rural pleasures. Thenceforward they "babble of green fields," and summer fashions. All Paris is astir. The cit begins to luxuriate over his newspaper beside the fountains of the Palais Royal. The beauty stoops to her iced *sorbet* in the saloons of Tortoni, and opines concerning the bringing forth of the royal orangerie. The nursery maids of the more sober Faubourg, gather together among the lilac bushes of the Luxembourg Gardens, with one eye on their infant charge, and the other on the seam they are sewing. The Café de Paris opens its windows,—Tivoli, its fire. Nosegay girls, or *bouquetières*, frequent the purlieus of the theatres; and itinerant venders of cocos (lemonade and other fancy beverages) re-appear with the tin fountains drest out in bells and red velvet, which they had exchanged during the winter for a lantern or a blacking-brush. The scattered *guinguettes*, or taverns of the Champs Elysées, are once more illuminated. The Faro corks pop,—the roundabouts swing round,—the seesaws play,—the weighing machines creak,—the India-rubber balls rebound,—the French horns bray,—the guitars twang:—all Paris is in motion!

Even on the banks of the Thames, where

"Smoky London's reeking cauldron simmers,"

the spring is a season of beauty and enjoyment. But what are the squares of Cockaigne, with their poplar trees like gigantic chimney-sweep's brushes,—their dingy lawns, and patches of London pride; nay, what are even Kensington Gardens, (visited during eight months of the year, at the risk of an ague,) compared with the royal, but public, gardens of Paris; where the flowers really blossom, and the trees are really green? where pomegranates, orange trees, and oleanders, succeed, in rich luxuriance of bloom, to the endless variety of tree-roses, which forms the glory and peculiarity of a French garden; where the air is refreshed by fountains, and the eye gladdened by all that is great and gracious among the sculptures of antiquity? In a scene so exhilarating, it is not wonderful that the people should welcome the return of a season which enables them to laugh and chat, and hold their palavers in the open air; where the old can adjust their political squabbles, and the young their lovers' quarrels, without molestation. They adjourn to the Tuileries, not to walk about in the sunshine, but to sit still in the shade; not to saunter about, by supercilious twos and threes, *d'Anglaise*, but to enjoy themselves en masses, planted on chairs, as close and thick "as leaves in Vallombrosa;"

existing only as creatures of a community, as members of a society; and indifferent to noise and glare, so they can themselves be heard and seen. No fear of "*le catchouille*"; no fear of promiscuous contact. Unless in the narrow school of exclusivism, created by the English residents, not a French woman in Paris but would be content to sit in the *Jardin des Tuileries* from morn till dewy eve, in the month of May, content to talk and listen, to be smiled at and to smile.

Among "*les fassionables*," (an Angloism all but naturalized by the academy,) the same seasonable pleasures, are adopted on a wider scale. The Bois de Boulogne, affords a *bel respiro* to the dandies who have their studs, and the bankers' wives who have their equipages to exhibit; (the ancient nobility have had them too long to care about showing them.) But the Bois, (which twenty years' growth of plantation has, in some measure, redeemed from the dishonours inflicted upon it, during the bivouac of the Goths and Vandals of the Holy Alliance,) is almost too extensive for purposes of exhibition; and does not concentrate, like the drive in Hyde Park, a galaxy of beauty and brilliancy. The dust, too, is against it; that fine penetrating dust, which renders the environs of Paris intolerable during the summer season; for the water-carts proceed no farther than the royal Avenue de Neuilly; and on great occasions, such as the playing of the fountains at Versailles, the fair of St. Cloud, or a hurdle chase in the Bois de Boulogne, the *jeunes élégans*, or dandies, might be supposed to appear in the characters of "The Miller and his Men."

One great enhancement of the general hilarity, that follows the outburst of the spring in Paris, is the transient nature of the enjoyment. Those who are so enchanted to find themselves together on the first of May, are aware that, before the first of June, the whole aspect of things will change; not only that the lilac bushes, which enliven the esplanades of the palace, will have disappeared, but that the circle in which they move will have broken up,—that the Chambers will be dissolved,—the opera-dancers, *en congé*,—the *beau monde* divided between Spa, Baden, Pyrmont, Plombières, Barège, Bagnères, the Mont d'or, Boulogne, Dieppe, and Havre; the diplomatists adjourned to London, the deputies to the provinces, the bankers to their beautiful villas,

Dans ces riches prairies qu'arrose la Seine;

the shopkeepers to their country-boxes at Passy, St. Mandé, or Charenton. The English residents emigrate to lodgings at St. Germain, Versailles, or Montmorency;—the King and Court to Neuilly or St. Cloud;—in which latter palace, by the way, the telescope which alone revealed to Charles X. the exchange of the Drapeau blanc for the Drapeau tricolor on the towers of Notre-Dame and the Hotel de Ville, during the revolution of July, is still on the watch over the popular movements of the capital.

The Parisians have, therefore, a double inducement to obey the injunction of the old song, and

. . . "Gather their rosebuds while 'tis May!"

"Old time," which is "ever flying," flies quickest for them. They must eat their quails at the Café de Paris, for the partridge season will find them yawning at their *terres* in the provinces; they must hasten to swallow their strawberries, chez Tortoni, for their peaches must be eaten *aux eaux*. No occasion to economize the delicate rice-straw bonnets, which did honour to Longchamps. The season is all but at an end. Be gay, be radiant, ye beauties!—be emphatic, ye deputies,—be gracious

O King!—Four weeks of joy and animation, and then six months of stagnation; among the rural pleasures of the country.

(To be continued.)

MELODY OF THE PROVERBS.

“Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness.”—Chap. xiv. v. 13.

O TRUST not the smile in the bright eye beaming,
Like the moon on the edge of a dark cloud gleaming;
The blackness of storm, like a raven at rest,
May slumber far under the light of the breast.

There's rolling of billows beneath the bright sea,
And breathing of tempest on night's lullaby;
There's gloom on the heart when the eye is like heaven:
Alas! as the thunder peal follows the levin.

O sail not the waters of calm Galilee!
There is death for the skiff when no danger we see;
The bosom, as light as the blossom of May,
Too often is blooming o'er early decay.

Ye fancy the votaries bright as they look,
And happy in fortune's star-glimmering look!
Ah me! there's a smile that hath little relief,
And laughter that sounds like the echo of grief.

The waters of Jordan roll on to their rest,
The sun of the morning beyond the bright west:
The mirth of the foolish it endeth in gloom;
Their laughter and folly flow on to—the tomb.

The morrow shall witness the sun in his brightness;
And Jordan flows age after age in its lightness:
Alas! o'er the green grave the morrow shall come,
When the lip of the mirthful is palsied and dumb!

FIRST SESSION OF THE REFORM PARLIAMENT.

LAST number we left off saying, “A better office could not be performed to the country than dissecting the Ministerial Manifesto, clause by clause; and the conduct of the Reform Ministers individually as well as collectively.”

First in order, we take the pamphlet, the apology and eulogium of the ministry; who must have felt that their measures required defence, and their conduct explanation, before so unusual and elaborate a justification was entered upon. It is said that forty thousand copies of this pamphlet have been circulated throughout the country, and that it was sent free through the Post Office, to all quarters, presumed friendly, or liable to be influenced. In some places it has been reprinted in a cheap form by the ministerial party. It has furnished at once a text for puffs, and supplied ready arguments to the Treasury prints, in London and the country, and to members of Parliament, hampered by the rude questioning of an over-alert constituency; and we have seen it in substance reduced to the size of a letter, and addressed, as in the case of the Haddington burghs, to electors who had sent a representative to Parliament whom they conceived an independent reformer, and found turn out a staunch ministerialist. Such are the objects and uses of this Whig Manifesto. It were to be wished that similar activity and concentration of effort were visible for the promotion of objects of national importance that are here displayed to panegyric every separate equivocal

or questionable deed of the Government. Had the Treasury puffers been a little more skilful, while every individual measure was approved and lauded, a sprinkling of doubt, a few judicious deprecations of obstacles and difficulties, might have been admitted into the panegyric. Where blame is attributed at all, it is thrown upon the construction of the House of Commons: Has it not been subservient enough? "That there is a nearer approach to wisdom and honesty in the present Parliament than in any of its predecessors, we think is shewn by the events of the Session; but still it is *only an approach*." Yet farther on, we find the chief proof of the boasted strength of the administration,—“the overwhelming majorities by which this parliament approaching to honesty have supported the Ministry” against what no Government ever had to contend with before, “two sets of opponents,” “two hostile factions—the Tories and the Radicals.” The complaint, if reasonable, would not be consistent. Subtract “the two hostile factions,” and where are “the overwhelming majorities?” But these “hostile factions” agree in nothing, “except in endeavouring to persuade the people of the imbecility of the Ministers.” They certainly have rarely voted together, though the Radicals are charged with regularly voting with the Tories against Ministers; and both have been of account to the administration; the Tories, in supporting one favourite set of measures, the Radicals in throwing their weight into the Government scale, as often as any approach was made to liberality. This division of the opposition, which is represented as a cause of annoyance and difficulty with which no previous Government ever had to contend, (which, by the way, is historically incorrect,) instead of being the cause of weakness has actually strengthened the Ministry, who, in the House of Commons, found instruments of all kinds ready for whatever work was on hand.

“What has been done? is their cry;”—the cry of the hostile factions, Tory and Radical;—“and the Tories,” says the pamphleteer, “if compelled to answer, would *probably* assert that too much had been done, and the Radicals that too little.” He wrongs the Tories; they assert no such thing. Whatever has been done, on which a Tory Ministry durst not have ventured, as the Irish Bill, no Tory, even “if compelled to speak out,” would assert that there had been too much retrenchment, too much Church Reform, too much reduction of taxation; while every Tory will assert that the Reform Ministry, by whatever motives actuated, have ventured on measures that the Tory party never would have dared. On Ireland, the little finger of Stanley fell heavier than the hand of Wellington. He who set the Irish nation into a state of combustion, by virtually, and indeed directly, declaring “that tithes were extinguished,” proposed measures which that Government to which Ireland owed Emancipation never would have hazarded. Yet the Coercion Bill was announced first in the *Standard*.—And how came that?—Was this initiatory demonstration of Whig vigour a Tory idea, embraced by a Whig Cabinet?

“When the present Government took office,” says the Manifesto, “the storm which had been gathering for the previous half century had burst.” Somewhat severe this on speculative Whig policy. Emancipation had been the cry of the Whigs for a half century, and Ireland had, it appears, been tranquil, until this object of their continual solicitude was granted! The storm was gathering, but emancipation was the signal-rocket to let it off. The Ultra-Tories always predicted this; but the avowal was scarcely to be expected from the Whigs, that Ireland, gathering her

wrath for fifty years, was to burst forth into ungovernable fury on the accession of Earl Grey's Government, and after the acquisition of that boon, for which he and his friends had ever contended as the only means of tranquillizing that misgoverned country. This is one slip in the pamphlet. It condemns the policy of its party. The *Morning Chronicle*, which cannot be accused of faltering in support of the Reform Ministry, while praising to the skies "the able political pamphlet" under consideration, says, "We pass over the question of the Irish Coercion Bill, and its vindication in the pamphlet, because it is a nauseating subject." This is a permissible go-by. It is truly "a nauseating subject." What follows is better. "In our judgment its necessity might have been obviated by political wisdom."—When? During the fifty years the storm was gathering? No, not so far back; but "*by political wisdom in 1832.*" We thank the *Chronicle* for this: when will those country papers which take their tone from it, and tune their fiddles to the Treasury note it strikes, admit as much? The passage is every way worth quoting; and candour must approve borrowing from a friendly quiver the arrow one shoots at a vulnerable point in an enemy. It may be sharp: it cannot be suspected of being poisoned.

We pass over, says the *Chronicle*, the question of the Irish Coercion Bill, and its vindication in the pamphlet, because it is a nauseating subject; in our judgment its necessity might have been obviated by political wisdom in 1832; and even if extraordinary executive powers were required to control Irish agitation, some parts of the measure were as useless as they were an unnecessary violation of the spirit of the British Constitution.

In these terms is described the measure which gave the nation a clew to Whig policy, and Whig honesty and wisdom; and which forms the first topic of this vindictory pamphlet.

There are many lesser evils, faults of omission, of which we last month enumerated a few, and of commission, of which we here find the elaborate vindication; but the Irish Coercion Bill, and the Irish Church Bill, were, emphatically, "the damned spots" in Whig legislation, in the first session of the Reformed Parliament; nor, were Whig rule protracted for half a century, could good measures entirely obliterate the recollection of these capital offences; and of the truckling, the feebleness, the latent Toryism and sinister design apparent in the early acts of the new Government. The spirit of tyranny was never embodied in so few words as those used by Mr. Stanley, to express the purpose of the Reform Ministers, "To make law respected, and government feared, before it was beloved." Here is the secret of Whig rule. Mr. Stanley did not contemplate another contingency,—namely, that so energetic a government may neither be feared nor beloved, and yet very cordially hated. The authors of the pamphlet think it expedient to forget that the worst provisions of the Coercion Bill were, in despite of the unanimous support of the Tories, defeated or abandoned. Earl Grey himself, when the unfanged, crippled monster was returned to its "procreant cradle," "approached with great regret," that clause of amendment, in particular, which prohibited the Lord Lieutenant from proclaiming a district where tithes were refused. Hear this, Protestant Dissenters! Hear it, enemies of tithes and friends of Church Reform! The Whig Premier said this change "had certainly made a great change in the operation of the Bill, and he approached it with great regret."—[Debate in the House of Peers, 1st April.]—To the frequent protestations made in the Commons by Ministers, that the Bill had no connexion with the compulsory payment of tithes, and had no such object, it is

unnecessary to advert. Earl Grey explained that. It is enough that when the Peers swallowed the changed Bill, no one made more wry faces than Earl Grey; leaving the People to inquire at leisure, why "this despotic, arbitrary, severe, and cruel Bill,"* if necessary, was abandoned in so many of its lending clauses; and why, if not imperatively necessary, it was ever proposed.

It is made a ground of eulogium in the pamphlet, that Earl Grey, in introducing "the Dragooning and Housebreaking Bill," "the Algerine Act!" actually said, in gracious tones, "God forbid, my Lords, that the measure should become permanent!" Nicholas says as much as often as a fresh edict is issued against Poland!

"The measure," says the Treasury pamphlet, "passed both Houses by immense majorities." What became of the two hostile factions then?—What follows is better: "the country as well as the Parliament admitted its necessity." Not a syllable is hinted of the metamorphosis the Bill underwent in the Commons; of the protracted debate, and the universal ferment which prevailed throughout the kingdom,—and especially in the great cities, and in Ireland, where the Orange party were as indignant as the Catholics, at the injury and insult offered to their common country. The pamphleteer must have entirely forgotten the public meetings held to express horror of this Bill, in London, Birmingham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and many other places; and the opposition which gathered force every day. He has let slip from his memory the petitions poured in against it, and the diminished confidence placed in a Reform Ministry, of which this was the first act in a Reformed Parliament. Let us refresh his memory, and borrow a few more arrows from the quivers of those who are still friendly to the Whigs, though not always blind to their most glaring faults. The *Times*, for instance, which lauds the pamphlet, saw a good deal to blame in many of the measures it defends, and among others in the Coercion Bill.

We do assure Lord Althorp that the tone employed by him towards the Members of the House of Commons yesterday, on the subject of modifying the obnoxious clauses of this bill, was by no means indicative of his understanding what was due to the character of that assembly which he had himself contributed to elevate, from a band of hired slaves, to a Senate representing the most enlightened nation in the universe. His Lordship, we repeat, cannot comprehend the greatness and majesty of a Reformed Parliament; and, in the confidence that there is no party to succeed his own in power, he flatly refuses to purge the bill of its impurities, and announces his preference for the alternative of resigning. Such a threat, we once more affirm, is out of keeping with the name and habits of Lord Althorp. It is more; it is a mistake of his position, and of that of his colleagues. The bill, unmodified, *they ought not to carry*; the bill, unmodified,—this dragooning bill—this house-breaking, revolting bill—they will not carry, while any respect for British law and liberty inspires the representatives of the British people. Let them, then,—we grieve that they have given their country such provocation—we grieve, because we have earnestly, fervently, supported them,—let them, then, RESIGN. Their country depends not on them—England is rich in intelligence and public virtue. Whoever takes the high office in these days, if he be not himself enlightened, must play an enlightened part. He must rule for the nation, and according to the nation.

The same print meets Lord Althorp's catalogue of murders, thus:—

When men talk of such a national blot and misery—of that condition of the vast bulk of an entire people which has manifestly been the principal cause (we mean their poverty) of whatever is most depraved and shocking in their moral conduct, are we to be told that a bill of pains and penalties is the cure for such a world of

* Speech of Lord Morpeth, not in reprobation, but in support of the Coercion Bill, which its sturdiest friends said, was only to be tolerated, because it was so hateful and tyrannical, and so directly opposed to the spirit of the constitution!

wrong? What, suppose by the mixed civil and military machinery, screwed up as tight as willing hands can make it—suppose that lawless outrages be suppressed for a season, for that brief season during which it is to be presumed that a Reformed Legislature will submit to have despotism installed in place of the law of England—what shall we have gained by it, if the causes of the agrarian demoralization be left untouched? One hundred and ninety-six murders, it seems, were perpetrated in a given time, and within a single county. Why, what are the motives to such a horrible butchery? The Irish may be bad enough,—but do they commit murder for nothing, or just to keep their hands in? They are, we repeat, bad enough,—but that would be too extravagant. Why, then, we say, look into the sources of these awful proceedings, search into those circumstances in the state of Ireland which induce the people to be murderers. It is not surely the nature of Irishmen or of any other people to murder wantonly, with some chance—possibly not a great deal—of being hanged.

In alluding to the court-martial clause in the Bill, afterwards modified, this print concludes emphatically, “In the name of God let us not copy, until the last extremity, the most disgusting of all the tyrannical manœuvres of Buonaparte, the infamous “*Military Commissions*,” and under a Whig and a “Reforming Government!”

We shall seek our remaining examples from parts of the country, far apart from popular agitation. Take the nearest approach to the Land’s End which the press makes—The *Cornwall Gazette*.

But will the measures of Government, vigorous as they are, prevent the perpetration of crime? We fear the answer is too obvious—that they will not. To some extent, we have no doubt, they will be efficacious; but by no means to the total prevention of the atrocities against which they are directed. They will, undoubtedly, assert the supremacy of the law as the avenger of evil, but will not extirpate the evil itself. Coercive measures do not reach the springs of action. They attack abuses which lie on the surface of society, but cannot check the workings of its under-currents; they may subdue the evil, but can accomplish no positive good.

Let us travel, on the other hand, as near to John o’Groats as the press reaches; the Inverness paper.

From the Inverness Courier.—The Government measure (which was read a first time *nem. con.*, and was to be read a second time on Monday,) is one of terrible coercion—a total suspension of the fundamental laws of the Constitution. May it not be apprehended, that the very extremity to which the measure goes—particularly as Ireland is not in open rebellion—will exasperate and not allay; and, instead of eradicating, strike deeper the root of disaffection? Additional strength might be added to the magisterial, constabulary, and military force in Ireland, and a few demagogues might be put down, without suspending the Constitution, and placing whole districts under the ban of martial law and despotic power.

Shall we go to Wales, to avoid the centres of “Radicalism and disaffection?” The *Monmouth Merlin* says:—

We have read them, (the enactments of the Whig coercion Bill,) with feelings which we think actuate all friends of the protection of human life, of social happiness and civil liberty. All our confidence in the integrity of Ministers, mitigates not the animosity with which we regard this *Russian* power which is about to be given to the executive to *Polandize* Ireland.—Lord Brougham supported the Premier; and his principal ground was his confidence in the nobleman to whom those mighty powers were to be intrusted, [the now recalled Anglesey.] But surely this argument is unworthy the master-mind of the Chancellor. To what does it amount? Despotism may be tolerated, nay, supported, because the despot happens to be humane.

Shall we look for opinions in the agricultural counties? The denunciations of the “bloody and brutal bill” in the manufacturing districts, and the expressions of hope that it may never pass, may seem less weighty, though we do assure the pamphleteer apologist that they are not less entitled to regard.

Hereford Times.—The Irish nation have defied the laws, or, rather, have rendered them nugatory. The sanction of those laws must be enforced; and, therefore, the Prime Minister of Great Britain is about to place Ireland out of the pale of the

Constitution.—to suspend the civil, and to subject her to the military law. This is a fearful and terrible alternative! Should not full and ample redress have preceded this awful step? or, at all events, should not redress and the power of punishing the infringer of the law have been collateral measures? But the Irish people must be instantly forced to obey the law!—the man, whom years of misery and degradation have driven to despair, rebels:—in a voice of outbreathing indignation he demands justice—he is *put off*—told that he must be bound hand and foot *first*, and then his oppressor will take his demand into consideration! Fie! Fie!

Bath Journal.—Earl Grey expresses a wish to remove the present grievances of Ireland, which cannot be done until the country be restored to tranquillity! And during the tranquillity of an English encampment, when the press is under fetters, and the people tongue-tied, we suppose he will be enabled to ascertain the causes of the grievances and remove them. *The Tories, by the Act of Emancipation, evinced far more wisdom. Right the Government, Earl Grey, first, and then set about righting the people.* This is conformable to the laws of order. There is a limit to human endurance. If that be not reached in Ireland already, it most assuredly will be, if the intended measure of Government be persevered in. Under a Tory administration, the people of Ireland have suffered oppression on oppression, and wrong on wrong. Let Englishmen not say they have impatiently suffered them. Heaven grant *they* may never experience the like. Let us hope that a British House of Commons will prevent Whig inconsistency.

The inconsistency was prevented; nothing could prevent the disgrace!

We beg of the pamphleteer to add these few scraps to his exulting chorus over the Irish measure, which “passed both Houses,” he says, “by large majorities, the *country* as well as the Parliament admitting its necessity.” They are but a drop in the bucket. The unexpected, and rather tardy opposition of Mr. Abercromby, and some of the leading Scotch members, is well known. The pamphlet is silent, or deals only in generalities, when the hostility of friends is to be noticed, on this and upon all other occasions.

The Irish Church Reform Bill,—that great measure by which, in its integrity, the Ministry was “to stand or fall,” and which, pushed forward with the law which placed so large a portion of the empire out of the pale of the Constitution,—was to form the ample equivalent for the injustice and acknowledged severity of the Coercion Bill, is approached by the pamphleteer, in this delicate vein of covert satire. “Those who look forward with eagerness to reform in the English Church establishment, hailed the measure not only as an act of justice to Ireland, but as affording some clue to what may be the feelings and conduct of Ministers, when they shall redeem their promise, by entering on the arduous task of Church Reform in England.”

Before looking to what this measure amounted at last, what it dwindled into, let us see what the friends of Ministers expected from it as an equivalent for the total surrender of the Constitution into their hands, upon a plea of necessity so lamely made out, as was Lord Althorp’s case against Ireland. In allusion to the Church Bill, *The Times* said at the moment,—

Have not Parliament and the press a right to call for an unequivocal statement of what we are to get in return? Is military law to be eternal? Then, if not, remove those tendencies of the peasant mind, which, so long as they continue, cannot fail to record themselves in letters of blood and fire, the instant we lay aside again the power of stifling the expression of them. As yet we see not that anything specific or effectual, *save the abolition of the Vestry Cess*, has been promised by his Majesty’s Ministers. Do they still fear the House of Lords or the Court? How inconceivably childish!

On the same subject, *The Times* remarks, in animadverting on a debate, and the speeches at the Birmingham meeting.

Mr. O’Connell reproached Mr. Stanley with a design to bolster up, through this bill, the continuance of the tithe system in Ireland. Mr. Macdonnell pronounces

broadly that this embryo "Church Reform was a complete mockery." Now, having already warned Mr. Stanley against the madness of making his coercive bill an auxiliary to the restoration (for it is at present dead and gone) of the tithe system, so do we adjure Ministers, one and all, not to sanction Mr. Macdonnell's sarcasm, that their church reform is a "mockery." The country will not endure on such a subject to be mocked. If the church reform—the foremost of the conciliatory measures, because first dragged by circumstances into action—be not a *grave*, a *solid*, and an *abundant measure*, one which may afford an earnest of the *seal and probity* of Ministers in all that concerns reform of every other kind, we do not scruple to tell them that their "Suppression Bill" must break down; and whether Lord Althorp and his colleagues have been serious or not in his threat or promise (whichever it was to be deemed) to the Members of the House of Commons who met his Lordship yesterday, — whether, we say, the Cabinet be serious or not, whether volunteers or not, in the declaration, that by the Coercive bill they will stand or fall,—we tell them that *they* will break down with their measure, unless the spirit of that measure be redeemed by a *large* and *superb* reform of all tangible grievances in Church and State.

The close of the session has shown the result of "that large and superb measure" of Church Reform, which, in the language of the pamphlet, "affords some clew to the feelings and conduct of the Reform Ministers, when they shall redeem their promises by entering on the arduous task of Church Reform in England." By this clew we are led on, clause by clause, to see every important one rendered nugatory, or frittered away; till the measure, by which the Reform Ministry were to stand or fall, became one in which every Tory in the kingdom, possessed of a particle of discernment, heartily acquiesced, though a handful of shallow bigots, and a few sham opponents, made a clamour of opposition. What was intended as a beneficial and sweeping measure remains as a partial relief to a limited class in Ireland; and a warning to all who sincerely expected Church Reform from Earl Grey's Administration. Their friends and advocates may assert that, with a refractory House of Peers, and a strong Tory Opposition, their will wanted power. They have made no such excuses for themselves. On repeated occasions different members of the Cabinet have been even anxious to demonstrate that the extent of Church Reform, which they desire, was one to which the nation will not award the name, and which it views as mockery.

On the 42d clause of the Irish Church Bill being discussed, Mr. Pryme moved, "That all future Irish Bishops be excluded from Parliament." What was the reply of the Chancellor of the Exchequer? "That would be a total alteration of the Constitution; and his (Lord Althorp's) impression was that the feeling against the Bishops sitting in Parliament was not general." Mr. Stanley declared, sagaciously, on the same night, that this dangerous principle would apply equally to English Bishops. That it would do so gave the amendment the chief part of its value with all Church Reformers not of the Althorp and Stanley school. The 147th clause shewed the sincerity of the Government, on Church Reform, in the true light. The House appeared to be taken by complete surprise, when Mr. Stanley rose to propose the amendment, which cost Lord Althorp a fit of the gout, and kept him two days from his place, till it had been brazened out by his colleagues, and their well-disciplined majority. The boast of the Ministerial advocates that "the wedge had been entered,"—that the principle was established of "the power of the state, in the direction of church property to secular purposes, fell together to the ground.

The conduct of Ministers on this emergency, as affording a clew to their future Church Reforms, cannot be too rigidly, or too frequently, investigated.

Mr. Stanley rose to move an amendment to the clause (the 147th) which pro-

vided, that the money arising from the conversion of Bishops' leases into perpetuities, *should be applied to such purposes as Parliament might hereafter appoint and direct.* He stated that many persons [all the Ultra-Tories, to wit, and Ultra-Whigs] were strongly opposed to the principle which they conceived to be maintained by this clause,—namely, that it established the right of Parliament to appropriate Church property to secular purposes. He proposed, therefore, to strike out the words, "to such purposes as Parliament may appoint," &c. to the end of the clause; and then add the words, "Vestry Cess." Mr. Stanley then intimated, that *without this concession, the bill would not be allowed to pass the Lords!* He maintained that *the principle of the measure remained inviolate, notwithstanding this alteration!*

Mr. O'Connell, in very indignant terms, reproached the Ministers for giving up the only good principle of the measure, which they were solemnly pledged to carry, or to resign their places. So help him God, so base an act of treachery as Ministers had been guilty of, he had never known! He charged them with a cowardly dread of the Tories, in spite of their vaunted determination to encounter them on the principle of this bill.

Mr. Hume asked what security the House or the country could have that the Government would carry any other bill, if they abandoned the great principle of this? He reminded Ministers of Lord Althorp's statement, that the measure would place three millions at the disposal of the Government. Their conduct showed a lamentable want of firmness, and was a *disgraceful breach of public faith.* Ministers deserted their duty, to keep their places.

Mr. Macaulay *thoroughly approved of the alteration in the clause!* No member of the Ministry had advocated the principle of converting Church property to *secular purposes!*

This was "a clew" which Mr. Macaulay's constituents did not probably expect to receive from him, "on future questions of Church Reform." They should not let it slip. It was an unexpected strengthening of that honourable member's strenuous support of the Coercion measure. Let him be thanked for it at his next week's dinner at Leeds. Several of the Radical members maintained (what is perfectly self-evident) that the leading principle of the measure was destroyed by this alteration; but Mr. Stanley and Dr. Lushington could not see that any great principle was involved. The difference between Parliament having power to apply Church property to *secular* purposes, and having no such power, was an object too minute for their recognition; and the assertion of this grand principle was really a matter too trifling to contend for; especially if it were offensive to the Lords. Sir R. Peel, who came in accidentally during the debate, affected as much astonishment at the alteration as any one else; while he, as a High-Church Tory, very cordially supported it. The observations with which Lord John Russell prefaced his vote on this occasion, deserve notice, as they make the "clew" complete, so far as regards "the future Church Reforms" that may be expected from the Whigs. "He saw so many essential benefits in the Bill that he wished it immediately passed, though it did not sanction a principle to which there now (why now only?) existed great and insuperable objections. (Chgees from the Tories.) He felt himself bound to do all in his power for the security of property, and to promote tranquillity. The country could not stand a revolution once a year." And, therefore, the fair inference is, that we can have no more Church Reform, no farther attempts to sanction the principle of Parliament having a right to apply Church property to secular purposes, "to which there now exists, perhaps, great and insuperable objections."

Mr. Stanley's amendment passed by "an overwhelming majority," made up of Tories; Lord Althorp had a speedy and happy recovery; the grand principle was sacrificed; and the nation holds "the clew to the probable feelings and conduct of the Whig Ministers on Church Reform!" There is here a hiatus in the pamphlet which we must supply.

We have quoted the language of *The Times* when the Irish Coercion Bill was under discussion early in spring. At midsummer, its opinion of the course pursued by the Reform Ministers on this leading question of Church Reform, is worthy of notice. On the vital 147th clause, it remarks :—

The vote of the House of Commons on Friday evening, whereby the 147th clause of the Irish (Church) Temporalities Bill was expunged, we consider a lamentable circumstance. It must be recollected, and indeed was recalled to mind by more than one member in the course of that discussion, that Ministers had, on first introducing the Coercion Bill, declared their determination to resign, if they could not carry the *Church Reform Bill*, as well as the Bill of Coercion. This was a pledge, and a pledge the more sacred, because it held out to adverse parties a condition which, in reliance on the good faith of Government, those adverse parties have fulfilled. The Coercion Bill, we repeat, was supported by many of those who would otherwise have opposed it, in full confidence that the bills of conciliation relating to church affairs would have been carried also, and neither *sold* nor *compromised*.

The question, therefore, for his Majesty's Government, was, whether they should maintain their Church Reform Bill intact, in the House of Commons, where they were powerful, leaving upon the Tory Peers the responsibility of rejecting it elsewhere, and so disgusting the country; or whether they should submit to be beaten, without fighting, on that field where they had the victory already in their own hands, and, under the name of a "compromise for the sake of peace," yield to their enemies what they would take care to represent as a signal triumph. The latter branch of the alternative was that which the Ministers, we think unfortunately, believed themselves justified in accepting. They made what they deemed was a compromise, but what the Conservatives loudly boast of as a complete surrender of the whole point in dispute, viz. the "*inalienable*" nature of Church property.

Apart from all special pleading on the subject, Mr. Stanley, in giving up his clause, has given up, in fact, the assertion of the *original* and *fundamental* principle of all Church reform—namely, the power of dealing according to the supreme will of Parliament, with any and every portion of that property which the State had itself originally appropriated to the temporal uses of its religious establishment. The recognition of this principle was essential to the legitimacy of any measure of temporal Church Reform. It is that without which not even a commutation of tithes, or a charge for poor-rates, or a property-tax on the tithe-owner, can be rendered valid. If there was not an Irish Protestant layman from north to south of the island to-morrow, the temporalities of the superfluous Church could not be touched by Parliament, without a declaration of the one great *datum*, that "Church property is disposable by the State." And this is the ground which Ministers have abandoned; and, upon their own showing, what does their inducement amount to?

The truth is, that the Conservative party do *not* so undervalue the immense importance of that night's proceeding. Their organs of the press, and of society, boast and exult in the degradation thus inflicted upon Ministers; describing them as men whom their adversaries need not fear, and whom their friends are unable to confide in. Look over the division of that unhappy evening, and you will see the Government opposed by its *friends* and pushed onward only by its *enemies*.

In grief, not in anger, and certainly not in enmity, we repeat that the surrender of Friday night was a loss of character,—that is, of substantial power. The Tories conciliated by it! Why, they laugh at it publicly. They are stimulated by it to the imposition of fresh burdens and humiliations upon their weakened foes. Besides, the sacrifices of the Government cannot end here; they are but beginning, and thankless as well as disreputable will be each step in the descent. Between the Conservatives and the English nation, where can Ministers make a stand, after the demonstration of a spirit so irresolute? Without gaining over a single friend from the Tories, the whole body of sound and independent Reformers are affronted at this desertion of the common cause. The principle thus abandoned was worth all the rest of the measure.

These opinions, expressed by those who are friendly to the Ministry, form most valuable additions to the eulogistic pamphlet.

Having dwelt so long on the two great Irish measures, we may at once concede the merit claimed by the pamphleteer for the Grand Jury Bill, though it is but a sequence of Tory measures, like several of those for which undivided praise is claimed for the Whigs.

From the Irish Commission of Inquiry into the State of the Poor, which forms another topic of praise, even with the Archbishop of Dublin at its head, we anticipate little advantage. What was Sir Henry Parnell's Committee, or that of the Lords on Irish Tithes, but a full and minute inquiry into the state of the poor of Ireland, made so late as 1831-2? Have our legislators, elected and hereditary, digested the mass of information collected into the two huge folio reports, which were published by these Committees? Not a dozen of them have examined a hundredth part of the contents. What evidence more searching and satisfactory can now be collected than is to be found there, given, too, by the very same individuals who must be called on a second time to repeat the very same facts, diversely coloured, perhaps, to suit a new Ministerial occasion.

A commission is the grand panacea of the Reform Ministry. Who can doubt the sincerity of a Reforming Ministry, which places Dr. Whately at the head of a poor law commission in Ireland, and Sir Henry Parnell at the head of another, to inquire into the collection of the Excise Revenue, almost immediately after he was chosen by the independent electors of Dundee?

"The placing Sir Henry Parnell at the head of this Commission," says the pamphleteer, "was, at once, a guarantee, that the inquiry would be searching and effectual; and a proof that the Government were inclined to select the fittest person for the examination, even though he might be found in the ranks of their opponents. This Commission has already made one report, in which they recommend the Abolition of all Excise Supervision on Tea."

Another report is in forwardness respecting wine and beer, and there is no doubt that many useful reforms will be recommended by Sir Henry Parnell; but it is rather *over-drawing* for the Treasury advocate, to claim credit for them to the Ministry, before they are concocted by Sir Henry, much less adopted by them; especially when this same indefatigable financier had recommended other practical measures of retrenchment, and reform, which are virtually declared by this pamphleteer to be impossible, and while the country bears in memory the cause which so recently drove Sir Henry from office. The allusion was injudicious.

One of the pamphleteer's loftiest pæans is chanted to the glory of the West India Bill, a measure so fully discussed in preceding numbers of this magazine that it is useless to revert to it. One singular new fact must not be omitted. By apprenticing under Stanley's Bill, we are gravely told that the slaves "are in fact placed in a state of greater comfort than that of the peasantry of any civilized nation." Hear this ye hand-loom weavers of Manchester and Glasgow; ye grumbling paupers of Sussex and Kent; ye potato-starved millions of Ireland! and pray Parliament at once to supersede all its Commissions for your relief and improvement, and employ Mr. Stanley to apprentice every mother's son of you, like those thrice-blest negro-slaves! Could ye but find masters!

Much, our able pleader allows, still remains to be done among the negro population, but he "doubts not but that all will be matured in a spirit of wise and liberal policy." Indeed he doubts nothing on this side. He has a gift of faith and belief in Whig wisdom that is truly enviable.

Trade and Finance occupy a considerable portion of the pamphlet. The writer fancies he never can make it sufficiently plain, that, though the revenue be really £50,000,000, no saving whatever, save a trifle

in the mode of collection, can ever be made, except on £15,000,000; the remaining £35,000,000, being totally absorbed, sunk beyond any redemption, in the payment of the interest of the debt, the Civil List, the Dead Weight, comprehending Army and Navy, superannuated pensions, and other fixed charges. But why fixed? If Sir Henry Parnell be a good authority on one point, he must be equally sound upon another, one would think; and he has pointed out schemes of retrenchment, and is able to point out many more than he has done. No reduction ever to be expected, save on fifteen millions! This is a dark look-out. At least we are glad to hold this other "clew" to the probable feelings and conduct of Ministers as to retrenchment. It is a financial delusion, we are told, to confound the untouchable £35,000,000, with the £15,000,000. But, laying aside £27,000,000, the real interest of the debt, there is the difference between this, and £35,000,000, of £8,000,000, to add to the £15,000,000, allowed to be susceptible of reduction, which swells it to £23,000,000. We are, however, conjured to dismiss the fifty "from our minds altogether, and hold fast by the fifteen!"

A simple saying this for so judicious an advocate! While the customs, the excise, and the tax-gatherer keep so pertinacious a hold, or make so many rude tugs on the packet, we fear we cannot choose but sometimes ruminate on the entire fifty millions, and confound the mighty whole with the less than a third. The reduction already made in expenditure, is stated in round numbers at three millions. It would be superfluous to enter into the details of this saving; nor need it be denied that something has been done, to which the Duke of Wellington led the way, and for which Mr. Hume and other members long importuned, and which they have mainly helped to wring forth. And if it was imagined at the close of the war, that it was impossible that so much could be saved on the estimates of the Army, Navy, Ordnance, and Miscellaneous, as is now accomplished, this is surely rather encouragement to proceed in effecting further saving in the nineteenth year of a peace, maintained with every country save—Ireland.

Some of the items of reduction of expenditure are singular for their inequality. On Consuls abroad, £22,650, and on the high-paid Envoys and Ambassadors, only about the half of that sum, or £11,400.

The reduction of official salaries is suitably commemorated. "The first experiment of reduction made by the present Government was upon themselves; and in the salaries of the higher political officers of the State, amounting to £143,617, a saving of £21,894* has been effected, being

* This boast in the present circumstances of the head of the Cabinet reminds us of a north country boy, who, on getting a new place, was questioned about the amount of his wages. "I canna say," twisting his sidelong face, and scratching his head, "that there's a heavy wage; but a sharp loon finds a hantle things about a muckle house like yon." The unblushing sordidness of the Premier, or his culpable weakness in yielding to the importunate rapacity of those cormorants about him, who appear to care neither for his personal dignity, nor the interests of his government, and unscrupulously sacrifice both for official emolument, must be the cause of deep mortification to his colleagues. Earl Grey, though a new noble, is said to have even more than the usual pride of an aristocrat. Pride of rank is a quality, however, which stoops to wear very dirty disguises. In a North-of-England newspaper, we see, by a calculation, that Earl Grey's kindred share among them more public money than pays the whole Church Establishment of Scotland! The kindred of the Irish Chancellor, Lord Plunkett, and those of Lord Grey, certainly share among them much more. It is in vain to tell us of the Tories and their avarice while in office. That surely makes the matter worse; and, at any rate, the Bathursts and Ellesboroughs took a half life to gather what the Greys and Plunketts have clutched in three or four years. We heartily agree with the *Standard*. "Believing 'the love of money to

an actual reduction of 15 per cent." The Lord Chancellor, whose tastes and ambitions are not alloyed by the sordid, has certainly shown considerable disinterestedness on this point; and would probably have been indifferent how far such retrenchment was carried in official departments, except for the prudence of colleagues, and what are termed the reasonable expectations of successors.

After diligently proving that the half of the soap-duty, the tax payable by market gardeners, and a few other items, were the very things on which a Heaven-inspired Chancellor of the Exchequer ought, in 1833, to have granted relief, the pamphleteer draws afresh upon Mr. Hume for a last year's compliment; and then complacently turns to show that the elements either go hand in hand with his Majesty's present Ministers, or do homage to, and work the bidding of the Prosperos of the British cabinet. "Not a blockading ship was lost all winter; ships and frigates are launched; and the dock-yards are fuller of timber than when the Duke of Wellington quitted office!" This is all flattering and pleasant; and had the pamphlet not been at press before "the considerable saving" was effected, by the fifty old women being thrown on their parishes, who formerly earned from sixpence to a shilling a-day, by patching flags—its love of minutiae, and zeal to make out a strong case, leads us to believe that this would not have been forgotten.

Let us hasten on to other glories and good fortune. Freedom of commerce is, we are informed, now the universal cry among the mercantile classes all over France. Here the Whigs, through the instrumentality of that amiable enthusiast in the cause of freedom, Dr. Bowring, have really effected good, for which, in a recent article, we gave them full credit. The Poor Laws' Commission, and the assistant commissioners are not dismissed without contributing their mite to swell the triumphs of the Government. Time enough here, one would imagine, to hollow when we are out of the wood. But much is already *done* to correct pauperism, immorality, and misery; and it is the theme of exulting gratulation. "By the Act of 3 William IV. they (the Ministers) have enabled the depositors in SAVINGS' BANKS to purchase government annuities." This act is as double-sided as the published report of the Poor Law Commissioners is one-sided. It may give the reader an idea of the style of the Ministerial pamphlet, to cite a single sentence here about what has been done.

"Without the *suggestion* or *assistance*, or even the *commendation* of those who talk so loudly of their exclusive concern for the welfare of 'the people,' and who assume to be the sole guardians of 'the working classes,' this act was concocted and passed." This is a hard side-knock to the Radicals, it must be confessed. They have merely proposed that universal education, cheap knowledge, free trade, light taxation, and above, and in consequence of all, *cheap bread* should, in the first place, enable the working classes to obtain something to save and deposite. This, one would imagine, was beginning at the right end.

be the root of all evil,' upon both divine and moral testimony, we believe, without other evidence, all persons who give themselves up to it capable of all crimes; and, without running the risk of suggesting to what extent Lords Grey and Plunkett have surrendered themselves to this spring of all that is bad in human conduct, we assert, that the *Morning Chronicle* has confessed enough against both, to prove them wholly unfit to the smallest share in the administration of public affairs." The *Chronicle* has confessed that Earl Grey, like Sir John Key, was a little too partial to his own kindred. How will the proud stomach of the noble Earl digest a comparison with the rapacious Alderman?

THE EAST INDIA CHARTER, as a measure contemplated by the Wellington administration which has really given considerable satisfaction, is lightly passed over: nor did it require elaborate apology; for its latent errors have attracted little notice. That it asserts, though indirectly, the principle that one man is liable to pay to support a religion to which he is indifferent, or which he condemns, or that is not his, was subject of correction; and it is cause of regret that a constitution for India, which the Wellington Government would have established in substance, and, indeed, in detail, carries in its bosom that little pernicious seed, which must be watched and plucked up on its first sproutings, unless future ages are to witness the nuisance which will have been abated in Ireland, though at the expense of civil war, springing and flourishing in India. The China Trade was prospectively opened up before the Whig Ministry were in power. To have continued the monopoly might have been a matter of difficulty. It is not one of boast that it is ended.

THE BANK CHARTER BILL of the Ministers, even after the sifting and partial improvement it underwent in the House of Commons, has come forth a measure which is all but universally condemned. Even the Tories never contemplated the renewal of this most pernicious monopoly. Part of those who discussed the subject, were for a national bank of issue, with the Westminster Review and True Sun; a much larger number, with Sir Henry Parnell, the Examiner, and this Magazine, for the Scottish system, or free trade in Banking. None but Bank of England proprietors, the Whig and Tory party, and the present London Bankers, who enjoy a sort of lesser monopoly which would be destroyed by the superior strength and efficiency of Joint-Stock Banks on the Scottish system, advocated the renewal of the Bank Charter. But the Government organs do not deny that Ministers have made a very bad bargain with the Bank; and the legal-tender clause is justly characterized by the Tories as a decided step backwards. When the enterprise of capitalists, indignant at the fetters imposed by the Ministerial Bill, stood ready to seize an advantage, and enter by the breach, there was surely no very great merit in Ministers tolerating what they could not prevent, and inserting the declaratory clause relating to the London Joint-Stock Banks. One of the provisions of the new bill is calculated to have a collateral effect which we have not seen attended to. "If you wish the Tories out, run for gold," was a watchword chalked on the walls of the Irish and English provincial towns at the crisis of the Reform Bill; which could not have the same effect in the English towns under the new Bank Charter. Under the new provision is couched a sagacious look-out for difficulties that might affect more than the Bank alone. But the various provisions of the Bank Charter, and the mode of its progress, to which the Treasury apologist devotes a large section of this pamphlet, demand a separate and lengthened discussion. The monthly publication of the Bank accounts, if not eluded, is the only good first principle of the Bill. Presenting the Bank with the enormous profits of its renewed monopoly, for the paltry annual payment of £120,000, is a gross injury, and not a benefit to the nation. If we are to retain monopolies, the public, which must suffer the hardship, ought, on every principle, to reap as much advantage as can be wrung from those who enjoy them.

According to our Treasury authority, the Foreign policy of the Reform Ministers corresponds, in wisdom and in spirit, to their domestic measures. The pamphleteer lets off a joke at old Chassé, and indulges

in a brief Jeremiade over the wrongs of Poland, ending with the important question, "Could England have prevented all this?"—and showing that she could not. If such was to be the lame conclusion, it was injudicious to broach this unhappy subject at all. Nor is Turkey a convenient text as affairs look at present. The following calculation is, we suspect, made somewhat hastily:—

The throne of the Sultan was first menaced by his rebellious vassal, and then endangered by his protecting ally. The Porte has, for the present, escaped from both perils,—the Egyptians have retired from Asia Minor, and the Russians have left Constantinople. It is the business of the British Government to take care they neither shall return again.

The duty may not be found quite so easy. What follows runs counter to what we have very often seen advocated as the cool, deliberate Whig judgment, of the importance to mankind of Russian knowledge and civilization taking the place of Turkish barbarism:—

Would Europe gain by substituting, at Constantinople, Russian civilization for Turkish barbarism? Would the benefit to humanity make up for the political evil? Could the crime of another partition be thus atoned for? * * * The Russian empire is large enough for the purposes of good government, and for the safety of the rest of Europe; and Constantinople must never be added to the dominions of the Czar.

There is something perplexed and curious, and susceptible of widely different interpretations, in what the Treasury writer advances upon the general questions of war or peace. The influencing motives to the preservation of peace would appear to comprehend elements not generally taken into account. The country is congratulated, in this amplification of a King's speech, upon the union that subsists with France. If war had occurred, (and no one can say how near it may be,) it would, if entered on for Poland, have, according to the saying of Canning, been "a war of political opinion;" and the pamphleteer alleges that this might have been peculiarly dangerous, "at a moment when the recent events in France and Belgium had excited, to the highest pitch, the passions of mankind, and had brought into active conflict *the most extreme opinions.*" "We believe," he adds, "our Government judged wisely," in avoiding war for Poland. Perhaps they have. They have at least acted consistently. A war for Poland would have been a revolutionary war for all Europe. France and England had already taken the part they are disposed to maintain. The Italian states would have caught fire; the patriotic Germans would have struggled for the freedom for which they had formerly bargained while they bled. There would have been no safety for the throne of the Citizen King, unless based on a broader foundation of popular rights than he appears to relish. "Though the immediate issue could not be doubtful," says the Treasury oracle, "the ulterior effects might have been tremendous." There is no doubt of it. Europe might already have seen several new revolutions, and three or four Republics.* In explanation of the above dark saying, the writer sagaciously quotes a remarkable speech made by Earl Grey on the second reading of the Irish Church Bill, and which might have safely been made to the contentment and quietude of all good Conservatives, by any of the series of Tory Premiers from Pitt to Wellington. "We," said the noble Earl, "have endeavoured to bring forward measures of reform, (such as this Irish Church Bill to-wit,) which have been submitted to your Lordships and the other Houses of Parliament, *strictly*, I repeat it, upon *Conservative principles*; wishing to cover the weak parts of the Government and strengthen it against

the attacks of its enemies, and to secure to it the confidence of its friends; to remove what even its friends deplore, and to oppose those *wild and extravagant projects*, which, while they promise peace and freedom, must end in despotism and anarchy." What are "the wild and extravagant projects" denounced by Earl Grey, and sought by the enemies of the Government,—and who entertains them? The wildest among them are, perhaps, the abolition of the Corn Laws, and probably Ballot, both sought or approved by sundry leading Whig Ministers while out of office.

To sum up the whole, the feebleness, truckling, and vacillation of the Government, are proved to have been innate modesty, humility, and prudence. If Ministers trimmed, it was not from dread: "For that it is a strong administration no one doubts who looks at its overwhelming majorities." This we call the true backing of friends, a full-faced fellowship. The eulogist does, however, (for the man is conscientious,) confess, that "the House and its leaders have deceived even his sagacity." Not possible! Yet it is so. The simple man "expected diligence, but the industry of the first reformed Parliament has far exceeded his expectations! It has had more *Committees* than any former Parliament!" Query, What have they done? The late session was designated in this *Magazine* the *Billing session*. In the late *Westminster Review* it is called "the Do-nothing Parliament," or the session of "the shearing of the Hogs."* It deserves rather to be called the Do-mischief Parliament. Mischief has always been prominent wherever activity was apparent. Had nothing been done in Church Reform, there would have been leisure for inquiry; and a larger measure—it could not have been less—would have been carried. The Bank Bill would have been improved with every passing month. Giving the go-by to so many great questions as were enumerated in our last number, involves positive mischief, in a country where principle has ever yielded to precedent.

To return to our pamphleteer. It is confessed that members have "displayed impatience sometimes," and "that some persons have been refused a hearing;" but then the impatience was only of discussion, which Ministers occasionally felt extremely impertinent and annoying, and of "those from whom nothing would have been heard but declamation; for the purpose of display or agitation." It would have been well to name them, that the electoral bodies might know what kind of representatives are those they send, who must be put down, as they will deliver nothing "but declamation for display or agitation." No Tory member is included: they have always obtained a respectful hearing.

But the greatest fault of the good-natured House has, on the whole, been "its toleration and indulgence, a fault the least likely to increase," as good-nature does not usually grow with age. An increase of the choir of crows, and hooters, and brayers, may therefore be expected next session. And many other changes may be expected next session, if members give themselves the trouble to review the bygone one seriously, and to profit by its warnings and lessons. With the eulogium on the tractableness of Parliament, with which the pamphlet winds up its slow length, we cordially agree. "Night after night we were told (by the Tories) that a reformed House would acknowledge no leader."

* Swine,—not young sheep,—by which our Scottish readers may understand Hogs. The great-cry-and-no-wool session is here meant. Now Scotch Hogs do yield a little wool.

It has answered as docilely, and with as much alertness, to the Treasury whistle, as any well-trained pack in a packed-House that ever we remember.

"In spite of the opposition, sometimes separate, but more frequently combined, of Tories and Radicals," [When combined?—in what instances?] "there never, so far as the House of Commons is concerned, has been a stronger Administration." It is well our author does not include the country, the constituents of the House of Commons, in his boasted strength. He prudently forbears that; and avoids many other trifles: such, for instance, as the measures discomfited or abandoned; the frequent very narrow majorities, despite the tractableness of members; the positive defeats; and, above all, the feeling and the results of the elections that took place in London and the country during the session. The Whig dinners, the Whig public meetings, the applause, the enthusiasm of the years 1830 and 1831-2, whither have they vanished? Have they so soon dwindled into a few newspaper puffs, and a farrago of self-applause, contained in a long pamphlet, distributed by party industry, and treated with scorn, whether viewed as a eulogy or justification of the measures of the REFORM MINISTRY.

THE MORAY FLOODS.

THE mountain torrent rushing fierce and high,
 Bearing away the riches of a strath,
 Has future mercy in its present wiath.
 The man who thinks aright, who has an eye
 To scan the works of Nature, and apply
 Their cogent moral fitly to the heart,
 Shall find the consolation they impart,
 That in all-seeming evil good doth lie.
 The flood shall fertilize: or if you scan
 Its path in desolation, hath it not,
 A better, since a *moral* harvest wrought?
 How hath it fertilized the heart of man,
 Taught it to yield a tenderness unbought,
 And better sympathies than interest can!

SEA SONG.

WE are mates of the storm,
 We are children of ocean;
 And our sire is the lord
 Of our deepest devotion.

When he wooes the bright sun
 From the course of his duty,
 To linger and gaze
 On the palm of his beauty;

Or when clothed with a cloud,
 With a helmet of wonder,
 He rises in might
 To contend with the thunder!

O'er the depth of his blue
 When the rainbow is bending,
 Our ship, mid the glory,
 Her lone way is bending,

Mid the sunshine that melts
 O'er the calm which surrounds,
 As free as the wave,
 Or the light which hath bound us round.

So bold, and so beautiful
 Walks like the water,
 Old Ocean may own her
 His loveliest daughter!

AGE OF THE EARTH

AN interesting question arises to a thoughtful man, upon the age, in a virtual sense, of our Earth,—that is, its age in analogy to the periods of infancy, youth, maturity, and decay, in a human being, or other organized creature. We apostrophize this planet as our *common mother*; and some have seriously regarded it as an animal, having an organic structure, and, in ways more or less imperfect, as exercising the functions of animal nature. But, at all events, we have reason to suppose that, in common with “all which it inherits”—mineral, vegetable, or animal—this planet, having passed through stages of gradual development, or (as we may call it) growth, in reaching its present condition, is subject to the affections of youth and old age. A period may be anticipated, whether near at hand or remote, in which the earth will show signs of decay and paralysis, and gradually become unfit for the large and important offices which at present she discharges with so much credit to herself and so much comfort to her numerous population. A question, therefore, of very commanding interest presses itself upon our attention, viz., In what stage of its life may we presume this planet to be at present? Our “common mother’s” age, we are all aware, is, upon any system of chronology which appeals to astronomical data and not to fabulous traditions, somewhere about six thousand years. Reading backwards the history of the heavens, the records of our planetary system, and the occasional notices of cometary intrusions, and then collating with this sublime register the collateral registers of sublunary events, as kept by different nations, we find continually more and more reason for agreeing by the chronology of our Bibles; and we may presume ourselves to be as near the exact truth as can ever be required for any useful purpose, when we date our earth, and perhaps the whole system of which she is so respectable a member, as not very far from the conclusion of her sixth millennium. Six periods of a thousand years compose, as it may seem, a ripe and mature age. and we are apt to suppose that a planet of these years must have done with frolics, and “sown her wild oats,” as we usually express it. Deluges, for instance, might not well upon a juvenile planet: but we look for no tricks of that sort in one who is on the verge of her seventh millennium. Yet, after all, the mere positive amount of the earth’s years, in a paked numerical expression, goes for nothing as respects our problem for assigning the period or stage of the earth’s life. Six thousand is a large number, *positively* considered, in estimating the age of any object whatever which we have accustomed ourselves to treat as a lady. But, *relatively*, to a total duration of possibly a thousand times that amount, it would seem a pure bagatelle. Supposing the earth to have had its forces and composition adjusted to an existence of a million years, or even a quarter of that amount, then, in relation to her whole capacity of duration, or what we will take leave again to term her whole life, our earth could not be viewed as yet beyond her infancy. Now this is exactly our question: numerically expressed, let the planet’s years be what they may, let them tally with our modest western scale, as settled alike by scriptural authority and by European scholarship, or let them ascend that Jacob’s ladder of aerial antiquity which the gigantic scale of oriental traditions presumes; still, upon either assumption, the question evolves, In what stage of her progression is the earth at present? What period of her total development, by analogy with the great periods of

animal growth, may she be reputed as now passing through? Speaking roundly, or *κατὰ πλάτος*, is she old or young? And if young, as we for our parts suspect that she will be found, then, more particularly, *how* young? To which, in the various subdivisions of youth—infancy, childhood, adolescence—does her present age correspond? Finding, as we noticed above, that she has left off her early tricks of defuging us all—a sort of *escapade* which seems to characterize extreme infancy—we might, upon that single indication, conjecture that she is now in early childhood, or at a stage corresponding perhaps with the age of two or three years in a human subject. And some loose conjecture of this nature, sufficient to argue generally a state of childhood, though with considerable latitude as to the precise year, is strengthened again by another analogy with animal life, which might be illustrated at some length; but we shall be satisfied with barely suggesting it. In the human economy, as we all know, some organs obtain their full development, or nearly so, in the stage of childhood: the head, for example, is said to expand but little after a period at which the great mass of the body and limbs have not attained one-half of their development. Again, some organs are perfect, as to *quality*, at the period of birth, and suffer no changes afterwards but such as respect their *size*; others, again, as the teeth, exist only in rudiment at the birth, and require many months for their development. Now, upon our earth, there are various indications of the same unequal development; which seem to argue that this state of childhood is not yet passed. Omitting many other cases, in which we can even yet trace a *nisus* towards a condition of repose not yet perfectly attained—an effort at settling into an equilibrium which is still not universally established—rivers and their beds furnish striking presumptions that the earth has not yet travelled beyond her childhood, perhaps not beyond a period corresponding to the stage of dentition in man. The beds of even European rivers are not all of them in a state of settlement such as would argue a period of maturity; and in America, which quarter of the earth is probably younger by some thousands of years than the other continents, the rivers and their beds are absolutely unfinished, (if we may take so bold an expression,) neither is there much prospect that they *will* be finished, or “turned out of hand,” as artisans phrase it, for some centuries to come. Not to trouble the reader with any wider range of references, he may satisfy himself on this point, by consulting a learned and remarkably ingenious dissertation* in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, under the head of *Rivers*.^a He will there find that the beds of many rivers are slowly, (some rapidly, perhaps,) tending to a condition not yet attained. And, looking even with no eye of science, but with the superficial eye of a tourist, or mercantile transporter of peltry, upon these wild, hair-brained American rivers, can he believe that breakers and “snags,” as the Americans call them, are excusable in any great stream, destined in after years to fill a high place in commercial geography, except upon the plea of extreme youth? Doubtless all such asperities, and even the disgusting interruptions of *portages*, will disappear as the planet improves and develops her organs in that quarter; neither can it be supposed, that such rivers as the *Mad river*, and others of the same furious denomination, will be suffered to go on as they have done, when a few short centuries shall have tamed them into sobriety, by bringing them nearer

* Written, as we have been informed, by the late Professor Hobbes.

to years of discretion. The indications are many and loud, that in those regions, at least, the planet is in her childhood. And other regions there may be, which have not yet reached the stages of birth and infancy—those, for instance, where the coral insect is spinning upwards from the depths of ocean, and knitting into future continents whole archipelagos of islands, by a sort of chrystallization more delicate than frost-work, and stronger than granite; underlaying, in short, some embryo America, with columns and rafters that are to span the depths and breadths of the Pacific. Our earth, therefore, when considered as a surface, may not be everywhere of the same age: parts there may be, as we have just said, absolutely unborn at this day. And even upon that hypothesis we might construct another argument in support of the earth's childhood. For, suppose the great habitable chambers of the earth, Asia, Africa, Europe, America, Polynesia, &c., to have come forward at periodical intervals of 500 or 1000 years, then; as it is probable that all, as parts of the same planet, will have the same period of existence *a parte post*, i. e.—will have a common termination, it may be fairly argued, that in the scheme or plan of their existence, they are designed and assumed as co-existence; having a common beginning; and that the differences of a few centuries between the times of their several nativities, are neglected as trifling or evanescent quantities. Now, we argue, that when the cycle of existence is such, that in respect of its total duration, five or ten centuries can be neglected, as bearing no sensible proportion to it, there we are forced to assume that cycle as of such vast dimensions, that six thousand years could not be regarded as analogically equal to more than a very brief childhood. This style of argument, however, may be taxed with subtlety—and that is a charge which, upon a subject so plain and intelligible, though otherwise curious and interesting, we are anxious to avoid. One remark only we shall add of the same character, and shall then pass to the direct physical arguments drawn from any part of Natural Philosophy, for determining, by approximation, the earth's age. The remark is this: That as, (on the one hand,) if any reasons should appear for thinking that our planet is not beyond the stage of childhood, that will amount to a proof almost, that its total duration will be very long, (and especially, that it will far exceed the term assigned conjecturally by most exponents of the sacred Prophecies;) so, on the other hand, *versu vice*, if any argument should arise for attributing to this planet a vast duration, in that case the small portion of that duration already settled, upon the best warrant, as having passed away, will merely have, by its proportion to the whole evidence, its title to be considered the childhood of our planet. But now let us come to the physical arguments on this question. These have been ably urged by a great German philosopher, whose lights, however, were greater in mathematics, and in mechanics, than in chemistry or pneumatology. For the benefit of our readers we have digested the sum of what he has said into a brief memoir.

If in any case it is our purpose to determine whether a thing be old—very old—or as yet young, we must value its age not by the number of years which it has lasted, but by the proportion which those years bear to the sum of its natural duration under favourable circumstances. The very same period of years, which, for one class of creatures, is an expression of an advanced age, is not so for another. That same lapse of time, which suffices to superannuate a dog, carries a man little beyond

his childhood ; and the oaks, or the cedars upon Lebanon, have not reached their meridian strength, when the linden trees and the firs are already old and in decay. Any scale transferred from beings of a different nature is liable to error ; but the commonest case of this erroneous transfer is, where man, in coming amongst the great scenes of divine workmanship, applies as the mete-wand of their age a scale drawn from the succession of human generations. In some judgments which have proceeded on these principles, there is reason to fear that the conclusion has been of the same quality as that so elaborately drawn by the Roses in Fontenelle :—"Our gardener," said they, "is a very old man ; within the memory of roses, he has been the same that he ever was. In fact he is not liable to death ; no, nor so much as to change." Indeed, upon considering the capacity of vast duration which is found throughout the whole scheme of creation in the capital members of the system, and that this duration comes very near to absolute infinity, one is disposed to think that possibly the flux of five or six thousand years is, by comparison with that duration which has been destined to our earth, short of a year in relation to the period of man's life.

To confess the truth, it is not in revealed religion that we must seek for any data whatever, from which we can possibly deduce whether the earth may be regarded as being at this time young or old ; whether, as in the plenitude and bloom of her perfections, or as in the total decay of her powers. True, indeed, that revelation has disclosed to us the period of her creation and development, and has punctually ascertained the season of her infancy ; but, for all that, we know not to which term of her duration—whether to the anterior or the posterior, to the beginning or the end, she is now nearer. Being, therefore, so wholly forsaken in this point by revelation, it does strike me as a proper subject for investigation under the light of Natural Philosophy, and not unworthy of our pains, to settle the question, Whether in reality this planet of ours be liable to old age, and whether she be approaching continually, by gradual decay of her forces, to the term of utter extinction ? whether, again, at this present moment she has arrived within the current of her fatal declension, or, on the contrary, her constitution of natural forces be still in its period of prosperous vigour ? or, finally, whether even the meridian altitude has yet been ascended—the zenith of that perfection which she is privileged to expect by the law of her original constitution—and whether, consequently, she has as yet surmounted the period of her childhood ?

If we hearken to the complaints of aged people, we shall hear that nature is perceptibly growing old, and that the very steps may be punctually traced which mark her descent into superannuation. The very seasons, say they, are no longer seasonably adjusted as heretofore. The powers of nature are exhausted ; her beauty and her truth are in decay. Men are neither as strong nor as old as formerly. And this declension, it is alleged, may be observed not merely in the physical constitution of the earth ; it has propagated itself into moral qualities. The ancient virtues are extinct ; modish vices have stepped into their places ; and the old-fashioned integrity finds its functions usurped by falsehood and imposture. This conceit hardly merits contradiction : neither is it so much a result of error as of self-love. Those worthy grey-beards who are so happy in their self-estimation as to persuade themselves that Providence has interposed for their welfare by bringing them into the world during its most palmy state, cannot readily submit

to believe that, after their own removal, things will go on as prosperously as before they were born. They would fain imagine that nature lapses into dotage concurrently with themselves; and this with the very natural purpose of evading all sorrow for leaving a world which is already arrived at the very brink of her ruin.

Groundless as this fancy is for seeking to measure the age and duration of nature by standards derived from any single human generation, there is, however, another conjecture which is far from seeming so absurd, viz. that in a course of some millennia perhaps, a change in the constitution of the earth might arise sufficient to become perceptible. Here let it be remarked, that it is not enough to allege with Fontenelle that the trees of the past age were not larger than at present, the men neither older nor more vigorous; these objections are not sufficient to establish the fact that Nature is not liable to old age, or that in reality she is not growing old. Qualities, such as those of age and strength, have their fixed limits prescribed to them, beyond which not even the most blooming condition of nature can propel them. In all climates there is here no difference. The richest soils, and those most happily situated, have in this respect no privilege beyond the poorest and most barren. But whether, supposing the case, that between well-attested accounts of past times and the most accurate observation of our own, a comparison were carefully instituted, some difference would not be observed in their several rates of productiveness; whether, in fact, the earth have not heretofore stood in need of less care and tending in order to yield food to the human race: this, if it could be determined, seems to promise some light to the problem before us. Such an answer would, in fact, be tantamount to laying before our eyes the first steps in a long series or progression, by means of which we should have it in our power to ascertain what was the final point to which the earth is tending; what the latter steps in that same series or progress towards which nature, in her dark voyage, is for ever insensibly making way. The sort of comparison, however, which I am here supposing to be instituted between two remote periods of time is little to be relied on, or rather is altogether impossible. So much, in the productiveness of our earth, depends upon human industry, that, after all, it could hardly in any one case be determined satisfactorily, whether, in the desolation and depopulation of countries which once were flourishing seats of prosperity, any, and what proportion of the ruin, should be ascribed to the decay of Nature, and whether any, and what, to the negligence of man. Such an investigation I will recommend to those who have more ability and more inclination than myself for searching the records and examining the monuments of past times. For my own part, I purpose to treat the question simply as a natural philosopher, with a view to arriving, if possible, by this approach at some glimpse of the truth.

Most naturalists who have sketched theories of the earth, tend to this conclusion:—That its productiveness is slowly decaying; that, by tardy steps, it is approaching to that condition in which it will become desolate and depopulated; and that time only is wanting to exhibit the sad spectacle of Nature superannuated, and expiring amidst the utter exhaustion of her powers. The problem is a weighty one; and it will amply reward our pains to approximate cautiously to a solution. First of all, however, let us accurately determine the idea which is to be formed of superannuation, as affecting a body, which, by means of its own inherent

powers, has developed itself into a state of perfection, under the modifying influences of the elements.

We are not to suppose that the particular state of old age, in that succession of changes through which an organized creature revolves, is an insulated condition, produced by the action of external and violent causes. On the contrary, the self-same causes which carry a thing to its highest perfection, and which maintain it there, bring it round, by the steps of imperceptible changes, to final extinction. To this law all natural things are subject,—That the self-same mechanism which originally laboured for their perfection, having once carried them to that point, simply because it cannot intermit its activity but still perseveres in its series of changes, does, and cannot but carry it continually further and further from the conditions of a good constitution, and finally delivers it over to ruin. The very same impulse which causes trees to grow brings death upon them after they have completed their growth. When the vessels and tubes are capable of no farther expansion, the nourishing sap, still persisting to introduce itself, by a natural consequence begins to clog the interior of the passages, and finally to cause decay and death by the stoppage of the natural juices. A process of the same nature goes on in animal life: there, also, the same mechanism which originally ministered to the full development of the animal, afterwards, under a change of circumstances, comes to react upon it for purposes of destruction. Just so is the gradual decay of the earth so interwoven with the series of changes which originally operated for its perfection, that it can never become an object of notice until after a long lapse of time.

The earth, when it arose out of chaos, had inevitably been in a previous state of fluidity, by means of which it was enabled to adapt itself readily to that figure which is necessary to the equilibrium of its parts. Out of this fluid state it passed into a state of solidity; and, in fact, we see irrefragable traces that the upper surface must have hardened first. In the interior of the earth's mass, where the same efforts were going on for the establishment of an equilibrium, the elastic element of air, continually sent upwards and disengaged, led through a natural series of changes, to the inequalities of the earth's surface—to hills and valleys. The sea, in the very process of clearing out its own bed, threw up shores and barriers to curb its own fury; the rivers wore themselves suitable beds and canals; universal equilibrium was established; order and beauty resulted: and fertility soon created the marvels of her wealth upon every side.

Meantime, this development of the earth's natural powers was far from being equally distributed. In some regions her surface is still raw and imperfect, whilst others are in the very *acme* of their prosperity; and others, again, having already survived this condition, are now approaching to decay. In general, the high grounds are the eldest, which first attained fulness of development; the low grounds are younger, and have arrived later at perfection. In the same order of succession they may expect to be visited by decay.

The first regions in which men settled were the highest among those which are habitable; it was only at a later period that they descended upon the plains; and they were obliged to apply their powers to the acceleration of nature, which was too slow in her developments to meet their rapid multiplication. Egypt, that fine creation of the Nile, was, in its Upper Districts, a settled and populous region, whilst the half of

Lower Egypt, and the entire Delta, were yet a desolate morass. All this is now reversed: the ancient Thebais has nothing left of its once exclusive fertility, which raised it to such unexampled prosperity; whilst all its advantages have passed downwards, and settled upon the lower parts of the country. Low Germany, again, which is a creation of the Rhine, being, in fact, a deposition of that river, together with the flattest parts of Lower Saxony, and that part of Prussia where the Weichsel divides into so many branches, and seems incessantly striving to lay under water the adjacent districts, which in part have been won back by the industry of man—all this region alike wears the appearance of being younger, richer, and more blooming than the high lands at the head of these streams, which, however, were already peopled at a time when the former were still in the condition of morasses, or, in the neighbourhood of the sea, were so many vast estuaries.

This revolution (or, more accurately speaking, this uniform series of evolution) in the course of nature deserves explanation. In the earliest times, when as yet the dry land was but recently quitted by the sea, the rivers did not at first find suitable channels prepared for them, nor that uniform declivity which they required in their passage to the sea. Hence, in many places they overflowed, formed standing sheets of water, and made the land useless. Gradually, and wherever they happened to find soil more soft and yielding than usual, they hollowed out channels for themselves; and with the mud which they washed up from these channels by the force of their currents, they raised on each side banks which, in seasons of low water, were sufficient to confine their streams, but which, as often as they were overflowed by the rising of the waters, were again raised by the depositions of mud, &c., until the river-beds were by the continued repetition of this process, so far matured as to be in a condition for carrying down to sea, with a moderate but uniform descent, whatever waters were delivered into them by the circumjacent lands. Now, it must necessarily have happened, that the high-lying regions about the sources of great rivers, would be the first to benefit by this process of natural development, and would therefore be the first to attract inhabitants; the same process would descend by gradual successions to the lower regions, seaward; and those which lay nearest the mouths of rivers would be still involved in the struggle of development long after the highest grounds had attained their stage of maturity. But it is observable that this disadvantage of situation, as originally it really is, brings with it in the end a rich compensation: the very same lowness of position, which had thrown them so far back in the race of development, afterwards enabling them to grow rich upon the spoils of the high lands. For the rivers, bearing along in high floods a rich freightage of mud and slime, overflow their banks, and deposit the whole upon the lower grounds. These are, in this way, at one and the same time, manured and raised; and a transfer of fertility takes place of the same kind, if not in the same degree, as that memorable one which we have before noticed between the Thebais and the Delta.

Natural processes, running through a regular progression or cycle of this sort, make it easy to understand the remarkable depopulations which have sometimes taken place; as also the transfers of population and of agriculture which have occurred between ancient and modern times. But the natural process, by which we have here explained these phenomena, applies more peculiarly to those lands which labour under the privation of rain water; and would, therefore, but for periodical over-

flows of some great river, want the requisite moisture, and in such a condition must rapidly be converted into arid uninhabitable deserts. That dreadful catastrophe might be brought about by other means than the failure or the declension of the river waters; for instance, by the general elevation of the circumjacent soil through the continual depositions of the annual overflow. In this way a country might be suddenly ruined by the accumulation of its own chief wealth; and, in fact, a most celebrated land is at this time threatened apparently by such a catastrophe. That land is Egypt; which, as it illustrates better than any other the process by which nature, using the agency of rivers, first creates a rich and habitable soil, with a great population in its train; and secondly, the continuation of the same process by which she propels this wealth and population from the highlands to the lowlands; so, finally, it seems destined to illustrate that closing process by which she swallows up and confounds her own finest creations. The change wrought by the Nile, co-operating with Time in the elevation of this valley, (for Egypt is, in fact, one long but narrow valley, bisected by the Nile,) is the great parent of its long prosperity and of its present danger. According to the testimony of Herodotus, at a period which preceded his visit to Egypt, by about 900 years, a rise in the Nile of not more than eight feet, sufficed to overflow the *whole* of the country. In his time fifteen feet of increase in the river level was requisite to accomplish the same universal irrigation. But at present nothing short of twenty-four feet is adequate to the end. Now, without further inquiry, it is evident that if the elevation of the soil, by means of annual depositions from the river go on indefinitely, without any corresponding rise in the river,—whether in our time or not, sooner or later, the river will become useless in its main function. A finite power measuring itself against one which is in its nature infinite must be defeated; and it will appear that it must *vi termini*, merely by a nominal explanation of the two forces concerned without further argument.

Were all countries, then, under the peculiar circumstances of Egypt, the possibility of old age as an affection belonging to our planet would be established, and at the same time the mode of its approach explained; and thus our problem would at once be solved. But since the natural process which takes place in that instance applies to very few parts of the earth's surface, and the total result must therefore be regarded as trivial and inconsiderable, we have still to determine the question in reference to the planet as a whole; and with that view it is our business first of all to examine those causes from which the majority of natural philosophers have deduced old age as a natural or possible effect, and by which they have fancied themselves warranted to predict the final and general decay of our planet.

The first of these causes is that implied in the hypothesis, which ascribes the saltiness of the sea to rivers. These, it is alleged, carry downward to the sea all the salt extracted from the earth, and washed by the rain into their currents; and in the sea it is left by means of continual evaporation, and is then gradually accumulated, and in that way has all the salt been obtained which the sea now holds in solution. Now it is an obvious inference from this doctrine, that, salt being the principal agent of growth and fertility, the earth being thus gradually robbed of her powers must finally be utterly impoverished and reduced to a condition of substantial death.

The second cause lies in the tendencies of rain and rivers to wash

away the soil and carry it off into the sea, which thus appears to be continually loaded with riches at the expense of the *terra firma*; and fear has been expressed that the sea, having its level in this way continually raised, must finally again surmount and cover the dry land which was heretofore withdrawn from its dominion.

There is a THIRD conjectural opinion advanced by those who, having noticed that the sea withdraws itself perceptibly from most shores in long periods of time, and leaves exposed as dry land many tracts of ground which heretofore lay within the marine empire, either apprehend an actual consumption of this fluid element by some sort of mysterious conversion into a more solid state, or else explain this diminution of the sea out of the operation of other causes which have interrupted the rain in its return to that vast reservoir from which it had arisen by evaporation.

A FOURTH and last opinion there is, which assumes as the great organ of nature, an *anima mundi*, or principle of universal activity, though nowhere directly perceptible, whose emanations, however subtle, being yet material, must finally be exhausted by incessant generation of new births; and nature herself, concurrently with this exhaustion of her organ, must be exposed to old age and death.

These opinions I will briefly examine, and will then attempt to establish that which to myself appears to be the true one.

Were there any truth in the first opinion, it would follow that all salt with which the waters of the ocean and mediterranean seas are impregnated, had previously been mingled with the soil which covers the *terra firma*; and that having been washed out of it by rains, it had then been carried off by rivers, and so perpetually introduced into the great marine reservoir by the same means. But fortunately for the earth, this conjecture is groundless. For, premising that the mean quantity of rain water which falls upon the earth in one year is 18 inches deep, a quantity pretty nearly equal to what has been found to fall in the temperate zone, and presupposing that all rivers arise and are fed by rain water; also that, of that rain which falls upon the *terra firma*, only two-thirds return into the sea through rivers, the other third being in part exhaled and in part spent upon the growth of plants; lastly, assuming that the sea occupies but one-half of the total superficies of the earth, an assumption which is below the truth, in that case we shall have placed the hypothesis in question upon the most advantageous footing; and yet, even then, all the rivers of the earth will have poured into the sea only one foot deep of water; and, therefore, upon the assumption that its mean depth were not more than a hundred fathoms, would have filled its basin in six hundred years, after it had been emptied in the same number of years by evaporation. According to this calculation, the united contributions of all brooks and rivers since the creation would have filled the sea's basin just ten times; and the salt, therefore, could amount to no more than ten times as much as that with which river water is naturally endowed under its present circumstances. Hence, we obtain this inference, that in order to settle the actual degree of saltness in the sea, we have only to subject ten cubic feet of river water to evaporation, when the salt left behind must amount to just as much as the product from a cubic foot of sea water after evaporation. Now, this is, *prima facie*, far too improbable to obtain the assent of the rudest judge; for, according to the computations of Wallerius, the water of the North Sea, in parts where few rivers fall into it, contains one-tenth part of salt, sometimes even a seventh; and even in the Bothnic Gulf, where it is greatly

diluted with river-water, it still contains a fortieth. The earth, therefore, is sufficiently guaranteed against this particular risk of losing its salt by the agency of rain and rivers: that point is settled by fact and absolute experiment. In reality, so far from robbing the land of its saliner parts, there is good reason to believe that the sea bountifully transfers to it some portion of its own; for, although evaporation leaves behind the gross salt, it does, however, raise and carry off part of that which has been volatilized, which floats with vapours over the *terra firma*, and communicates to the rain that fertilizing quality by which it is advantageously distinguished from the water of streams.

So much for the *first* hypothesis; the *second* is more self-consistent, and generally has more credibility. Manfred has thought it worthy of a very learned examination in the *commentarium* of the Bolognese Institute. In the course of this review he remarks, that the old foundations of the Cathedral at Ravenna, which is found below the modern one covered with rubbish, is eight feet lower than the high-water mark of the sea; and, therefore, at the period when that foundation was first constructed, at every tide of flood it must have been laid under water, unless we suppose the sea to have been lower at that time than at present; for there is evidence enough that the sea came up as close to the city in those days as it does now. In confirmation of his opinion, that the height of the sea has been constantly on the increase, he cites the case of St. Mark's Church at Venice, which is now so low, that its ground-floor as well as St. Mark's Place itself, when the lagoon happens to be flooded, are laid under water: an accident to which, we may reasonably presume, that it could not have been liable at the time of its foundation. He appeals also to the marble terrace carried round the Senate House of St. Mark, probably for the benefit of those who were going on ship-board, in order to allow of their coming to the water's edge in carriages—a purpose which is now entirely defeated, since moderately high tides lay it half a foot under water. This tendency of the sea-level to rise continually higher, he explains out of the accumulations of mud and other depositions from the fresh water, which, by continually raising the bed of the sea, must, as a natural consequence, force up its surface to a higher level. In order to establish the agreement between these marks, or positive facts of experience, on the one hand, and the elevating power as determined by calculation on the other, he endeavoured to value the quantity of mud which the streams carry along with them when most turbid. Accordingly, towards the end of February, he took up water from the river which flows past Bologna, and suffering the mud to settle, he found it to be the 1-174th part of the water. From this result, coupled with the amount of water which the rivers in one year deliver into the sea, he deduced a valuation of the elevating power, agreeably to which it appeared, that in a course of 348 years the sea would be raised by five inches. But, by pursuing this investigation, and extending his calculation to the sand, stones, &c. which accompany the mud, Manfred found reason to carry the elevating force much higher, insomuch that in 230 years it would raise the level by twelve inches. On this footing, the great catastrophe of the earth would be approaching with pretty rapid steps; and, yet even thus, he was more cautious in his estimate than Hartsoecker, who, upon a course of similar investigations with respect to the Rhine, announced the final ruin of the earth within ten millennia—a course of time sufficient, in his estimate, to wash away the whole inhabitable parts of the *terra firma*, and to diffuse the sea over its

entire surface as one uniform mirror, broken only by naked rocks here and there rising above the waters.

The true error of this hypothesis lies only in degree ; else, as regards its principle, it is well founded. It is true that the rain and the rivers wash away the earth, and carry it off into the sea, but it is far enough from the truth that they do this to the extent assumed by the author. He assumed arbitrarily that the rains flow as turbidly the whole year through as they do in those days when the snow, melting from the mountains, causes violent torrents,—and when the soil, rendered peculiarly friable by the previous action of frost, is washed away with more than usual ease. Had he coupled this consideration with the proper regard to the distinction between rivers descending from mountainous regions full of torrents, and those which are fed by flat countries, his computation would have been so far modified, that, perhaps, he would have dismissed it as no longer a sufficient basis for his purpose. Had he considered further that determinate tendency in the sea's motion to carry shorewards all substances not having an equal mobility with itself, to prevent therefore all accumulations of mud upon its own bed, and by continual depositions of such floating matter to increase the *terra firma* ; in that case his fear of seeing the marine basin filled up, would have given way to a well-founded hope of obtaining continual accessions of new land from the spoils of the high lands of the globe. For the fact is, that in all gulfs, as, for example, in that which bears the name of the Red Sea, and in the Gulf of Venice, the sea is gradually retiring from the interior end, and the dry land is making continual usurpations upon the kingdom of Neptune.

But with regard to the cause of the alleged depression in the shores of the Adriatic, as this might be supposed to arise indifferently from a real elevation of the sea or a real sinking of the land, I would account for it (supposing always that the facts are accurately reported) by appealing to a peculiar and special circumstance affecting the very constitution of the ground in the Italian peninsula. We know that this country rests upon subterranean vaults ; and the rage of earthquakes, although it has manifested itself most violently in the southern provinces, has yet run along to the north, and far out below the sea, with power enough to expound even there the cavernous constitution of the land, and the vast intercommunications of subterraneous galleries and chambers. Is it not, therefore, probable that, through the action of continual shocks, the entire soil of Italy—or roof, as I may call it, resting upon this enormous system of arches—has silently given way, and settled down upon its supporting columns ?

That THIRD hypothesis, which regards the increase of dry land and gradual limitation of the waters upon this globe as a forerunner of its ruin, may plead as plausible attestations as the preceding hypothesis from the records of experience, though not so intelligible a cause for their explanation. For, though at first sight it might seem that the sea, whilst withdrawing on one side and exposing fresh surface of dry land, would in some other quarter possess itself, by gradual encroachment, of counterbalancing areas, and thus, upon the whole, obtain indemnification ; yet it is certain that the old tracts, which the sea relinquishes, are far more extensive than the new ones which it appropriates. The sea is peculiarly apt to quit low grounds, whilst it frets, with aspiring waves, against the higher and steeper shores. That fact alone might be sufficient to demonstrate that the surface of the sea, taken generally, is not

in a course of elevation ; for in that case the difference of level would be most evidently perceptible on shores with a very gradual and slight declivity ; in such a situation a very trifling elevation of level, as even of a few feet, would lay under water a vast surface of land. Whereas the very opposite result is observable. Thus, for example, the Prussian "*Nährungen*," and the Downs upon the Dutch and English coasts, are so many sand-hills, which, in former times, the sea threw up in its daily path, but which now serve for lofty ramparts against its intrusions.

Now, in which of the three following modes are we to solve this phenomenon ? Shall we ascribe this depression of the sea to an actual evanescence of the fluid element and its conversion into some more solid form ; or, secondly, to a percolation and filtering of the rain-water into the bowels of the planet ; or thirdly, to a continual deepening of the sea's basin in consequence of its everlasting motion ? The first cause, though likely to have the smallest share in any perceptible change, is not, however, so much opposed to a sound Natural Philosophy as might seem. For, as other fluid bodies, quicksilver and air for instance, sometimes assume a form of more solidity without therefore losing their essence, so beyond all doubt does water ; the particles of which element seem, in the formation of vegetables, to lay aside their fluidity ; the very driest wood, upon chemical analysis, still yields water ; and thus it becomes probable that some part of the waters of this globe is converted into the substances of a vegetable growth, and never again returns to the ocean. The second cause, speaking rigorously, can as little be disputed as the first. Rain water, it is true, that part I mean which the earth imbibes, sinks generally no farther than to those denser strata which, refusing to let it pass, force it to pursue the inclinations of the ground in search of an outlet, and thus to feed springs. But it will always in some partial degree trickle down to the rocky strata ; and even in these will penetrate through crevices, and make those gatherings of subterraneous waters which, upon occasion of earthquakes, have sometimes spouted upwards and deluged whole tracts of country. Possibly the amount of sea water lost in this way may not be inconsiderable ; and it merits a more accurate valuation. But it is the third cause which apparently has the largest and least disputable share in the depression of the sea's level ; that level must continually sink in proportion as the bed of the sea is more profoundly hollowed. But in this way of approach not the slightest advance is made towards the earth's destruction.

What then is the result of the examination we have pursued with regard to the hypotheses hitherto brought forward ? The first three we have dismissed as insufficient. 1. The earth loses nothing of its saline quality through the abluitions of the brooks and the rain. 2. The rich soil is not washed away into the sea by rivers, with irreparable loss, and with the effect of saturating the ocean and thus raising its waters above the habitable land. True, the rivers carry into the sea the spoils of the elevated regions ; but the sea avails itself of these spoils, only to make farther depositions on the margin of the *terra firma*. 3. The opposite notion of an actual decrease in the waters of the ocean, however plausible, is too conjectural a speculation, and supported by too little grounds drawn from positive experience to challenge a philosophic attention. There is, indeed, as regards a change in the earth's form, one operative cause, still remaining upon which we may reckon with certainty ; and that is the tendency of rain and of brooks, by continually gnawing at the

soil and washing it down from the higher regions to the lower, gradually to level the eminences, and to rob the globe of its inequalities. This process and its effect are certain; and the earth cannot be delivered from the action of this cause until that era when, all the looser strata having been washed away, nothing will remain in the shape of eminences or inequalities except only the rocky frame-work or foundation insusceptible of further change. This is a revolution in the earth's form to be viewed with reasonable dread as a cause of impending ruin not only by means of the transposition of strata, the most fertile of which are gradually buried under successive depositions of worse soil; but in a yet higher degree by the abolition of those inequalities upon the earth's surface to which we are indebted for the indispensable distinction of hills and vales. Looking at the present constitution of our globe, and the distribution of its inequalities, we are struck with wonder and intense admiration at the order which presides amongst disorder, and the exquisite regularity with which all the irregularities on the earth's surface are made to co-operate towards one and the same systematic purpose. Vast tracts of country, for instance, lying perhaps in aerial altitudes, are yet all provided with regular successions of declivities, tending, for leagues, towards the basin of lakes; or else, by means of brooks which serve as pipes, deliver their waste water into the large conduits and sewers of mighty rivers; which again are furnished with other successions of declivity sufficient to carry down their contents to the ocean. And it is observable that this beautiful arrangement, by which the ground is liberated from all superfluities of rain water, depends for much of its efficacy upon the particular *degrees* of the declivities in relation to the height and the form of the superior grounds. Were the descent greater and more precipitous than it is, then the water (so necessary as one great condition of fructification) would be carried off too rapidly and in too large a proportion. Were it less, the water would be apt to stagnate in ruinous accumulations. Now, it is undeniable that a process is silently at work through all ages, operating by means of the rain and torrents in the way described above, for gradually impairing and finally effacing the fine symmetry of the arrangements here insisted on; since it is evident to the understanding as well as demonstrated by experience, that in exact proportion as the higher eminences are washed away, and the lower grounds elevated by the eternal depositions of these mountainous dilapidations, must the earth approximate in form to that condition in which it would have been had hills and valleys never existed. And the same effects must follow. That is, the rain water, no longer met by a regular scale of declivities for carrying down its superfluities must settle upon the ground, and thus soak and saturate it in a degree which must soon obliterate its fructifying powers, and render the globe uninhabitable. To the eye of philosophy, nothing is trivial or little which can, by continual summation of its never ending series, amount finally to any great result; nor can it be reasonable to overlook or to dismiss as unworthy of notice, any natural process or tendency towards the ruin of our planet, in which time only is wanted as a condition for maturing its efficacy. And even as regards that condition, it cannot be said that the noiseless steps of this natural process are altogether imperceptible at present; already some *sensible* advance in this process can be exhibited. One instance shall be cited from my own native country of Upper Prussia. Let me premise, however, by way of making it intelligible, that, as the high lands and eminences of any region are silently

wasting away by dilapidation, concurrently with that effect, and in due proportion to it, will the afflux of water to the lower grounds, by means of which lakes and rivers are fed, continually diminish ; and thus it will happen that these lakes and rivers must, by their own changes, become regular exponents of the advances made by nature in the process alluded to. Now the Upper part of Prussia is full of lakes ; and of these rarely can one be found which has not in close contiguity, large smooth expanses of dead levels, bearing all the marks of having once been accessory portions of the adjacent lake. What cause was it which exposed their beds to the atmosphere, and converted them into dry land ? Manifestly the diminished supply of water, and the contracted channels of the feeding streams. To give one example, according to the best authenticated evidence, the Prussian lake, known by the name of the *Dranseusee*, did, in former ages, extend to the city of *Prussian-Holland*, and was even made available for purposes of navigation ; whereas, at present, it has withdrawn itself from that city by a space of nearly five English miles, though still indicating its ancient bed by a long mirror-like plain, whose elevated shores are even yet distinctly visible on both sides. Here then, in a well-attested case of gradual change, we have the first links in a series whose last may possibly be at an infinite distance from the beginning ; and (I will add) may perhaps never be reached ; for Revelation announces to the planet which we inhabit, a sudden and violent catastrophe ; such as may interrupt its duration in the very *acme* of prosperity, and may leave it no time for travelling through the regular stages of superannuation, or for dying (so to speak) by a natural death.

Meantime, I am still in arrear, whilst treating of the several hypotheses which have been proposed (or may be proposed) on the question of the earth's natural life and age, as regards my answer to one of them : I mean the *fourth*. This hypothesis assumes, as my reader will recollect, that the active force which constitutes, in some measure, the life of nature, and which, though not visibly manifesting its presence, is yet busily at work in every act of natural generation and in the whole economy of the three natural kingdoms, may, by degrees, suffer decay and exhaustion, and may thus, by consequence, cause the superannuation of nature. Those who assume a universal spirit of the world in the sense here indicated, do not understand by it any immaterial power, any *anima mundi*, or plastic natures, which are all creatures of the imagination ; but a subtle and universally-operative matter, which, in all formations of nature, constitutes the active principle, and possesses a Proteus capacity for assuming all shapes and forms. Such an idea is not so much at war with a sound Natural Philosophy, or with actual experience, as might be supposed. If it be considered that, in the vegetable kingdom, nature has invested the most powerful and spiritual part of her creations in a certain oil, whose volatility is fixed and arrested by its peculiar viscous quality, and whose dispersion, either by evaporation or by chemical processes is followed by no sensible loss of weight, though in other respects it leaves the body a mere *caput mortuum* ; if, again, it be considered how this *spiritus rector*, as chemists term it, this fifth essence, which constitutes the specific characteristic of every vegetable growth, is everywhere produced with equal ease by the nutriment of plants, viz., pure water and air ; if, again, we consider the volatile acid universally diffused through the atmosphere, that principle of activity in most kinds of salts, the essential part in combustion, whose forces of attraction and repulsion are so clearly manifested in electricity : throwing these random glances

over this Proteus of nature, we shall be inclined to conjecture with some probability one universal instrument in the hands of nature, in the shape of a subtle matter infinitely active, of that description which is usually termed a spirit of the world ; but, at the same time, we shall have cause to apprehend, that everlasting generations, or acts of birth, may consume more of it than is restored in the dissolution of natural products. The equilibrium may possibly not be maintained ; and, by the enormity of her expenditure, nature may perhaps be continually suffering attaint and loss in her vital forces.

For my part, when I consider that instinct of high action which possessed the nations of antiquity ; when I look back upon that vast enthusiasm of ambition, of virtue, and of patriotism, and above all, that love of liberty, which became to them a demoniac possession, as it were, and a salient spring of grand thinking, raising them so unspeakably above themselves, and above the standards of poor ordinary human nature ; thinking of these things, and comparing the aspect of those times with the liminary and frigid qualities of humanity seen under its present phasis, I feel disposed certainly to congratulate our present age upon a revolution which, after all, is favourable both to moral interests and to the interests of science ; but yet, at the same time, I am tempted to conjecture, that possibly this great change may be an indication of a real depression in the temperature of that subtle fire which animated human nature, and supplied it with the very *pabulum* of its life. On the other hand, when I advert to the vast influence which forms of government, education, and example, exercise upon morals, and moral feelings, I distrust my own conclusions, and am again reduced to doubt whether these equivocal symptoms can be allowed any weight in establishing an absolute deterioration of nature.

HYMN TO NIGHT.

With fond entreaty of unceasing sighs,
I call thee, dewy night ! mild Queen of Peace !
The brain is fevered, dimly droop the eyes,
And strife exults, and labour will not cease ;
And the quick thoughts their strong enforcement ties
To joyless tasks, are panting for release ;—
And passions long for calm, and woes for rest :
Come thou ! and fold them on thy tranquil breast.

Come ! for the earth is weary : on the wolds
The bladed corn seems trembling for the dew ;
The noon-born rose is dead,—the poppy folds
Her bloodshot eye ;—the shivering forests through
The homeward bird its way, complaining, holds ;
The fields are dumb ;—a deep and sullen blue
Stains the near-frowning hills ; and o'er the sea
The restless wind moans fitfully for thee !

Breathe on the troubled heart ! Amidst the glare
 And noisy nothings of the pageant, Day,
 A throng of mean desires, with busy care,
 Have chased the train of sacred thoughts away.
 Fain, but too feeble, would the soul repair
 Within its holiest shrine to muse and pray ;
 But loud, preventing numbers stand before :—
 Dismiss the crowd—unclose the temple door !

Awake thy Moon, that seems to sorrow's eye
 A minister of love, intent to bring
 The dim remote possessions of the sky
 In league with human sympathies, that cling
 With fonder hope to dreams of worlds on high,
 When dreams of earth are past, and yearn to fling
 This rugged chain of Time's restraint aside,
 To dwell with aught that knows not change or tide.

And, crowned with myriad glories, passing far
 The dizzy glow of day, sweet Queen, unveil
 The face of thy fair heaven ! and, star on star,
 Thy train of living gleams, with splendour pale,
 Enkindle at the lamps of light, that are
 Hung o'er the gates of bliss that earliest hail
 The home-returning angels, as they lead
 From sphere to sphere the spirits Death has freed.

Or yet more welcome, stern and tempest-crowned,
 (For thy wild frown is terrible and proud !)
 Come, in thy state of starless gloom, enthroned
 Beneath the rolling canopy of cloud,
 Tossed by thy giant winds that, trumpet-toned,
 Shout through the trembling sky their triumph loud,
 While Earth, amazed with darkness, and subdued,
 Shakes at the menace of thy wrathful mood !

O thou that lendest beauty to the deep,
 Dashing its waves with gems,—to tree and flower
 Unwonted fragrance when thy sweet dew weep,—
 Song to the lonely nightingale, and power
 To man's freed spirit, in thy halls of sleep ;
 And solemn mysteries to the midnight hour,
 The charm to silence—majesty in gloom,
 Giver of rest, and strength, and sweetness, come !

All fairer dreams forgotten midst the toil
 Of servile day ; the hopes that vainly seek
 The true and lovely on the rugged soil
 Of common life, and, lingering there, grow weak ;

The heart's young bloom that bitter years despoil !
The memories busier hours forbid to speak ;
And fancies, soft and shy, that shun the light,
Revive, and bring us back, O gentle Night !

The jealous mourner, with a burning eye,
Expects thy coming shadow. Like a stone,
Cold on his heart Day's hateful burdens lie,
And urge him, striving with his stifled groan,
From vain remark, or vainer cheer, to fly,
And stand, debating with his grief, alone
Beneath thy silent shade, where none intrude
To mete his tears, or mock his solitude.

But more, sweet Empress, be thy presence dear
To that still chamber, where a child of song
Breathes, in quick rapture on thy startled ear,
Exulting notes that ages shall prolong !
Shed magic on his soul, and bid appear
Serene and beauteous forms ; as, throng on throng,
The stately dead approach, in converse high,
And spirit-murmurs to his call reply !

Queen of fond passions ! bid thy daughter set
Her beamy cresset in its orb of gold,
That bashful eyes, and lips that ne'er have met,
Beneath the smiling lustre may grow bold ;
And virgins cease to coy, and half-forget
To chide, or shrink from love's enraptured fold ;
Till the full heart in every pulse replies,
Long kisses burn, and souls are blent in sighs.

Or call the antic sprites, whose winged feet
Sweep the green land of dreams ; where visions fair
And strange delights in bright delirium meet ;
And bliss, to earth unknown, is perfect there ;
And will is free, and every grief is sweet ;
And Time outstripped, and distance cast in air ;
And smiling phantoms of the loved and dead
Glide through the radiant crowd with noiseless tread !

O come ! and lull the hot, impatient sense.
Of weariness and wrong ; the past restore !
Come with old memories, tender and intense,
Come with the fresh untainted thoughts of yore !
Come, sweet and solemn guide ! and bear me hence
To the lost years that earth can give no more !
With thee, repose, and beauty, and delight,
Sink on the troubled soul : come blessed Night !

V.

THE "FAIRY LADY" OF CALDERON.

A MORE striking instance could hardly be afforded of the alternate popularity and neglect which various forms of poetical creation seem destined to experience, from the tendencies and desires of different eras, than the decline which, in our day, appears to attend the fortunes of Dramatic Literature. The phenomenon has given rise to much controversy ; and the fact being too obvious for dispute, discussion has chiefly turned upon its supposed causes. It is not surprising that the symptoms of dissolution in a Power which has moved and rejoiced mankind for the greater part of two thousand years, should awaken reflection and inquiry ; but, of the many explanations offered, few appear to have cast much light upon the mystery. From one ingenuous critic, indeed, we have lately heard that the diffusion of knowledge, the increase of domestic comforts, and the abundance of intellectual recreation, are fatal to the popular influence of the Drama : a position from which, in all humility, we beg leave to dissent. It may be true, as the description of one step in a revolution whereof the crisis is evidently at hand, and as applied to the features of a particular time ; but it appears to be narrow and ill-considered, as expressing the sum and conclusion of all Dramatic History. Our view of the matter is more hopeful ; and it is founded upon certain landmarks of belief, which a dark season cannot wholly obscure. To display these in detail would exact too wide a deviation from the purpose of the present essay ; a few words alone, by way of indication rather than exposition, can be afforded to this interesting subject. We believe,—That poetry is co-existent with human nature, and that its utterances, however enfeebled for a while, can in no wise be silenced : That creation, and the blending of imagination with the accidents of life, are its highest and most prevailing functions : That, in all times, the few alone have leisure to repose and speculate ; the poetry of the many must accord with the condition of their destiny, which is action : That contemplation can never permanently fulfil the ministrations of poetry to the popular mind ; which demands a visible form, a *person*, so to speak, for all its emotions and impressions ; a fact abundantly proved by the character of all early national song : That from such a demand the Drama first arose ; and that the same principle which gave it birth will provide for its support : And that, consequently, although Time may efface older models, and introduce changes in *form*, the essence will survive ; so long, at least, as poetry, which we believe to be an Eternal spirit of Truth, clothed in beauty and speaking music, shall continue to dwell in the hearts of mankind.

Thus much, and briefly, on a subject, the full investigation of which would require a volume ; and upon which we now can only bestow a hasty glance in passing. However the influence of the scene may have waned, there seems to be no reason to apprehend that the masterpieces of the Dramatic Muse have lost their charm in the closet ; and thus the failing glories of the stage have in no wise deterred us from a long-cherished design of exhibiting to our readers some outlines of a great author, whose name occupies a distinguished place in its records. And, although we may be accused of presumption, no one, we believe, will condemn, as falling upon an obscure or uninteresting subject, the choice which directed us to the writings of the immortal Calderon.

It has been a matter of perplexity to decide upon the manner of our

examination, which is sorely restricted by the limits assigned to us. To describe by full specimens each class of the compositions of an author so various and abundant as Calderon, would require a series of essays in place of one; while, on the other hand, little pleasure or knowledge would accrue to English readers from a bare description, by epithets and critical phrases, of an author whom translation has not yet introduced into our literature.

It has been determined to attempt in some measure to combine the two methods, by prefixing a few general remarks to a sketch in which we shall trace in outline one of his most graceful and characteristic productions.

England and Spain alone possess a drama of truly native growth, which, without foreign intermixture, has arrived at a certain maturity, if not perfection. In both countries, the same cause has tended to impress upon this class of composition a vivid and peculiarly national character; and their dramas further resemble each other in the bold, unpruned luxuriance of style and invention which horrified the Boileaus and La Harpes, and called down the caustic indignation of Voltaire. But here the parallel ends. The moral as well as the political position of the Spaniard, his peculiar temperament—perhaps also, his peculiar sky—had imparted to his theatre (the true mirror of his nature and taste) features which pointedly distinguish it from all others.

Previous to the golden era of Charles I.* the scenic performances of Spain were almost wholly restricted to that strange and semi-barbarous production, the *mystery*. It is true that there already existed pastoral, didactic, and religious eclogues, by Juan de la Encina and others, in the form of Dialogue, and divided into acts; but these never possessed, nor were they calculated to obtain, the character of popular representations. They were recited at court, and produced by especial favour on occasions of ceremony, but appear to have never enjoyed much national favour. The same may be said of sundry attempts on the part of authors, more conspicuous for zeal than for a just appreciation of the nature and objects of dramatic composition, to make it a vehicle for the display of moral dissertations. On the other hand, the *autos*, or miracle-plays, which the church exhibited to the people on the great festivals, and which formed a singular mixture of devotion, extravagant fiction, allegory, and coarse humour, were eagerly sought after, and witnessed with delight;† and it is in these, perhaps, that the chief source of the later Spanish Comedy must be sought. At all events, the peculiar national temperament which at an earlier period derived gratification from the strained allegories, the antithesis of awful and ludicrous images, the wild changes, and the combination of the serious, the profane and the imaginative, which these gothic compositions display, did afterwards, in a more advanced state of the national mind, impart something of a kindred aspect to Comedy,‡ when it began to assume possession of the Spanish stage.

* The Charles V. of the German empire.

† So strongly have these compositions occupied the national taste, that after the rise of the true Spanish Drama, its chief writers have owed no small share of their popularity to the productions in which this style (although, of course, with more of polish and decorum) has been closely followed. It was reserved for Calderon, to elevate such grotesque and barbarous forms to the region of the sublime. The old mysteries are performed in some parts of Spain unto this day.

‡ This term, which we are compelled to employ in default of another, must be construed in its earlier sense, as applied to Dramatic and imaginative performances generally; and not, as with us, restricted to the class of comic or satirical pieces alone.

In Spain, as well as in Italy, upon the revival of learning, there were not wanting authors who attempted to domesticate in their native language the forms of the classical Drama. It is unnecessary to advert in this place to the result produced by the contest between the learned imitators of the ancients and the adherents of the Italian popular masks and the *Commedia dell' arte*. In Spain all endeavours to establish the supremacy of the antique models were unsuccessful. Perhaps the leaders of the classical cohorts, such as Villalobos, De Oliva, and other followers and translators of Terence, Seneca, and Euripides, were not themselves sufficiently learned or skilful, to secure for their originals a fair chance of competition with productions already beginning to obtain the public applause: but the main cause of their failure appears to be found in the tenacity with which the Spaniard has ever adhered to the inheritance of his native muse, and in the determination which attaches him to the productions of his country's peculiar growth, extending to his very enjoyments.* Another party of authors busied themselves with the composition of pieces, regularly distributed into acts, and duly supplied with speaking personages, who discoursed excellent things on moral and instructive subjects. These for a time found some admirers, by whom they were extolled as prodigies of art; but they were early cast aside by public indifference. It would seem that the stern grandeur of pure Tragedy has little attraction for a people who, although in some respects grave and earnest, are peculiarly exigent of pleasurable emotions; and who appear to dwell with reluctance upon themes demanding the exercise of any feelings deeper than those which a certain romantic pathos may excite. Spain has produced no consummate Tragedy. Bermudez, in his Drama founded on the story of Inez de Castro, and Cervantes in his *Numancia*, have in many passages approached, if not absolutely attained, the highest point of tragic incident and emotion; but these striking compositions are enfeebled by frequent inequalities, and their effect is anything but sustained or complete. This class of poetical creation has never captivated the national taste, and few attempts have been made to bring it to perfection. Of the writers who have been endeavouring, since the middle of the 18th century, to degrade their native literature, by the introduction of versions from the French Drama, it is not needful to speak. These are not Spanish compositions, and do not fall within the scope of our inquiry.

But the entire nation, which had regarded with apathy the essays towards the establishment of a foreign theatre; upon the appearance of the Comedy introduced by Torres Naharro in the 16th century, at once applauded and adopted it as their own. The Drama, thus originated, daily engrossed more of the popular admiration, which stimulated the ambition of other writers;—the national taste had at length found a congenial mode of expression, which only remained to be cultivated and enriched. This was effected by the felicitous compositions of Cervantes, of Lopez de Vega "the miraculous," and of others, who diligently contributed to the establishment of the popular Comedy:—its final perfection, was bestowed by the genius of Calderon. A species of poetical creation so perfectly unique, so luxuriant, so fanciful, so brilliant, and irregu-

* Even in the present day, the adherents of the old national *coplas*, &c., form in Madrid itself no insignificant party against the introduction of Italian Opera, by them stigmatized as an insult to the national song and music.

lar as this, almost defies the attempt to describe it in any effectual manner; we may perhaps most successfully examine its structure through the dispositions and mental habits of which it is the living abstract and reflection.

The imaginative literature of southern climates is almost universally characterized by an air of genial and fanciful exuberance, that appears unwilling to mingle with those dark and fierce passions to which their inhabitants are said to be peculiarly disposed. This apparent inconsistency may, perhaps, be most truly explained by the circumstances which, in these regions, develop poetical creation. It would seem to be the spontaneous offspring of a cordial temperament, produced as soon as conceived, with the freshness and happy freedom, but with all the irreflexive warmth of infancy. The maturer forms of thought, or the dark shades of the remote or terrible, have no place in compositions born for the expression of pleasurable feeling, and dedicated to the service of happy moments alone. The southern poet is the child of voluptuous and sensitive imagination; and his vein, unconfined by any restraint, is naturally most abundant in seasons when, undisturbed by intense or gloomy thoughts, his mind awakes to the keen delights of tenderness and joy, and floats amidst the visions of a bright and ever-changing fancy. Such, in a great measure, appears to have been the mood which gave birth to the Spanish Comedy. The pursuit of unembarrassed gratification, the excitement courted by a careless leisure, acting on a temper warm, eager, and excitable, led the imagination of its authors into labyrinths of magical imagery, amidst quick changes of incident and romantic adventure. Love is the one pervading theme;—its vicissitudes are followed with an interest perceived in its full power in those countries, alone, wherein loving forms the chief occupation of life; and the sorrows and disappointments of the enamoured give the only tinge of sadness which is willingly allowed to appear. But the display of this passion in the Spaniard assumed a certain oriental extravagance, borrowed no doubt from the Saracens, and attesting, perhaps, his inheritance of Moorish blood. To this he added the fantastic service and lofty humility taught by the school of chivalry, which survived in Spain long after its extinction in other lands. The proud and generous tone of his character, required in the enamoured an almost impossible degree of devotion and sacrifice; while his jealous niceness of honour was perpetually occurring to perplex the course of a lover's history. Beyond this, in its representation, his ready perception, and his love of the marvellous, were, moreover, to be gratified;—the one required a complicated and intricate plot, which should task his ingenuity to unravel—the other demanded a succession of striking events, awakening an astonishment too breathless to dwell upon the improbable means whereby they were introduced. His nature, noble yet marked with a tendency to exaggeration, thrilled at the display of disinterested generosity, fast friendship, faith unstained amidst keen enmities, quick revenge of insult, daring enterprise, and grave or brilliant courtesy. It is this which imparts to Spanish Comedy, amidst its manifold extravagancies, a certain tone of manliness, which would be vainly sought upon the French or Italian stage.

From the disposition thus rapidly sketched, we should expect a continual earnestness of manner pervading even the most whimsical and improbable combinations. The language of burlesque and raillery is exclusively confined, in the Spanish Drama, (as of old, when state held

pre-eminence over the fopperies of courts and palaces) to the lips of the professed jester, or *gracioso* of the piece, who is either servant or peasant. It is his office to utter whatever of mirth or satire the author may wish to convey to his audience: the principal personages never descend for an instant to the style of humour or ridicule.

It must also be observed, that the religious and political position of the Spaniard—the chosen son of a jealous church, and the loyal vassal of a splendid but despotic monarchy—as it tended to restrain all free exercise of practical thought, directed his mental energies to the lighter occupations of fancy, and strongly urged his native propensity to yield to the seductions of an uncontrolled imagination; while the more serious contact with realities became additionally repugnant, from the peril which accompanied the enterprise.

In a drama reflecting these peculiar features of his mood and condition, regularity of plan, or the delineation of traits of character could not be expected. The Spanish comedies are bright or pompous fictions, adorned with an inexhaustible wealth of fancy, varied, picturesque, and improbable. They are of two kinds, (exclusive of the *autos sacramentales*, which form another and most striking class, deserving separate and peculiar notice;) the *comedia heroica*, or romance-romedy, and the *comedia de capa y espada*, in which the adventures of courtly society and intrigue are represented. The heroic dramas treat of the lives and marvellous enterprises of princes, conquerors, and fabulous worthies; and abound with splendid impossibilities,* pageants of the most dazzling pomp, and incidents startling and picturesque. The supremacy of a passionate love is the spring of action and the guide of adventure; its jealousies and torments furnish the darker shades of the picture; while a tone of elevated and generous sentiment, beautiful though overstrained, imparts a rich glow to its colouring. It is in these compositions that the exuberance of Spanish imagination appears most impatient of restraint; and the spectator is almost bewildered by the sudden changes, discoveries, and disguises which meet him at every moment; while, at the will of the author, he is hurried without ceremony from place to place, and beholds, in an hour, the moving incidents of years, to the utter violation of all Horatian precept. Historical and geographical accuracy are alike disregarded, the chief aim of the poet being to dazzle and astonish; an object in the pursuit of which he gives a free career to his invention.

The other class of comedies, those *de capa y espada*, differ chiefly from the romance-plays in choice of subject; although the action, being of a more confined character, requires fewer of the wild licences which we have noticed. The perfection of these is deemed to consist in the skilful intricacy of the plot, which is so thickened with mistakes, disguises, night scenes, and every other description of perplexed incident, that a foreigner has, at the first reading, no little trouble in pursuing the tangled course of the events. The perception of the various crossing threads of the story, and the curiosity which attends their ingenious evolution, form, it is said, no small part of the delight of a Spanish audience; the most illiterate of whom can follow without confusion, at the first hearing, the intricacies of a complicated intrigue. The fortunes

* These were rarely introduced before the time of Calderon. The favour which this poet enjoyed at court, placed at his disposal materials for a magnificence of display, of which he fully availed himself in the decoration of the *comedia heroica*.

of one or more pairs of lovers are the exclusive theme of these dramas also ; the conduct of which is always serious, frequently, pathetic ; the humour being, as we have already observed, confined to the jester of the piece. Little, if any attempt at delineation of character is made ; the personages are almost invariably the same ; lovers, brave, amorous, and persevering ; fathers, proud and severe, yet stately and courteous ; ladies, passionate and wilful ; a confidante, who is always devoted and intriguing, and sometimes wily ; a valet, who is a compound of buffoon and coward : such are the actors perpetually reproduced in Spanish Comedy. The variety, which is inexhaustible, lies in the incidents, and a skillfully woven fable appears to render the Spanish spectator careless of variety or finesse in the representation of character, and tolerant, nay, absolutely fond of the most glaring improbabilities. These works, indeed, escape from all the bonds of dramatic criticism. They are beautiful fictions, changeful and brilliant as the pictures of a dream, and, like them, unconscious of the restraints of place, time, or experience. To apply to such genial and characteristic productions the canons of a rigid school is puerile ; measured by the standard of technical rules, they are, indeed, what Voltaire termed "the most beautiful and gothic absurdities ; regarded in their true light, they are the most perfect and exquisite forms of an imagination warm, generous, and lively, the luxuriant offspring of a soil where feeling and fancy spring up together like flowers that await not the direction of art to expand their variegated petals, and rejoice in the sunshine.

These Comedies are, for the most part, written in the light unrhymed *redondilla* ; but are frequently interspersed, in passages of dialogue as well as of description, with rhymed lyrical measures, which occasionally give place to beautiful stanzas, or *versos del arte mayor*. The grace and varied lightness of style thus attained are inconceivable, and could only be produced in a language the forms of which, like the Italian or Spanish, are favourable to easy rhythmical composition. Of Lopez de Vega's thousand comedies, abounding with exquisite poetry, and all written in metre, many are said to have been composed in a few hours ; a rapidity of execution which, considering the invention demanded for the plot, as well as the quality of verse, is almost miraculous. The language alternates between extreme simplicity, and a profusion of ornament and metaphor ; the speech of love is enveloped with conceits and allegories, which appear frigid and far-fetched to the foreign reader, but which the Spanish taste seems to enjoy. The situations are frequently in the highest degree dramatic and striking ; and the extent to which the theatre of other nations has borrowed materials from the Spanish Drama, attests the variety of happy and moving incident which this brilliant repertory contains.

As Calderon is the author whose works supply the most perfect specimens of the Drama we have attempted to describe, it is not necessary to make any more particular allusion to his compositions. We hope to return upon another occasion to consider his *autos sacramentales* ; in which he was the first to appear with a grandeur and wild sublimity before unknown ; and to which, perhaps, his highest fame as a poet is justly ascribed.

At present we shall proceed to examine one of his comedies, *de capa y espada*, entitled *La Dama Duende*, or "The Fairy Lady;" it will afford a happy specimen of many of the peculiar features which we have ascribed to Spanish Comedy. Great indulgence must be claimed for the

translations subjoined. It is impossible to reproduce in English the light music of the original measures: for which, the blank verse which we have been compelled to adopt forms a halting and miserable substitute.

The scene is laid at Madrid, where the hero, Don Manuel, having a suit to urge at court, has just arrived as a stranger, attended by his man, Cosmo, the *gracioso* of the play. He is proceeding in search of an old and intimate friend, Don Juan, in whose house he is an expected guest, when his attention is otherwise arrested.

This Don Juan has a young widowed sister, Angela, whom, according to custom, he keeps in the strictest retirement; and a younger brother, Don Luis, also an inmate of his house. Juan is the favoured lover of Angela's friend, Beatriz, for whose affections Luis is at the same time an unsuccessful suitor.

Don Manuel, as we have said, while seeking his friend's residence, is interrupted by the entrance of

DONNA ANGELA with her servant, ISABEL; both veiled. ANGELA hurriedly accosts him:—

If you be gentle born,
Of worth and honour, as your guise declares,
Protect a woman who implores your aid!
It near imports my honour and my life
To 'scape from yonder cavalier, unknown,
Nor followed farther;—as you love your soul,
Defend a lady of no vulgar strain
From misery and disgrace! A day may come,
Perchance—Adieu! I die with utter fear!—

[*Exeunt the two women hastily.*]

Cosmo.—A woman, or a whirlwind?

Manuel.—Strange adventure!

Cosmo.—And how mean you to act, Sir?

Manuel.—Canst thou ask,
As if it stood with honour to decline
The hindrance of an insult or mishap?
This, it would seem, is certainly her husband.

Cosmo.—And you design—

Manuel.—With some contrived pretence
To stay him; failing thus, main force must aid me,
The cause he shall not know.

Cosmo.—For your invention,
I have it—stay—this letter, by a friend
Intrusted to my care, will serve.

[*Enter DON LUIS, with his servant, RODRIGO.*]

Luis.—I'll find her out,
Were't but to mock her diligence to shun me.

Rodrigo.—Pursue, and you'll discover who she is.

[*COSMO approaches, while MANUEL retires a little.*]

Cosmo.—Sir, although I blush to make so free,
Pray you, in favour to my lack of skill,
To read me the address this letter bears.

Luis.—I'm blind with heat.*

Cosmo.—If that be all
I've store of coolness,—we'll divide it, Sir.

Luis.—Stand off!

Manuel, aside.—Confusion, on the straight, long street!
They're still in sight!

Cosmo.—For goodness sake, I pray—

Luis.—'Sdeath! you grow tiresome; if you urge me more,
I'll break your head!

* This is the nearest approach we have been able to make to a play on words untranslatable in the English idiom.

Cosmo.—'Tis a favour, Sir,
I urged not for.
Luis.—My patience fails me,—hence !—[*Strikes him.*
Manuel.—[*Coming forward.*] Now to approach ; 'tis valour must
complete
What subtle care began. Sir cavalier,
[*To DON LUIS.*
This servant's mine,—I'd know what fault of his
Provok'd your rude assault ?
Luis.—I ne'er reply
To question or complaint ; for 'tis my wont
To give no reasons—

After the exchange of a few fiery words, swords are drawn ; and the combatants are in full tilt, when, from a neighbouring house, Don Juan, whom his mistress, Beatriz, vainly tries to restrain, rushes out to his brother's assistance ; and discovers, in his opponent, the long-expected friend. The contest at once terminates in courteous apologies ; and Manuel, who is slightly wounded, is led into his friend's house. Don Luis remains, and attempts a little wooing with Beatriz ; but the lady is disdainful, and departs, leaving him in a mood by no means disposed to satisfaction at the establishment of a guest under the same roof with his sister ; who, according to Spanish decorum, could not admit the company of strangers. To make her retirement complete, the communication between her apartments, and those now occupied by Manuel had been closed, the door concealed by a glass cabinet, and a new entrance made on the opposite side of the house.

In this solitary chamber we find Donna Angela, breathless, and busily changing her late disguise for her usual mourning attire.

Isabel.—Quick ! lest your brother come,
And, finding you thus gaily dress'd, suspect
Who 'twas he saw at court.
Angela.—As Heaven's my hope,
I die by inches, prisoned in these walls,
Where scarce the sun itself can know me here,
So far my pain extends the bounds of day ;
Where the vague moon, to borrow grief from me,
Can hardly say she sees me in my sadness ;
Where, in a word, I'm clained-up, destitute
Of light and freedom. This it is to be
Reft of a husband—to two brothers wed !
Isabel.—My lady, doubtless, as they know you young,
Fair, and a widow, your punctilious brothers
Are jealous of you, judging your estate
Most prone to amorous errors.

After some attempts at consolation, the confidante inquires :

And say you thought of him,
The stranger, whom erewhile you made your knight ?
Angela.—In naming him thou seem'st to read my heart :
I fear, but not for him, the danger's mine.
For bearing, as I fled, the clash of swords,
Awhile I fancied, ('twas an idle thought,)
He might so truly have embraced my cause
As even to draw upon it :—Sure, 'twas wrong
To pledge him thus ; but how can frightened woman
Pause to reflect ?
Isabel.—I know not if 'twere he
Who held your brother back ; but this I know,
He ceased pursuing us.
Angela.—Hush ! see who comes !

It is Don Luis, who comes in great chagrin to relate his encounter with the stranger, and to condole with his sister upon the indiscretion their brother has committed in admitting him as a guest, a piece of news whereat the lady affects extreme indifference. He declares his suspicion that the quarrel was but a pretext, as he saw the incognita speak to Mannel as she passed. Angela replies with admirable unction :

The naughty flirt ! in what a scrape she placed you !
 Ay, there are hundreds of such artful things ;
 I'd lay my life she knew you not, but feigned
 Her fear to lure you on. I say but this,
 (You'll heed me if you're wise,) avoid such damsels,
 Who know no better sport than risking lives !

Luis.—How have you passed the evening ?

Angela.—Here, at home,

Weeping for pastime.

Luis.—Have you seen our brother ?

Angela.—Not since this morning.

Luis.—How his folly irks me !

Angela.—Yet be not angry ; patience is the best,—

He is our elder brother, let it pass.

Luis.—Nay, if you take it thus, I'm e-asy too.

For you I chiefly felt ; and thus, to show

How light I be r it, straight I'll see this guest,

Ay, and regale him, too. [Exit.

Angela had suspected that her champion and Don Manuel were the same person.

"Tis possible ; and yet, until I see,

I'll not believe it.

Isabel.—If you wish to try,

I know how you *may* see him ; ay, and more.

Angela.—Thou'rt raving ! See him ? How ? His chamber lies
 So far from mine !

Isabel.—Content yourself : the room

By certain means communicates with this.

Angela.—Not that I wish to see him ; but, in truth,
 From mere desire of knowledge—tell me, child,
 How may this be ?

Whereupon, to gratify this laudable desire, Isabel imparts her discovery, that the sash of the glass cabinet, occupying the place of the door formerly leading into the opposite chamber, may be removed, so as to admit of full egress and regress, without any possibility of detection. Angela, hearing this, directs Isabel to ascertain when the guest and his servant are abroad, and signifies her intention to prosecute the research in person.

Don Manuel, in the meanwhile, having been duly attended by his hosts, finding his hurt trifling, goes out on some business connected with his suit at court, leaving Cosmo with orders to arrange his wardrobe during his absence. The valet, however, attends to his own amusement first, and sallies forth ; leaving a purse, well filled by peculations during the journey, amidst his own possessions, which he has found leisure first to examine. He has hardly left the room when the cabinet opens, and Isabel, followed by Angela, enters.

Isabel.—The coast is clear : the guest, Rodrigo said,
 Went forth with your two brothers.

Angela.—Eh, in truth,

I had not dared this one experiment.

Isabel.—And wherefore come we ? *(A very pertinent inquiry.)*

Angela.—To return,—no more.

A whim is surely argument enough

For women. All that urged me to the freak

Was speaking of it twice—and—a design—
Since this Don Manuel is, in truth, the knight
Who bore himself so bravely in my cause—
To see him gently teuded.

But the ladies begin to pry about, and feminine curiosity is on the alert ;—

Angela.—On the floor
There are two trunks.
Isabel.—And open, too, my lady.
Shall we not look ?
Angela.—Yes, I've a childish whim
To see what dress and trinkets he has brought.
Isabel.—A soldier, and a suitor, too, at court,
Will scarce be rich in jewels.

All this while, the two mischievous creatures are pulling everything out of the trunks, and tossing them in confusion on the floor.

Angela.—See ! what's this ?
Isabel.—O ! nought but written papers.
Angela.—Woman's writing ?
Isabel.—No ! deeds, tied up in packets—wondrous heavy.
Angela.—Ah ! were they woman's they were light enough !
But what detains you ?
Isabel.—Here is much clean linen.
Angela.—Is't scented ?
Isabel.—Yes, it has a pure, fresh odour.
Angela.—The best of all.
Isabel.—But what may this be, lady ;
A leathern case with sundry iron things in't ?
Angela.—Let's see. From hence it seems a dentist's case.
—They're tweezers, curling-tongs for locks and whiskers.
Isabel.—One brush, one comb. A guest so well supplied
Left not his *last* behind, for certain.
Angela.—Why ?
Isabel.—Fof here is one.
Angela.—Aught else ?
Isabel.—Yes, Madam. Item,
Pacquet the second : these *are* letters.
Angela.—Show me ;
A woman's hand—and more, a portrait, too !
Isabel.—What keeps you gazing there ?
Angela.—The sight of this :
The counterfeit of beauty ever pleases.
Isabel.—Small joy, methinks, have you to find it here.
Angela.—Go ! you're a fool !—nay, you shall look no longer.

Angela throws the miniature aside, and pens a note, which she leaves on Manuel's pillow, where none but himself can observe it ; Isabel has amused herself, the while, with scrutinizing the valet's possessions ; and, having found his purse, extracts the coin, leaving cinders in its place : having thus accomplished the work of confusion, the pair retreat.

Great indeed is Cosmo's dismay, on finding the mischief done during his absence. He had locked the door on going out, and naturally concludes, as no human being could have entered, that it must be the work of spirits. In the midst of his trouble—

Enter DON JUAN, LUIS, and MANUEL.
Juan.—What mean these cries ?
Luis.—What ails you ?
Manuel.—What has happened ?
Cosmo.—A pleasant business, this, Sir,—if you keep
A fairy in your house, why take *us* in too ?
In one short minute's absence all the things

The "Fairy Lady" of Calderon.

I find so tossed and strewn,—'tis like a sale-room.

Juan.—Aught missing?

Cosmo.—Only some poor gold of mine,
Left in this purse, is gone, or turned to coal.

Luis.—Just so, I understand.

Manuel.—A pointless jest!
Silly and shameless.

Juan.—Impudent and poor!

Cosmo.—By Heavens, I do not jest!

Manuel.—Be silent, sirrah!

'Tis your old way, you're mad.

Cosmo.—At times, at least,
I'm in my senses.

Juan.—Don Manuel, sleep secure,
This Fairy won't molest you. For your man,
Advise him to invent some better joke. | *Exit*.

Luis.—"I'm well you're valiant, if you mean to keep
You're sword for ever drawn, to wreak the frays
A fool like this will cost you. | *Exit*.

Manuel.—Rascal!

See what you draw upon me.

Cosmo vainly protests; his master will not listen to his assurances, until the note left by Angela is discovered. With some surprise he reads as follows:—

"As I was the occasion of your danger, I am solicitous to hear of your safety. Grateful and grieved, I beg that you will inform me of it, and command my service: both may be done, if you leave an answer in the place where you found this. Mark! secrecy is indispensable; for were I discovered, my reputation and life must suffer for it."

Cosmo.—Strange!

Manuel.—Wherefore strange?

Cosmo.—Do you not wonder?

Manuel.—No!

This rather solves the mystery.

Cosmo.—How

Manuel.—"Tis clear

The frightened lady was Don Luis' mistress,
For, living single here, he can't be wed:
Assuming this, what's easier for his dame
Than gaining access to her lover's house?

—But how could she learn at once her champion's abode? how prepare her note without knowing it? how deliver it through a locked door? Who tossed the clothes about? how could any one but a ghost penetrate an apartment closed on all sides? To these questions, proposed by *Cosmo*, who is certain that the devil had a hand in the affair, Don Manuel, thoroughly puzzled, but incredulous of ghostly agency, can give no reply. He treats his servant's alarm with contempt.

Cosmo.—Are there not fairies?

Manuel.—None were ever seen.

Cosmo.—Familiars?

Manuel.—Nonsense!

Cosmo.—Conjurors?

Manuel.—Not they!

Cosmo.—Witches?

Manuel.—What folly!

Cosmo.—Succubi?

Manuel.—Mere fiction.

Cosmo.—Enchantresses?

Manuel.—Still worse!

Cosmo.—Magicians?

Manuel.—Stuff!

Cosmo.—Nor men possessed?

Manuel.—Absurd!

Cosmo.—No necromants?

Manuel.—Fool!

Cosmo.—Slife, I'll fix you! Are there Devils, then?

Manuel.—There are, but powerless.

Cosmo.—Souls tormented?

Manuel.—What!

In love with me? Was e'er such idiot prate!

Leave me! I'm tired.

In the second act, Angela, we find, has made her brother's mistress, Beatriz, her confidante, and is reading to her Don Manuel's reply, which he has worded in the antique style of knights-errant: *fi asi dice*:

"Fayre Ladie, whosoever ye be that pitifully lighten the dole of this distressed knight of yours; declare, I beseech ye, what felon or miscreant pagan hath cast this enchantment over you; to the end that I, my life wound being already whole, may, in your name, again betake myself to the unequal combat; albeit at the cost of dear life; which is of no more account than death to loyal knight. The Giver of Light sustain you; and be not unmindful of

"The Knight of the Fairie Ladie."

Beatriz.—Good, on my life;—a happy thought, to choose
The style of mystery and enchantment.

Angela relates the progress of the correspondence thus begun, which has been continued on both sides in the same tone of mingled jest and earnest, Manuel remaining still persuaded that the incognita is Don Luis's mistress, and that she possesses a master-key, admitting her to his apartment. In reply to the natural inquiry, how this is to end, Angela informs her friend that she is jealous of the portrait, and means to secure it, and that she also designs to admit its owner to an interview, so managed as to prolong his uncertainty and her incognito. For the arrangement of this Beatriz promises her assistance.

This lady has fled for shelter to her friend Angela, from the anger of her father, irritated by the detection of her stolen conversations from the balcony with a disguised lover (Don Juan); and she is to remain her guest until papa becomes a little pacified.

In a conversation between Manuel and Luis, wherein the latter, chagrined by the haughtiness with which Beatriz received his compliments on her arrival, utters obscure complaints of evil fortune in his love, Manuel is still further confirmed in his prepossession respecting the Fairy Lady. But he is compelled suddenly to leave the field; for the court has departed from Madrid, and he must follow; to return, however, after a short absence. On entering his room to prepare for the journey, he finds Cosmo shivering at the door.

Cosmo.—The Fairy, Sir, pray have you lately chanced
To meet him hereabouts? 'twould ease me much
To know he's at a distance.

Manuel.—Peace!

Cosmo.—For here

I've much to do, yet dare not venture in.

Manuel.—What stays you?

Cosmo.—Fright.

Manuel.—Does fear become a man?

Cosmo.—Become or not, I'm scared, as well becomes
The case.

Manuel.—This fooling cease! go, bring a light;
I've much to write and order; for this evening
I leave Madrid.

Manuel goes out to take leave of his host; and while Cosmo is striking a light in the ante-chamber, Isabel, presuming that all were absent,

enters in the dark to deposit a present of embroidery prepared by her mistress. She becomes alarmed in the dusk of the chamber, loses her head, and is unable to retrace her way back: at the same instant Cosmo enters with the light. An admirable scene ensues; the first gleam of the candle enables her to discover the position of the cabinet-door; she steals dexterously behind the valet, who is far more alarmed than herself, and completes his terror by lending him a smart blow, and, at the same moment, puffing out the light. On the point of making good her retreat, she falls into the arms of Manuel, returning from his audience. He promptly seizes upon the stranger, calling to Cosmo to bring light, and declaring that he will punish any attempt to escape in the meanwhile. Fortunately for Isabel, it is the basket that he has grasped, instead of the hearer, who dexterously slips away, leaving the prize in his hands, (literally, according to the German proverb, * *den Korb zu halten*,) and effects her escape. On Cosmo's return with the lamp, Manuel's surprise and perplexity are inconceivable, the apartment is closely searched, nothing discovered to explain the mystery, which, nevertheless, to his servant's great disgust, he still refuses to believe supernatural.

It must have fled.

Cosmo.—Which way then?

Manuel.—Through yon door.

Cosmo.—You'll drive me crazy, Sir! So help me, Heaven,
Just as the light expired, by the last flash
I saw it!

Manuel.—In what shape?

Cosmo.—A friar huge,

In a tall pointed hood, from whence I judge
'Tis a capuchin-fairy.

Manuel.—What fools fear makes!

Approach the light, we'll see, at least, the gift
Brought by this fairy-friar. Hold the basket!

Cosmo.—I handle Satan's baskets!

Manuel.—Hold, I say!

Cosmo.—My hands are foul with tallow, they'll defile
The silken wrapper: on the floor 'twere best
To lay it.

Manuel.—Here's wrought linen, and a note,
Let's see how cunningly this friar writes.

The note contains the promise of a speedy interview. After reading it, Manuel packs up and departs; his host has given him the keys of all the doors to his lodging; himself, alone, by a master key, having access to it beside. As Manuel is to return on the morrow, he locks the chambers, taking the keys with him.

We now find Angela devising, with Isabel and Beatriz the scheme of the promised interview. Beatriz's to pretend a reconciliation with her father, and it is to be given out that she has, in consequence, returned home; this will relieve Angela from the risk of any visit from her brothers; while, with Beatriz and her attendants in splendid disguises, she is to receive Don Manuel, who is to be conveyed blindfolded in a litter by a circuitous route to the entrance of the apartment.

In the midst of this colloquy Don Luis enters unobserved, and overhears so much as persuades him of the existence of a scheme, as he conceives, to introduce his rival-brother, during Beatriz's pretended

* A gallant disappointed or circumvented by another, is said, in Germany, to have the basket given him to take care of. The allusion is popular.

absence, to a secret *tête-à-tête* with her in Angela's chamber. Burning with angry jealousy, he withdraws, resolved to frustrate the project.

Manuel has not proceeded far on his journey, ere he discovers that Cosmo has left behind some important papers, which had been specially prepared and deposited on the writing table in his closet, in order that they might not be forgotten. It is absolutely necessary to return for them. But it is night; the family are all sleeping; and that he may disturb no one, he must quietly admit himself with his own key, and search for the papers, which Cosmo declares he can easily find in the dark.

Angela, the while, has taken advantage of the guest's absence, to make a predatory inroad into his territories, in order to steal the obnoxious miniature. She enters at one side with her candle veiled in a dark-lantern, just at the instant when Manuel and Cosmo are groping for the papers at the further end of the apartment.

Manuel.—Tread softly, if we're heard 'twill rouse the house.

Cosmo.—Believe me, Sir, a fear has just attacked me:

What if the goblin takes the whim to light us?

[ANGELA uncovers the light.

Cosmo.—Was never such officious elf as this!

Presto, a spark—you see, Sir, whom it favours;

For you he strikes a light, but strikes out mine.

Manuel.—Heaven shield us! This surpasses human power;
So quick, so bright! 'Tis supernatural.

Cosmo.—So ' you begin to own the truth at last.

Manuel.—I'm petrified! 'Twere better we returned.

Cosmo.—"A man, and yield to fear?" [Mimicking.]

[ANGELA sets down the candle and takes a chair, with her back to the others.]

O! here's the table, and the letters, too.

Cosmo.—'Tis creeping to the table.

Manuel.—Saints above!

I doubt, and yet believe the strange appearance.

Cosmo.—And mark you, how it moves! as if to guide
To that we seek; yet see we not the bearer.

Manuel.—Look! now the steadier light discovers all!—
A form so passing lovely, till this hour,
I never saw. What may this mean, by Heaven?
For from one marvel, like the Hydra's heads,
Spring thousands! Guide me saints!

Cosmo.—His case, methinks,
The goblin takes—he sits.

Manuel.—The richest beauty
That the Great Artist ever wrought!

Cosmo.—'Tis true,
For He, alone, composed it.

Manuel.—Near those eyes,
The lamp shows dim!

Cosmo.—And well it may: those eyes
Are candles brought from Satan's fannament.

Manuel.—Each hair is like a sunbeam!

Cosmo.—Stolen from thence.

Manuel.—Each tress is like a star!

Cosmo.—Just so; they're meteors
One part in three at least.

Manuel.—Consummate beauty!
Cosmo.—Not if you saw its feet for there, 'tis said,
Such things are ever cursed.

Manuel.—A radiant shadow!
Angel of loveliness!

Cosmo.—Ay, with cloven feet!
Manuel.—What seeks it, midst my papers there?

Cosmo.—Methinks
It hunts for those we want, to speed our work.

The "Fairy Lady" of Calderon.

With less of trouble ; 'tis a useful goblin.

Manuel.—What shall I do ? Heaven strengthen me ! Till now I ne'er felt coward.

Cosmo.—Times on times have I !

Manuel.—My feet are shod with ice, my hair starts up ;
Each breath I draw 's a poinard to my heart,
A choking cord across my throat ! What then ?
I, and afraid ? By Heavens, I'll straight essay
If I can conquer spells !

[*He approaches ANGELA and takes hold of her arm.*

Be what thou wilt,

Angel, or fiend, or woman, by my faith,
This time thou 'scapest me not !

Angela.—[*Aside.*] Ah me, most wretched !
His absence, then, was feigned—he knew that I —

Cosmo.—I bid thee, in Heaven's name, (the devil's loose,) Declare —

Angela.—[*Still aside.*]—But I'll dissemble —

Cosmo.—What art thou,

And what thou wilt of us ?

Angela.—Noble Don Manuel, whom a guerdon high
Attends, profane me not, nor dare approach ;
For so the bliss which Heaven (by gracious Fate,
Thy guardian, swayed) prepares thee, shall escape.
This eve I wrote, foreseeing all, to announce
Our meeting ; here I come, and in a form
The gentlest I could wear,—Depart in peace !

Cosmo.—The goblin speaks us fair ; so, good my master,
Let's straight be off !

Manuel.—By Heaven, I rage to think
A cheat should move me thus ! My reason ever
Declared 'twas so ;—the riddle, once for all,
I'll fathom. Lady, whatsoever you be,
(For nought shall make me deem you else than woman,)
By Heaven above, I'll know your name, and how
You hither came, and wherefore, and for whom ;—
I'll wait no morrows, but be answered now,
By fiend, if fiend thou art ; and, if a woman,
By woman's lips—I heed no threats, nor bend
My purpose, wert thou devil,—yet I know,
Endow'd with this fair form, no thing unblest
Art thou, but woman.

Cosmo.—'Tis all one.

Angela.—Nay ! touch not,
Or lose your bliss !

Cosmo.—Don Devil argues wisely,
"Touch not !" he's neither sackbut, lute, nor harp.

Manuel.—If thou be ghostly, this my sword shall prove,
For such no wound can injure.

Angela.—Wo is me !
Stay that fierce sword, that bloody hand refrain !
O, 'tis not well to slay a helpless woman,
For such am I !—If love be crime, 'tis none
Deserving an ill death, to love too well !
Then do not dim the ray of that bright steel
With blood of mine !

Manuel.—Then tell me who thou art.

Angela.—I must obey—thus cheated of the end
Sought by this love I bore, this hope, this faith,
This passion, this fond truth ! but life's at stake,
Should any hear or see us ;—for my rank
Is loftier than it seems. To stay intrusion,
I pray you, close yon door ; the outer gate, too,
Lest curious eyes detect the light within.

Manuel.—*Cosmo*, the lamp ; we'll make all safe. Now see'st thou,
'Tis woman, and no fairy ?

Cosmo.—Sure I said so!

[*Exeunt the two.*]

Angela.—[*Alone.*]—I'm prisoner on that side. O; Heavens! perforce
All must be told; since Isabel has closed
The passage, and the guest has snared me here!
At this instant, from the door of the cabinet, enters ISABEL.

Isabel.—Hist! lady, hist! your brother calls for you.

Angela.—'Tis well, remove the glass. Oh! love! wild love!

The doubt still lives.

[*They disappear.*]

The mortification and wonder of Manuel, when he returns, to find the bird flown, by some incomprehensible way of escape, may be imagined. Not a crevice is left unscrutinized, but the secret door baffles all attempts at discovery; and, after a long and fruitless labour, Manuel gives up the search, perplexed and almost shaken in his scepticism. He is, moreover, tormented by the reproaches of Cosmo, who has recovered his old fears; and is left, at the close of the second act, to resume his interrupted journey.

An interval is supposed to have elapsed between the second and third act, at the commencement of which, we find that Manuel, on his return, obedient to the Fairy's orders, has consented to be carried away by night in a litter; and after journeying, as he imagines, to a great distance, is set down at the entrance of Angela's boudoir. He is dazzled and enchanted, at the close of his dark mysterious transit, on being led into the presence of his mistress, who, splendidly attired, and attended by Beatriz and her waiting-woman, in rich but inferior costumes, welcomes him in an apartment brilliantly illuminated, and fragrant with exquisite perfumes. In a gallant address, he tenders his devout service, and begs the lady to disclose her name and condition. This she refuses, informing him that secrecy on this point must be the chief condition of their intercourse; but he is assured of his mistake, in supposing her to be the mistress of Don Luis. Beatriz and the attendants, the while, play their parts, by skilfully dropping expressions meant to persuade him that Angela's rank is of the most illustrious class—an innocent deception, whereby the love-sick Fairy would fain secure the impression which her beauty has made on Don Manuel's heart. In the midst of this gay scene, Don Juan knocks at the door: all is now confusion,—Beatriz is concealed,—and Manuel, little suspecting whither they are leading him, is conveyed away by the secret passage to his own apartment. Juan is greatly amazed at his sister's magnificence; she excuses it as a diversion invented to entertain her solitude. His inquiries after Beatriz are answered by the prepared fable of her return home; and he hastens away in the hope of finding her there.

While Manuel is waiting in the dark, Cosmo, believing the Fairy to have carried his master away bodily, enters the chamber.

Cosmo.—This evening, God be thanked! I come and go,
Without a light, at will, devoid of fear;
For, since my lord the Fairy has my master,
He'll not want me—[*Starts in alarm, as he stumbles upon MANUEL.*]

Heavens! but he does! Who's there?

Manuel.—Whos'er you are, be silent, or I stab!

Cosmo.—I'll be as silent as a poor relation
In a rich man's house.

Man.—This, doubtless, is a servant,
Brought by some casual errand: him I'll question.

Declare, what house is this, and whose?

Cosmo.—My lord,

Master and house are Satan's; would he had them!

The "Fairy Lady" of Calderon.

Here dwells a dame they call "The Fairy Lady,"
A fiend in woman's shape.

• *Man.*—And what art thou?

Cosmo.—A household thing, domestic, subject, servant,
That know not why, or wherefore, these enchantments
Torment me thus.

Man.—Your master?

Cosmo.—He's a fool,
A crazy coxcomb, a poor, brainless idiot,
Who woos his ruin for this woman's sake.

Manuel.—His name?

• *Cosmo.*—Don Manuel Enriquez.

Manuel.—Christ save us!

Cosmo.—My name is Cosmo Catiboratos.

Manuel.—Thou? how brought hither? I'm thy master; say,
Didst thou pursue the train, and, gaining entrance,
Hide perdue here?

Cosmo.—Now here's a pleasant tale!
Say, how *you* came. What! did you faint at heart
On waiting at the rendezvous alone,
That you return betimes? and, last of all,
How guined you entrance while I held the key?

Manuel.—What chamber, then, is this?

Cosmo.—Or yours, or Satan's.

Manuel.—Thou liest, *by* Heavens! I stood, 'tis scarce an instant,
In a strange mansion, far enough from home.

Cosmo.—'Tis one of Fairy's tricks, then; for I speak
The naked truth.

Manuel.—You seek to drive me mad!

Cosmo.—You won't be undeceived? Just pass the door,
You know the entrance, so you'll find the truth.

[*Exit MANUEL.*]

Just then, Isabel comes to release Manuel; and mistaking Cosmo, in the dark, for his master, leads him away; Manuel, on coming back, hears the departing exclamation:—

The Fairy's caught me, Sir, I'm carried off!

The appearance of Cosmo amongst the ladies produces consternation, as well as disappointment. To obviate discovery, they attempt to puzzle him; and the effect of his mingled alarm and roguish humour produces a very pleasant scene, which is, however, broken off by Don Luis demanding admittance from without. Beatriz a second time retires, and Isabel pushes Cosmo through the secret passage. But Luis, whom jealousy renders suspicious, insists upon searching the rooms; and he has already detected Beatriz, when a noise in the cabinet betrays the escape of Isabel and Cosmo. He rushes after them, exclaiming:—

Miserable fool!

That thought alone of passion's jealousies,
And find the honour of my house defiled!

In utter despair, foreseeing the consequences of discovery, Angela resolves to take flight and seek shelter from her brother's anger with the father of her friend Beatriz.

Luis seizing a light, pursues Cosmo into Don Manuel's chamber; and finding him there, accuses him as a traitorous guest; will not hear his denial of all knowledge of the secret passage, or that the lady he had visited was his host's sister; and interprets the effects of his perplexed surprise as the evidence of his falsehood. At length Manuel is compelled to draw, having first honourably insisted on locking the servant in the antechamber, in order that no advantage may be on his side. With similar gallantry, having disarmed Luis, he lowers his own weapon, and compels his opponent to withdraw and bring another.

Poor Angela, on leaving the house, fell into the hands of her brother, Juan, who was returning home in anger, having discovered the imposition as to Beatriz's departure. He at first supposes it to be his mistress who is thus escaping; but on discovering his sister's face, and her disguise, his grief and indignation almost overpower him. Yet he is desirous of concealing the disgrace; and, therefore, while proceeding to examine the mystery, he opens Manuel's antechamber, believing him gone from home, and confines Angela there, to await the result of his inquiries. It thus happens that she and Cosmo are locked up together in the dark, while the first encounter between Manuel and Luis is taking place. While Luis is gone for a fresh sword, Cosmo's cries induces Manuel to open the door,—and the Fairy Lady again stands before him! He exclaims, in utter amaze:—

Art thou a shade or lying vision, woman,
Designed to slay me? Say, how camest thou hither?

Angela is at length constrained to lay all mystery aside; and makes an entire and pathetic confession to Don Manuel, beseeching him to protect her life from her brothers. Although her presence renders his own position doubly perilous and embarrassing, he warmly embraces her defence. Great need, in truth, she has of succour; for Luis, who returns, overcome by Manuel's courtesy, to apologize and forgive, no sooner beholds Angela in his arms, than he cries, "Traitor!" and again attacks him furiously. But Manuel, evading his assault, offers a full reparation for all imputed injury, by claiming Angela as his bride; and on the entrance of Don Juan, the affair thus peacefully terminates, to the exceeding contentment, no doubt, of the Fairy Lady.

We have abstained from interrupting the preceding details by any commentary, having chiefly desired to trace, with as much clearness as possible, the ingenious labyrinth of this light and lively drama. And now, having already exceeded our allotted limits, we must be content with merely claiming the reader's applause, for the skill whereby our author, from a single happy contrivance, extracts materials for continual interest, and an occupation for curiosity and suspense, to the very close of his work. An underplot, of which Beatriz is the heroine, displaying all the quaint and metaphorical gallantries of Spanish courtship, we have left unnoticed, in the fear of rendering our outline too wide and confused. Enough, we apprehend, has been given to show the romantic tone of the fable, (derived, it is true, from a characteristic sacrifice of strict probability,) its thoroughly imaginative and poetical structure, the vividness and variety of its dramatic situations, its warm colouring of passion, chivalrous sentiment, and punctilious jealousy of honour; and, lastly, its rapid changes of scene, and exciting complexity of adventure, which have been described in this essay as peculiar features of Spanish comedy.

We are aware, that a sketch so hurried as the above can but faintly portray the life and beauty of the original; and justice to its author requires that we should again lament how much the grace and sweetness of his poetry has suffered during the process of translation. The humorous passages, depending chiefly on the *naïvetés* and whimsical quibbles of the dialogue, have inevitably been much impaired, some wholly lost; and an attention to the main design of displaying the structure of the plot has compelled us to overlook many scenes, the beauty of which relies on vivid description or graceful poetry alone. Yet we would fain hope that, even under these disadvantages, some conception of the variety and sus-

tained brightness of this Dramatic School, may have been afforded to English readers. And we conceive that it will not surprise those who have considered the preceding specimen, that a writer whose fertile genius for years, continued to produce a multitude of such fictions, equally fanciful, ingenious and picturesque, should have lived the delight of his prince, the idol of his countrymen, and been honoured by his nation, after death, with the epithet of "The Immortal."

V.

THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS.

Mens agitat molem.

Of a truth people's minds are beginning to be strangely busy: And if we might father a pun upon Mr. Cobbett, our motto perhaps might be allowed to import—that, "men at length are beginning to drive the mole from his nest!" Fearful, however, of incensing the manes of Johnson by insisting on so *equivocal* a compliment, even to a man whom that sturdiest of Tories could never have endured to look upon, we are contented to appropriate a metaphor of whose paternity there can be no doubt; and to suggest to all whom it may concern, that there is "A STIRRING OF THE STRAW," in these very stirring times, which looks exceedingly like an approaching dislodgment of certain species of creatures from the snug and plentiful abodes into which, by long continued endeavours, sometimes more open and bold, sometimes more cunning and unseen, they have contrived to introduce themselves and their little ones. By a universal sort of instinct, people in all corners of the land are beginning to look to their heaps: and, with an unprecedented distrust of their caretakers, seem resolved to try what the master's eye will do in the future economy of their households, and in the keeping their substance together, un nibbled and un plundered by intrusive and voracious visitors. Whether these intruders shall be compelled to undergo such a depletion as may encourage them to retreat with the more alacrity—whether the provender shall be presently and wholly withdrawn from them—or whether, in consideration of saving the rest of the heap, a portion shall be resigned to their unmolested possession, while adequate precautions are taken to stop up the holes, and secure the foundations for the future,—we pretend not for certain to say. But thus much at least would appear to be probable,—that beyond the moment when, with least cruelty to the animal, he can most effectually get rid of the nuisance, the indulgence of the good man of the house will be no longer extended; and that the vested rights of the plunderers will be absolutely denied to the next generation of the breed.

In plain words: that person must be obtuse or unobservant, indeed, who does not perceive, by certain very intelligible movements in England, Scotland, and Ireland, that institutions, long affirmed to be essential to the well-being of the people, shall, at least, be required to repose upon something more solid than assertion; and that, in time to come, every arrangement of the state, ecclesiastical and civil, which shall not be furnished with some better credential than authority,—which shall not be able to stand the test of that little prying and petulant monosyllable, "WHY?"—in other words, of that investigative spirit so new

to our political habits,—will be made very light of, and probably be permitted a very short duration by those whose obedience can only be rightfully demanded or willingly conceded in consideration of the value they receive in return.

Among the questions foremost in the thoughts, and, so inauspiciously for the sinister interests involved, most frequently and forcibly obtruded on the attention of men, is that which refers to the connexion between certain forms of Religious Faith, and the power, patronage, and favour of the Civil Government of these Islands. And remarkable it is, that of all the questions that ever were put to the ruling body, none was ever more summarily disposed of than has been this most portentous inquiry, upon the not very few occasions within a recent period when it was directly presented to the attention of our governors. Upon all other questions, civil, military, or naval—constitutional, fiscal, or commercial, speeches in abundance were to be had :—every job has had its advocate, every sinecure its eulogist,—coercion or oppression, in one or other form, its defence or palliation ; but on no one occasion within our recollection, even when tempted to the discussion by a formal motion on the subject, whether he were twitted by Cobbett, or worried by Hume, or bearded by O'Connell, did either the Minister within, or any of his adherents without, venture to explain, by a single sentence, the reason or reasons “ Why ” the truth of Christ should be thought to depend for its reception or preservation upon the compulsory establishment of Church or Kirk within these realms !

Does this destitution of the Church in her need, look like a consciousness that the thing is incapable of defence ; or does it arise from a presumption, that the hour of her need is not yet come ?

Passing this by, we may however observe, that if we have had reason to complain of that which the leader of the House of Commons did not say, it is something at least that materials are afforded for useful reflection, by that which he *did* say upon one of the occasions here adverted to.

And here it is but candour to admit, that however inadequate to the expectations, or, perhaps more properly, the wishes of more sanguine politicians, the fruits of the First Session of our Reformed House of Commons may have been, yet ought not our gratitude to be small towards those eminent men, who, in the course of the last three eventful years, have united in achieving for the people ameliorations, of which, however clear the right, yet the *early* attainment, independently of their aid, was so little within the range of probability. Undoubtedly, it is matter of no slight congratulation, that in the lapse of that short period, our popular resources have been so much extended, and thereby, the public feeling has been so much advanced, as at once to have afforded opportunity and countenance to discussions, or at least to attempts, the magnitude of which has had nothing parallel since the days of the Long Parliament. There is ground to believe that in each succeeding session of the present Parliament, much more in the Parliament itself which shall succeed it, men of unwonted nerve, of generous purpose, and enlarged comprehension, will be found in far more effective numbers to tread in the path which has already been pointed out to them by the virtuous and resolute example of the few who have as yet addressed themselves to the deep wants of the nation, and those master improvements in legislation, of which, in no long time, Parliamentary Reform must be the portal. Cheerfully, however, in the meantime, do we accord our thanks to Lord

Grey and his Cabinet, for the means which have been extended, and our respect to those honest and able individuals, who hastened to avail themselves of those means, for bringing before the public mind discussions which, if they have fallen upon unwilling ears in a Parliament hardly yet emerged from ancient habits, have sounded as "strains of a higher mood" before an auditory, who, ere long, will echo back the strain, and in the exercise of their renovated rights, demonstrate that these notes of preparation have not been given in vain.

Among the discussions of most interest, and, to our present purpose, of nearest and deepest import, which distinguished the late session of Parliament, was that which took place upon the motion of Mr. Faithful, on the evening of April the 16th, touching the practical inexpediency and manifest wrong involved in the existence of the Church of England, as by law established. And yet to have designated that as a discussion in which all the argument was on one side, and which has been so well prefigured in the description of the satirist—

Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas ego vapulo tantum,

may be thought not quite consistent with propriety of speech. It has been already suggested, however, that the reserve of Lord Althorp, upon the occasion, has afforded, perhaps, but small ground for regret; considering that the reasons which he thought proper to advance for altogether waiving the question, were so pregnant with instructive reflection, as well to supply the place of a more pertinent speech, and, indeed, to afford us a most appropriate opening to a somewhat closer examination of the question at issue. Partly, therefore, upon the few but not unimportant remarks of Lord Althorp in reference to the speech of Mr. Faithful; partly, too, upon the serio-comic assistance for which the noble Lord was indebted to the facetious representative of Oxford University; and partly, it may be, upon the sentiments expressed on a public occasion by a distinguished adherent of the government—all of them as reported in the confessedly accurate columns of the *Morning Chronicle*—we propose to indulge in some comments which may possibly assist the readers of this work to make up their minds, and to stimulate them in extending their light to others, upon that Question of Questions—"Is it a legitimate function of the civil government, more particularly in a country which admits, and boasts that it admits, of the public exercise and active propagation of all varieties of religious belief, to establish a predominance of any one form of belief over another, or to empower that one to maintain itself by contributions directly or indirectly levied upon the rest of the community, for its own exclusive use and behoof?"

One would have little thought, at least, that the magnitude of this question would be liable to any dispute. And yet if we understand Lord Althorp he would appear to make light of such a subject! "The hon. Member," observed the noble Lord, "said his motion was most important. In that he could not agree with the hon. Member, for he could not conceive that it possessed any practical utility." One of two things, then, we are to infer; either that the motion was utterly insignificant, because it was to be wholly unsuccessful; or else, if successful, that it involved no practical consequences, salutary or otherwise. Now the former construction may perhaps be dismissed, upon considering the frivolity of imputing to another the failure of an enterprise, of which failure the noble Lord's own mode of dealing with it was the conspicuous cause. To the alternative proposition, then, we are left as the description designed by Lord Althorp to apply to the motion of the hon.

Member for Brighton ; that is to say, that a motion importing the ultimate abstraction of all its endowments by the state, its pay, power, and pre-eminence, from the particular form of faith and discipline maintained in the Church of England, involved no tangible effects—and, even in the most favourable view, was possessed of no “practical utility.” Incredible as such an avowal might seem, the terms in which the noble Lord, both before and subsequently, throughout his few remarks, expressed himself in reference to the motion, scarcely leave room for doubt that such was the sense in which he desired to be understood. “He would not detain the House, (loud cheers,) by going into the discussion of a polemical question.” What! the distribution of some millions of pounds a-year,—the appropriation of one-tenth of the produce of all the broad acres of England, and to say nothing of ecclesiastical lands,—the accessory impost of about another half-million for the maintenance, repair, and adornment of the edifices, together with the minutiae of requisites for the worship of one comfortable and pulmy sect,—all this, fursooth, a simple question of polemics!

Most true it is, that never was a question more accurately entitled to the description in *one* sense of the term. For never was a question so marvellously conspicuous for the helligerent emotions it has awakened, and the “wars and rumours of wars” of which it has been habitually the signal. “The Church in danger,”—upon every imputed indication of coldness by the state, or every inconvenient demonstration of party,—has been so constantly, indeed, the forerunner of her militant attitude, that the apparently accidental elision of the letter “d,” in a caricature by the Hogarth of our day, which leaves the announcement—“The Church in *anger*”—can hardly be deemed an unfaithful translation of the original phrase.

But that, in the ordinary sense of the word, the motion of the hon. Member for Brighton on the 16th of April, was a question of “polemics” merely, we do most strenuously deny. Neither do we suppose that Lord Althorp could have fallen into such an error, were it not for the embarrassment in which a man of sense must have found himself, when, in the necessity of saying something, he had to evade the inconvenience of *truth* by a something like calling of names. Nothing so effectual a refuge for the destitute in debate as the use of appellations adapted to stimulate or appease a prejudice. According to Jeremy Bentham’s ingenious illustration of the fallacy, only call corruption “influence,” adultery “gallantry,”—or, inversely, a series of propositions asserting the pretensions and the pay of a favourite priesthood, “a question of polemics,”—and, agreeably to the logic of St. Stephen’s, the proof is complete of indiscretion in a mover, and absurdity in a motion.

It is this latter little circumstance, however,—the circumstance of *pay*, which so materially changes the character of the motion in question, and which fixes upon Lord Althorp, in the few words which he uttered, either the weakness of being himself deceived, or the worse alternative of intending to deceive. It might, undoubtedly, be proper to denote, as purely polemical, a motion in Parliament which should, independently of any other fact, be found to announce an opinion as to whether the introductory clauses of the Litany presented the mind with *one* object of worship, or *four* objects of worship; as to the obscurity, or otherwise, of “Athanasius’s Creed;” or the nature, whether sinful or otherwise, of “Works done before Justification.” But widely different must our estimate be, when the additional question is comprised in the motion,

Whether these opinions, as determined by any particular collection of doctors, be of such practical import to the nation, that we who write this article shall be necessitated to sell our last blanket, in order to maintain, cherish, and uphold that determination, whether our judgment and conscience acquiesce in it or not ! This,—this was the point upon which the King's Minister, in a British Reformed House of Commons, either had not the sagacity to perceive, or the manliness to grapple with !

That noble Lord is reported to have said—"He would only observe, that the honourable Member had stated that he was a Dissenter ; and he must say that he (Lord A.) was a member of the Church of England. The question, therefore, as to whether that church were good or not, was one on which *they might very properly differ.*" Under what species of hallucination the noble Lord could have been labouring when he put in with such interesting *naïveté* this claim for toleration, we do not pretend to decide ; but a more ingenious looking after difficulties where there were none, or missing of a point when it lay so palpably before him, our recollection, even of Parliamentary evasion and finesse, does not enable us to supply. Lord Althorp may be assured that the Puritanical intolerance of the present day, however loud, active, or assuming we may admit it to be, is not of so aggressive, or at any rate of so formidable a character, as to endanger his entire and unmolested profession of "unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in, and prescribed by the book intituled, *The Book of Common Prayer,*" &c. &c. &c.

He may lay aside all fears upon this point. The family of the Plymleys are in no danger ; and we venture to affirm, that the honourable Member for Brighton as little intended to alarm the noble Lord with the prospect of a modern irruption of our northern creed, as of the oatmeal and sulphur which are said to have been ~~the~~ concomitants in the days of our fathers.

Let Lord Althorp, then, by all means enjoy ~~his~~^{his} opinions ; but if they are worth the having, at least *they are worth the paying for.* Let him and his opponent differ as they may upon the doctrinal merits of the church, but let them stand upon equal ground. Let their rights be reciprocal ; and what measure the noble Lord demands for himself, let him, as he stands at the bar of God and man, mete out the same to his brother in return. Now, Lord Althorp does not pay for the support and propagation of Mr. Faithful's belief ; and if there be such a thing as attainable justice upon earth, not one hour beyond the period when the change could be effected with adequate indulgence to existing interests, should the noble Lord condescend to the degradation, or be a party to the wrong, of inflicting upon the honourable Member for Brighton the burden of providing so much as a foot-scraper, or one thread of a tassel within the temple where the noble Lord kneels. So long as the noble Lord shall be a party to this system, his religion how fervid, or his profession how solemn soever, will be obnoxious to the retort that it is not the religion of Christ—that it is not the profession of honest lips. We say this advisedly, for here is the case. The religion of Christ disclaims all violence : the religion of our Whig Minister relies upon it. Christ says to his disciple, "Put up thy sword ;"—the noble Lord says to his agents, "Look well that you use it :—" Christ says, "My kingdom is not of this world ;"—the noble Lord says, "My creed is wholly of this world, and if it be not sustained by the constable's staff and the sword of the flesh, it perishes !"

It would seem, then, that bishops' charges are well, but cavalry charges are better. Lord Althorp, indeed, has not as yet declared himself against the warrant of Scripture, but he has a far higher reverence for the warrant of the Magistrate; and those weapons which were "mighty for the pulling down of strongholds, and the bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ," he exchanges for weapons of another mould, which are mighty for the protection of *other strongholds*, and for bringing into captivity therein every man, woman, and child, who presumes to demur to the right of the strongest, or the capacity of the wisest Assembly upon earth, to legislate upon the things of the spirit,—or to lay the tip of their finger upon the meanest among them, in violation of the liberty with which Christ has made them free!

In fine, the religion of the Redeemer is one of pure and perfect equity; while that of our rulers is based upon a positive and palpable wrong. The one enjoins,—“Do ye unto others whatsoever ye would that they should do unto you.” The other proclaims,—Nay, but we choose to set up a different rule;—and that is the rule of the strong. Where power is, there can be no need of principle. We are *able* to extort from the dissenting sects, pecuniary contributions to our creed, and therefore we extort them. But as to the *right* to do so, it is inconvenient to moot that point, inasmuch as we discern, there are no arguments by which we could vindicate it to ourselves, which would not be equally valid if resorted to by them, supposing them either by any vicissitude to be vested with the power which we now possess, or to argue in any other country as we do in this. If, for example, we should say that we are *INFALLIBLE*,—and have, therefore, the right to dictate upon the subject of religion, it is plain that we ourselves, being the judges of this infallibility, this is only what they might retort with equal effect upon us, when it should come to their turn to claim it. If we should say that we are the *MAJORITY*, and have a right to decide for the rest; this too would be equally efficacious for them, so soon as their numbers, either here or elsewhere, entitled them to make use of the plea. If again it should be said, that *THE CIVIL MAGISTRATE*, by virtue of the responsibility devolving upon him as the father of his people, or in the exercise of that capacity for discerning the *TRUTH*, which his position in society affords him,* ought to have the selection of the religion to which his subjects should conform; this might be convenient enough for us, so long as the Prince should patronize the opinions we profess to entertain; but it would obviously be no less convenient for our opponents, should he happen to be influenced by their views, and to transfer his partiality to opinions he has hitherto abjured.

But not only under circumstances so limited as we have here supposed—not only in these or adjacent countries, and in reference to Christianity under any of its forms,—may these arguments drawn from a consideration of reciprocal right, be applied; but even that Gospel itself, which Governments profess to revere, must yield to the influence of the system they vindicate at home, whenever its missions have borne it to less civilized and hostile regions abroad.* If a violation of the rule of “doing to others as we would that others should do unto us,” be the first step in the aggression of sect against sect among Christians; if con-

* Such is actually the foundation of Warburton's theory; while in the preceding clause, we have the no less satisfactory scheme of Archbishop Magee! Blind leaders! but not, we trust, of the blind.

tempt for reciprocity of right, be sure to result in the visitation of wrong upon those who have the misfortune to be weak ; if TRUTH, (as it is disputed within the Gospel pale,) instead of having to address itself to unaverted and willing ears, be thus abandoned to the fitful smiles of fortune, waiting, " with bated breath," upon the strife of factions or the fate of arms ; and even if accident should have assigned her to the victor, rejected in the humiliation of the fallen, dishonoured by the patronage of the one, and pursued with the scorn of the other ; if such be the auspices under which she is sent to reveal herself to yet unvisited climes, with what hope can her misguided adherents in the elder regions of Christendom bid her God-speed ? or by what fiction imagine that they have strengthened her for her pilgrimage, or made straight her paths through the wilderness she has proposed to tread ?

To have done to others, as we would be done by ; to have rendered unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's ; to have adopted in our civil as in our private relations, the rule of equity and the soul of charity, would furnish us with credentials stronger than ever kings have given, for reasoning of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come," with those who are " worshipping they know not what." But see what a seven-fold shield we spread over the idolatries of the earth ! see what a two-edged sword we have put into the hands of the priests, and the rulers, and the mighty ones, who set up a Vishnu for their God, or a Mahomet for their Prophet, when, upon hearing of the systems we putranize at home, or when, by the common instinct of tyranny, they retort upon their intruders, that they, too, have their Blomfields and their Fathers of the Church—their Althorps, and their Ministers of State—their princes and their councillors—their wise men, and mighty men, and placemen,—and that it is blasphemy to oppose opinions which have found favour in the eyes of so many exalted and pious ones of the earth ! That, albeit, they may not, perhaps, exactly profess to be infallible, or promulge that they are never in the wrong ; yet, seeing they are always in the right, or seeing that they constitute the majority, or seeing, lastly, that " a divine sentence is in the lips of the king," and, therefore, what he has decided no man may gainsay : for any, or for all of these reasons, having determined that they alone possess the truth, it is rightly decreed, that strangers presuming openly to question the same, shall, upon conviction thereof, suffer the punishment of fire, or such other bodily infliction as the wisdom and clemency of their law may adjudge. But that if, having sojourned in the land, and in process of time, by the exercise of their skill or the sweat of their brow, gotten some substance unto themselves, or gathered from day to day wherewithal to subsist them,—their foolish hearts should begin to wax wanton, and prompt them to withhold their annual " offerings, oblations, and obventions" at the National Altar for behoof of the reverend predatories* who minister at the same, in the

* As we would not be thought to cast upon the venerable persons described in the text a too great measure of odium, it may be as well to remark, that, in looking for the etymon of this word, we would by no means insist that it comes from " bred a Tory." We rather suppose it to be equivalent to " Prebendary ;" or perhaps to have some reference to the usage of those portions of the heathen world, where they dedicated a tenth of the spoils taken in war to their Jupiter PRÆDATOR. The not unfrequent fact of our ministers of the Gospel collecting their tenths and oblations at the point of the bayonet, and with all the pomp and circumstance of war, suggests an analogy not altogether unfavourable to this explanation of the term.

vain pretence that the doctrines they inculcate are not such as they can admit to be true doctrines, and therefore not such as they can be right-fully required to pay for; then, in every such case, it shall be lawful for these spiritual persons, these ministers of meekness, forcibly to seize and appropriate such chattels as he may have—be the same pots, kettles, or pans; beds, blankets, or inexpressibles; or else, at their pleasure, to arrest, haul, drag, and imprison, at least for three calendar months, the refractory person; providing him with leisure to meditate on the wisdom and justice of conceding to kings and their minions, the right to decide upon doctrines of religion, and the power to enforce them by the terrors of the dungeon, and the enlightened expostulations of the turnkey.

Such are a few of the embarrassing reflections upon which it was prudently resolved, by Lord Althorp, not to enter; and which, no doubt, suggested to the noble Lord, that whenever such matter should be pressed upon his attention by the presumption of some petulant, straightforward Radical, his true line of policy would be to blink it; and, assuming that air of importance to himself so well known to the dignified, affect to consider the matter so plain (in his own favour) as not to be worth a second thought. So true is it, that “a man may be wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can render a reason.”

And yet it is within the limits of political as of moral possibility, that the wise, after this fashion, may one day or other be taken in their own craftiness. Nay, we are even inclined the rather to think so from certain ominous indications which followed in the sequel of this short debate. If we might judge from the gravity of the symbol by which the goddess of Wisdom has chosen to be distinguished in her most favoured seat, it could hardly be expected that her more modern representatives could indulge in demonstrations so alien from the severity of her habits, as the

“Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles”

by which he of the University of Oxford occasionally endeavours to enliven the debates in which he takes a share. On the occasion to which we are alluding, there were not wanting some sallies of this nature. In short, there was “laughter” in the place. But it was so like that laughter described elsewhere as “the crackling of thorns under a pot,” that, sooth to say, it is more in sorrow than in anger we advert to it. A distinguished authority has supplied us with the expression, “Our enemies laugh among themselves:” and in proportion as we cherish the sentiment of loving our enemies, must be the liveliness of our concern at the prevalence of that demeritation which is so proverbially the forerunner of destruction. Of that species of delusion more particularly, which, if we may glance at the language of an eloquent historian when speaking of Strafford, “to gratify a selfish pride, delights in the humiliation and servitude of mankind,”—history abounds (and none more than our own) in examples of the sure and signal correction.

But let us not anticipate. Our business for the present is to notice the tenor of the few sentences with which Sir Robert Harry Inglis—not more adorned with the degrees than versant in the “decrees” of Oxford—stood forward to abet the Whig Minister in repressing the first formal attempt, since the date of Reform, to ask, if not for a reason of the authorized faith itself, at least of the right by which it is imposed at so prodigal a cost, upon this most thinking of nations.

This hon. and learned Member was pleased to inflict his displeasure

upon the hon. mover of the resolution, for giving to his speech so much the air of that species of discourse, to the cultivation of which his peculiar habits had led him, it would appear, to devote some portion of his attention. Sir Robert Inglis "would make only one observation on the system of sermon and speech of the hon. Member." (Cheers and laughter.) Such is a specimen of the pleasantry which interrupted the gravity of the Collective Wisdom. But we demur to the propriety of the sneer: and that on two grounds. *First*, Because it was eminently just and fitting, to let in religious considerations upon a question of the merits or demerits of an Institution which must essentially rest for its defence upon the declared or inferred will of God. This defence must naturally divide itself into two branches: first, its permission, or the contrary, by the express authority of Christ or his Apostles; secondly, its expediency, or the contrary, as a provision for the civil welfare of society. Now, on either or both of these topics, it was competent to the hon. mover of the resolution of the 16th April to descant. And on either or both of which topics, we beg to advertise Sir Robert Harry Inglis, that we hope for an opportunity of *sermonizing* at somewhat greater length on a future day ourselves.

But, *Secondly* and chiefly, we object to the application of the censure, considering the quarter from whence it comes. What! this objection to "sermon and speech," to emanate from the very elite of Tory sanctity—the chosen mouth-piece of all traditionary and venerable common-places*—foremost, or among the foremost, of the phalanx, who saw, in the existence of our godless Cabinet, the worst judgments of Heaven about to fall upon the devoted nation—who without, as well as within, the walls of Parliament, in the Senate or on the hustings, electioneering or declaiming, by trick, by tragedy, by chalking of walls, or hawking of tracts; by cant, by libel, by speeches and placards, could sermonize by the hour or the ell on the mysteries of "Providence," and the disastrous omission of its mention in the official nothingness of a King's speech, or the technical preamble to an Act of Parliament!

Already we have observed upon the disposition of the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland to be affected to merriment by the lively escapades of the hon. and learned Member for the University of Oxford; and we are, therefore, not to be surprised* at the shortness of memory which so remarkably characterized the effort we allude to, since such is the infirmity supposed to be incidental to the happy faculty of saying good things. Passing from this portion of the hon. Baronet's remarks, it remains for us to offer a few words of comment upon the somewhat more important particular to which he next adverts:—"The Hon. Member had attacked the ministers of the Church of England on account of their temporalities, and he attacked them also on their spiritual practices and motives. But it was hardly fair in him to attack those who, in that House, could not appear to defend themselves."

So then, a great corporation which is paid for the services it is supposed to render to the state, on a scale of munificence to which the world has no parallel, is not to be so much as suspected of infidelity to its duties, until provision shall have been made for the presence of its

* "With one great exception," as Mr. Croker writes of Swift: seriously, we are willing to do all possible honour to the splendid deviation of Sir Robert on occasion of the motion by Mr. C. Fergusson in favour of the Poles. A few more such speeches from the Hon. Baronet, and he would be soon unfitted for the post of honour (?) he now fills.

members in an assembly, where a feeling for the peculiar and delicate nature of their functions has hitherto decided that they ought not to be. Now, as there is no very urgent probability of such an arrangement being shortly effected, it is no doubt a very convenient rule for the partisans of that body to insist upon, that in the meantime no complaints shall be heard; nor even a suspicion be whispered as to the existence of motives with which there are such small grounds for believing that ecclesiastical bodies can ever be justly charged. But where was Sir Robert Inglis during the startling asseveration of Mr. Stanley in the House of Commons, that it was the practice of the Bishops of Ireland (in evasion of the law which limited their power of granting leases for more than twenty-one years) "*to anticipate the revenues which ought to belong to their successors?*" Or was there no one to move that the charge should be instantly withdrawn, seeing there neither was, nor could be any Bishop in that House, to rebut it on the spot? Besides, has the Church itself been observed to be quite so considerate of the feelings of absentees, as Sir Robert Inglis would require her impugnors to be, the moment it is attempted to scrutinize her pretensions to the reverence of the people? We remember to have read of an *annual charge in a parish in Ireland of £20 for the washing of a surplice, which was proved to have visited the wash-tub just three times in the year.** Neither have we yet forgotten the many interesting miscellanies of a like nature, with which Sir John Newport used to regale the House of Commons, when detailing the vestry transactions of that island of saints: but never yet did we hear of a single protest on the part of the reverend persons who witnessed and authenticated these assessments, that their validity was impaired by the compulsory exclusion from all right of voting at these vestries, of the Roman Catholic tributaries, who were to settle the costs of the aforesaid laundry bills! It seemed to be understood that Roman Catholics had nothing to do with these bills but to pay them.

It would be an interesting problem, to calculate the precise number of years, which might have been suffered to roll on, ere Sir Robert Harry Inglis, or the venerable body whose authority he bears, would have been prompted to declare that "*it was hardly fair to tax those in their absence, who could not appear at these vestries to defend their pockets;*" or would have meditated a "*decree*" that these Protestant plunders in Ireland were disgraceful to the people of England; and that the tongue or pen which would uphold them as part and parcel of the free institutions of Englishmen, and the God-given code of Christians, was "*false, impious, and seditious.*"

Strange! that the men who have never been weary of putting forth their claims to the homage and submission of their fellow-men, should let it so invariably be seen that "*never, except by making the ruling few uneasy, can the aggrieved many hope for one particle of relief;*" that all the beneficent changes in society, all the ameliorations which justice and freedom have won, have been owing, never to the spontaneous concessions of the oppressor,—always to the ignorant impatience of the oppressed! For when were the wrong-doers the first to see the evil of their ways? When were rulers or their advisers the first to discern and redress the ills which were plain to all men living but themselves?

* We give this fact on the authority of the eloquent and instructive work of Mr. O'Driscoll on Ireland. London, 1832, vol. I, p. 136, note.

When have they discovered that, in the conflicts of society, institutions and men have ever been hated, simply because they were hateful? We maintain that such has been the fact in all periods of our history; from the encampment of Wat Tyler on Blackheath, to the last tithe sale in Munster, or the "Annuity" captions in our gude town of Edinburgh. Even the redoubted Wat Tyler himself stands redeemed in the eyes of posterity; for even Hume admits that the demands of his party "*were extremely reasonable in themselves.*"* Yet see how their grievances were ultimately disposed of, and how resolute and long the struggle, (to use another expression of Hume but a little before,) on the part of "the great, to tyrannize over the meaner" and weaker! But the temper of misrule is ever the same; so taken up with its prey as to be thoughtless of consequences even to itself. By his own hand it is recorded, that Strafford would have had Hampden "*whipt into his right wits;*" while Oxford, tyrant and slave at once, chivalrous in the cause of Kings, callous in the cause of right, jealous of her dogmas, but reckless of her fame, could embitter the last pangs of a Russel, and dishonour (if she could) the great name of her Locke,† at the bidding of a King "*dissolute, false, and venal,*"—according to Burke; and "*whose ill conduct in everything, both public and private, possessed all thinking people very early; and all sorts of people at last,*" according to Burnet!—But here we pause. We confess it with some satisfaction, that it is rather more difficult to assign the particular objects whom courts and universities, in more recent days, would consign to the pit they would gladly prepare for others, but which is sure, in the long run, to close upon those who have thriven by injustice, and wrested from the weak the inheritance that was theirs. Of all revolutions, the revolution of time is the most corrective in its effects—the most comprehensive and unde-

* There was an Act passed in the 1st Richard II., the language and spirit of which are not a little worthy of attention, as marking the similarity of sentiment between those in all ages, who see no evil whatever in their own misdeeds, but every species of aggravation in the only resource which the pertinacity of their masters too often leaves it in the power of "the meaner sort" to adopt. We can fancy the following to be the preamble to an Act for suppressing Anti-tithe meetings in Ireland. It is recited in the Act of Richard "That the villeyns had assembled riotously in considerable bodies, and had, by the advice of *certtain evil counsellors and abettors*, (Radicals, no doubt,) endeavoured to withdraw their services from their lord; not only those services which they owed to him by tenure of their lands, but likewise the services of their body." Upon the statute, of which these words are an extract, Mr. Daines Barrington (Observations on the Statutes) proceeds to remark: "Nothing could be more oppressive than this law in every part of it; and we find that this oppression was in reality the occasion of the famous insurrection under Wat Tyler, and Jack Straw, as well as the great opposition to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster." When will men open their eyes?

† It can scarcely be necessary to advert to the fact, that the same day which closed the life of Russel in Lincoln-Inn Fields, would have strangled at Oxford the cause for which he died. The very day which added this deed to the crimes of the Stuarts ushered into the world that famous decree which denounces, with ferocious epithets, every political principle by which freedom can live, and which constitutes the difference between England and Muscovy!

Of the dismissal of Locke from Christ-Church, we have only to say, with all deference for Lord Grenville, that it was so much in keeping with the temper of the body which, at such a time, could utter such sentiments, that the technical vindication established by his Lordship seems to us of small worth.

In the changes which succeeded, we see little for which civil liberty can account itself indebted. When their theological tenets were endangered, then, and not till then, were the churchmen of Oxford aroused to a *transient* recognition of the rights of human nature.

viating in its march. We have had revolutions which have sprung from the struggles of the crown with the aristocracy, and the aristocracy with the crown. Kings have trodden upon Parliaments, and Parliaments on Kings. Sect has risen against sect; and each in its turn wreaked its ill-gotten power upon the foe it had partially subdued. But other days seem now to have dawned. The party passions of sect and faction would appear to be merging in the prevalent sentiment, that by the bloodless but irresistible impulse of sound reason and right feeling, at length an effectual cure must be had for wrongs however ancient their prescription, or imposing their pretences. In these days, victims can no longer be selected; for they are, in sympathy, not with a party but a people; and the precarious power of their enemies (were it even possible again to be exerted) would wisely forbear to contend with the straws upon their surface, when they were impotent to dam up the mighty waters themselves which bear them in their career. But although they might be cautious enough not to exasperate this new-born power, it is not the less true that they will be eager and dexterous to perplex and impede it;—and fortunate, we acknowledge it will be, if Providence shall so guide our conflict, that the degree of resistance may prove just sufficient to stimulate the suppression of the wrong, without provoking to the gratuitous suffering of its agents.

We have been led to these reflections from the consistent perverseness of the men who, like their predecessors in all periods, will not perceive, in the many signs of the times, the approach of a crisis, (a moral one may it be!) by which they are probably destined in no long time to be enlightened. But we feel so strongly the importance of being attended to as well by *the busy* as by the leisured, that, however abundant the materials which crowd upon our thoughts, we must, in deference to their time, and for the sake of their favour, reserve for a future opportunity the further prosecution of this QUESTION OF QUESTIONS.

THE POOR CHRISTIAN AND THE CHURCH.

- He has incurred a long arrear,
And must despair to pay.—COWPER.

“To the poor, the gospel is [not] preached.”

“How glorious Zion’s courts appear,”

The pious poor man cries:

“Stand back, you knave, you’re in arrear!”

The Manager replies.

Poor Christian. “The genius of the Christian code
Is Charity—humility;”

Manager (in a rage.) “I’ve let your pew to ladies, Sir,
Of high respectability.”

Poor Christian. “And am I then debarred the house
Where erst my father prayed?
Excluded from the hallow’d fane
Where my loved mother’s laid?”

Manager.

" Their seat-rent, Sir, was never due :
The matter to enhance,
As duly as the term came round,
They paid it in advance."

Poor Christian.

" The Temple of the living God
Should have an open door ;
And Christ's ambassadors should preach
The Gospel to the poor."

Manager.

" We cannot, Sir, accommodate
The poor in their devotions ;
Besides, we cordially detest
Such antiquated notions.

" We build our fanes, and deck our pews,
For men of wealth and station ;
(Yet, for a time, the thing has proved
A losing speculation.)

" Then table down your cash anon,
Ere you come *here* to pray ;
Else you may wander where you will,
And worship where you may."

Poor Christian.

" Then I shall worship in that FANE
By God to mankind given,
Whose lamps are the meridian sun,
And all the stars of heaven ;
Whose walls are the cerulean sky,
Whose floor the earth so fair,
Whose dome is vast immensity :—
All Nature worships there."*

IRELAND, AS A MILITARY NATION, CONNECTED WITH, OR SEPARATED FROM, ENGLAND.

No. I.

" Si, au lieu de l'expédition d'Egypte, j'eusse fait celle d'IRLANDE ; que pourrait l'ANGLETERRE aujourd'hui ? A quoi tiennent les destinées des empires ?"—NAPOLÉON.

It has been justly observed by Voltaire, that no man can prevent ideas from entering his mind ; and, on this principle, the question, " Could Ireland exist as a completely independent nation ?" has, at one time or another, obtruded itself upon the thoughts of *all* Irishmen, and of most intelligent Englishmen. The unfortunate Theobald Wolfe Tone, in relating his feelings on this subject in 1791—a period previous to his becoming a separatist—says, " There is no one proposition, moral, physical, or political, that I hear with such extreme acerbation of mind, as this, which denies to my country the possibility of independent existence. It is not, however, (he continues) my plan here to examine that question. I trust whatever the necessity shall arise, *as at some time, it in-*

* The last stanza of this poem is a quotation from Voltaire's *Covenanters' Sabbath*.

fallibly must, it will be found, that we are as competent to our own government, regulation, and defence, as any state in Europe!" In Great Britain, where such general ignorance or misapprehension prevails as to the unquestionably great, though undeveloped and comparatively latent, capabilities and resources of Ireland for independence, this assertion of Tone will be looked upon with little, if anything, more than a smile of scepticism. In Ireland, the majority consider that assertion to be well-founded—but more from the natural pride inspired by a sense of patriotism and nationality, than from any power of giving the reasons of the belief which they entertain. Certainly, the general spirit of English policy towards Ireland has hitherto apparently proceeded on the assumption, that England is so overwhelmingly stronger than Ireland, that the latter could never by any chance separate from her, and maintain herself as an independent power if so separated. When Darius offered the greater part of his dominions to Alexander for peace, "No," exclaimed 'Macedonia's madman,' "the world has but one sun—it should, therefore, have but one sovereign!" The British Isles, situated as they are with respect to the rest of Europe, may be looked upon as constituting, in political as well as poetical geography, a "little world of their own;" while the English Cabinet, and most Englishmen, are too much inclined to consider the granting of any political amelioration to Ireland, in the light of a mere act of lofty and compassionate condescension on their part, as if it were not a whit more probable that Great Britain and Ireland could have a sun a-piece than a sovereign a-piece! This is an equally erroneous and dangerous notion to be entertained by such as are real advocates for the steady and permanent connexion of the two countries; and a notion which should, therefore, be publicly confuted. "The sea," said the eloquent Shiel, "reminds one of many things!" The two islands are divided, as obviously as France and England are, by the hand of God and Nature—an important circumstance; in opposition to which, unless its natural effects upon every well-educated Irish mind be as far as possible removed for the future by the constant and effective attention of a really paternal and fostering system of British administration in Ireland—it is manifest that no "Act of Union," or "Modern improvements in steam intercourse," as they are styled, can of themselves ever morally, and, therefore, virtually, "identify the two countries." When the present enormously over-endowed, anti-national, and bayonet-upheld Law-Church; when a fetidly-corrupt set of bigoted, and ascendancy-maintaining Corporations, with many analogous public nuisances, which need not be mentioned here, have been overthrown—and overthrown they must soon be, for the "Great Spirit" of democratic improvement has already pronounced their doom—when all this has occurred, the past policy of keeping Ireland by bribing the portion of her people with the privileged pillage of the rest, to make them prefer a British, to a national and independent, but, at the same time, to them a less individually-profitable government, will be completely at an end; together with the rotten and unjust plunder system, under the masked name of "Legal Institutions," upon which such an oppressive system was based. Then, all natives of Ireland, discarding their sectarian prejudices—which, indeed, as the enterprising spirit of the nation becomes less lucrative, are rapidly dying away—will (if we may make use of a pun) become "United Irishmen," in striving, by every possible means, to promote the good of their common country. Well, what can be a greater benefit to any land than a national and independent govern-

ment?—and what can THEN prevent 8,000,000 of people from realizing, as will be shown with every possibility of success, that great benefit? Nothing; unless England shall make the connexion with Ireland a matter of even still *more* important and “valuable consideration” to the latter, than the analogy of history tends to prove, that separation and its usual results, or those of complete national independence, would be. *

But as it is, generally speaking, with individuals, so is it likewise with nations: as, in private life, no men will act so fairly towards other men, when they think that injustice can be practised with impunity, as they will behave when they have reason to know that those with whom they deal can resist and punish such injustice,—so, in the political world, no nation will conduct itself so well towards another nation, if it supposes that nation can be trampled upon, as it will, if it is of opinion that the same nation will be able to chastise and frustrate such an unprincipled endeavour. For these reasons, viewed in connexion with the arbitrary systems of government constantly adopted towards the sister country, the present general ignorance or inadvertance of the British public, with respect to the physical, military, and financial capabilities of Ireland, to take her stand, on any sudden opportunity, as an independent European power, may, if allowed to continue, be eventually productive of the most fatal consequences to the integrity of the British empire. History amply justifies this assertion. To an analogous state of ignorance or carelessness in Great Britain, about sixty years ago, as to the real strength and resources of America, and its natural result, an insolent and domineering feeling of British invincibility in the wrong, on the part of the Cabinet of the day, the inpolitic attempt to tax the North American Colonies without representation, was owing; the consequence of which was, first, an unsuccessful contest with those Colonies, and then, a war with France, Spain, and Holland, which, after an enormous and unavailing expenditure of blood and treasure, terminated in the unqualified independence of that people whom the mother country so presumptuously attempted to bully into submission. “Do you not remember,” says Dr. Franklin, writing to Mr. Strahan, August 18, 1784, “the story you told me of the Scotch sergeant, who met with a party of forty Americans, and, *though alone*, disarmed them, and brought them in prisoners? a story as improbable as that of the Irishman, who pretended to have also taken and brought in five of the enemy by *surrounding* them. And yet, my friend, sensible and judicious as you are, but *partaking of the GENERAL infatuation*, you seemed to believe it. The word, General, puts me in mind of your General Clarke, who had the folly to say, *in my presence*, that, with a thousand English grenadiers, he would undertake to go from one end of America to the other, and — all the males, partly by force, and partly by a little coaxing. It is plain (continues Franklin) he took us for a *species of animals very little superior to brutes!* The Parliament, too, believed the stories of another foolish General, I forget his name, that *the Yankees NEVER felt bold!* Yankee was a sort of Yahoo; and the Parliament did not think the petitions of such creatures were fit to be received and read in

* Amongst civilized nations it may be assumed, from a survey of the history of the world, that the general testimony of political experience is in favour of separations, or the complete emancipation of each country from any political dependence upon another. To cite examples in proof of this assertion would be a work of supererogation. With such a dangerous truth before them, how incumbent then is it for Ministers to become “wise in time,” by conciliating instead of trampling upon Ireland!

such an assembly. What was the consequence of this monstrous PRIDE and INSOLENCE? You first sent SMALL armies to subdue us, believing them MORE than sufficient, but soon found yourselves obliged to send GREATER. These, whenever they ventured to penetrate our country BEYOND THE PROTECTION OF THEIR SHIPS, were either repulsed, or obliged to scamper out, or were surrounded, beaten, and taken prisoners. An American PLANTER,* who had never seen Europe, was chosen by us to command our troops, and continued during the whole of the war. This man sent home to you FIVE of your BEST Generals baffled, their heads bare of laurels, disgraced even in the opinion of their employers. Your contempt of our understandings (concludes Franklin) appeared to be not much better founded than that of our courage, if we may judge from this circumstance, that in whatever court of Europe a Yankee negotiator appeared, the wise British Minister was routed, put in a passion, picked a quarrel with your friends, and was sent home!" Such was the contest—principally attributable to ignorance—between England and America. The removal, then, of perhaps equal ignorance with reference to insulted Ireland, must be a real "diffusion of useful knowledge." The Whig "red-cont-tribunal bill" passed, in contempt of inquiry, against Ireland, resembles, in many points, several of the very worst enactments of English Ministerial absolutism, enumerated in the American declaration of independence. Had 3,000,000 of Americans been properly governed, would they not have remained connected with England, instead of revolting against her? They certainly would; but they were oppressed, because it was foolishly presumed that they could, by no possibility, resist oppression with success. The same line of argument applies to eight as to three millions of people. Nor should any great stress be laid upon the, at present, divided condition of Irishmen; it is based on delusion, therefore no one can see how soon it may cease; and, even in the case of America, England had by no means an inconsiderable portion of the inhabitants, either passively or actively, in her favour. To our proofs, then, of what we predict *must* ultimately occur to British connexion with Ireland, if that unhappy country be not properly governed in time.

It appears, from history, to have been Henry II.'s intention—which, however, was afterwards counteracted by events—to divide his extensive French, English, and Irish dominions between three of his sons. Speaking of the synod of Cashel, assembled by Henry in 1172, "at which," says Mr. D'Alton, "the bishops of the country are said to have given him sealed charters, confirming the kingdom of Ireland to him and his heirs for ever,"—that eminent Irish antiquarian observes, "The royal invader was not regardless of the advantages which this submission opened to himself and his family; and it seems now satisfactorily proved, that he proposed making it a SEPARATE KINGDOM in his own line, and that, in pursuance of such intention, he actually conferred upon his son John the sovereignty of the island; which Pope Urban confirmed by a bull, and, in token of confirmation, sent him a crown of peacocks' feathers set in gold." The speculation, (continues Mr. D'Alton,) which possibly would have made Ireland an independent nation to this day, was frustrated by the death of Prince Arthur, and the consequent succession of John to the British diadem.† Thus, grossly disorganized and degenerated, as the Irish of that

* Washington.

† Trans. Royal Irish Academy, vol. xvi., part I., pages 312 and 313. The testimony of Holingshead on this point, and he cites several respectable authorities, is quite positive:—"This year, [1164,] the last of March, King Henrie made his son,

period were from their ancestors, whose bravery completely triumphed in a contest of upwards of 200 years over the martial and piratical Danes—those Danes who forcibly imposed three kings upon England, subdued a great part of France, and scattered terror over all Europe,—even under such disadvantageous circumstances, we say, combined with those of Henry's recent invasion, Ireland was not considered by that sagacious monarch to be unfitted to exist as an independent state.

Voltaire relates that when Louis XI. was offered the sovereignty of Genoa, his Gallic Majesty very frankly told the Genoese, "they might give themselves to the devil; as, for his part, he would have nothing to say to them!"* Now, as Sir Robert Peel lately affirmed, that "the worst thing which could possibly happen to Ireland, would be that she should be left to herself;"† let us suppose—at once for argument, and punishment sake—that William IV. and the British Parliament, were to pronounce the aforesaid *warm* declaration of the first "most Christian King," with respect to the "mere Irish;" or else (to allude to a real historical case nearer home) that they were to absolve Ireland from her connexion with England, as England herself was voluntarily emancipated by Honorius from her union with the Roman empire.† Suppose, further, that the Irish, upon this—the Protestants not wishing O'Connell to be King, and the Papists being averse to a *native* Protestant Sovereign,—were to petition the British monarch and legislature, that, according to the precedent contained in Henry II.'s design, Ireland should be governed by one of the same Royal Family as England; and as a mark of their regard for the House of Brunswick, the Duke of Sussex should be appointed King of Ireland. Suppose, finally, that this petition were favourably answered, and that, in consequence, the Duke received the Irish Crown—let us see, from incontrovertible facts, what would be the resources of Ireland to maintain the independent position assigned her. This task we shall perform principally by extracts from a very curious, though (for obvious reasons) a very little known work, printed in Paris in 1828, under the name of "*A Commentary on the Memoirs of Tone*,"—a work, in which, as its title page sets forth, "*The Moral and Physical Force of Ireland, to support National Independence, is discussed and examined, from authentic documents!*" This book, which, though nominally written by a Colonel Philip Roche, Fermoy, was really from the pen of the late ex-judge Johnson,—was alluded to by the *Edinburgh Review*, the following year, or that on which Catholic Emancipa-

John, knight, and shortly after sent him over into Ireland, of which country he had made him king!"—Chron. vol. ii., p. 188, edit. 1807.

* Voltaire's Universal History, vol. ii., chap. lxxxv. p. 274. English Translation.

† After mentioning Honorius's letters, by which he confirmed "the independence of Britain and Armorica," and "committed to the new states the care of their own safety," by "an absolute and perpetual abdication of the exercise and rights of sovereignty," Gibbon adds, with reference to Britain, (having previously lauded the Roman Emperor for having "wisely acquiesced" in its independence,) "The separation was not embittered by the reproach of tyranny or rebellion; and the claims of allegiance and protection were succeeded by the mutual and voluntary offices of national friendship." (Decline and Fall, vol. ii. p. 303. Jones's edition.) In proof of this assertion, Gibbon appeals to the grant of "12,000 men," raised for the service of the Emperor "Anthemius, in Gaul," when the Roman empire was struggling, in its last period of existence, with the northern barbarians in that country. About 1300 years after, the Irish legislature—on the consent of George III. and the British Parliament to a much less complete freedom for Ireland, than that bestowed on Britain by Rome—voted to England, in 1782, a grant for 32,000 men. So much for Irish gratitude!

tion was carried, as no trifling cause of the success of that important measure. In making our extracts from this publication, as our intention is to warn and instruct, instead of to inflame and exasperate, we carefully suppress, as far as possible, any of the bitter expression of political animosity, which it breathes against England—merely preserving its strong reasonings and arguments. To begin, then, with the opinion of those who think Ireland to be a country naturally made for subjection:—

Sir James Mackintosh (speech of the 15th February, 1825,) has the following observations:—"I have alluded to the possibility of a *separation* already. Nothing could be so destructive to Ireland as a separation from England.—Separation from England would be a miserable occurrence to both countries; but Ireland would be the *worse*. Ireland, small in extent, feeble in means, could look to no higher destiny among surrounding nations, than that of being employed by ambitious persons to annoy another power." (Hear! hear! hear!) *Introduction, pages 11 and 12.*

The first of these expressions, (*i. e.* that with regard to "extent,") must be supposed to allude to some military weakness in the position or form of the island. But how "smallness of extent," *taken by itself*, can, *without relation to instruments of defence*, constitute any portion of military weakness, Sir James is churlish of his information. The rock of Gibraltar is, compared even with diminutive Ireland, very small in extent—so is the camp of Pirus. Nay, these and many other celebrated military positions, derive a principal part of their strength from the very small extent of frontier to be defended. It is well known that relative extension of frontier is a source of weakness, not of strength. Perhaps the military ideas of Sir James are of Indian descent, and that he had been led to his assertion by conceiving that the military force of England was strengthened by the necessity of her watching an eastern military frontier from Ava to Persia! As to any *explanation* of this staring military paradox, Sir James is as mute as Mr. Justice *Silence* himself could be. (*Pages 14 and 15.*)—A mere smattering of the knowledge of an engineer would have shown to Sir James the absurdity of his proposition.

Look at the map of Great Britain and Ireland. Observe, in the former, the greater distances from John O'Groats's House to the Land's-End, and observe the length of the southern base of the triangle, and then observe the form of Ireland. The latter approaches nearer to the form of an ellipse than to any other regular form,—and to an ellipse, the conjugate axis of which is of considerable proportion to the transverse axis, (278 miles long, 135 broad.) This form, with the exception of an absolute circle, is the most compact to which any superficies can be reduced. Hence, the ease and rapidity with which any moveable force can be drawn from any one given point to any other given point in the whole island,—a capacity for defence, from its superficial form, which very few other natural positions can produce. A military force, far short of that which the population of Ireland could produce, and which the revenue of Ireland could maintain, might be so stationed, that on no one part of the coast could an attack be made, without the station of a native army being found within one or two days march of the point of landing!

Had the French and Spaniards landed in Ireland during the American war, which was the era of the Volunteers,—and those powers *could* have done so, for, in 1779, their combined fleets, amounting to about fifty ships of the line, rode triumphantly from May to September in the channel,—they would have experienced the truth of the author's remark with regard to a "*native army*," ON WHICH ALONE, AT THAT TIME, BRITISH CONNECTION DEPENDED.

Compare (he then adds) this state with the immense distance from any angular point of Great Britain to any other, and then say, whether the *SMALLNESS* of the extent of Ireland, is not a circumstance of *STRENGTH*, and not of *WEAKNESS*? (*Pages 19 and 20.*)

The assertion, that "*Ireland, in her position, and in her forms, exterior and interior, is a fortress of the first order*," is thus argued:—

Fortress is any strong place rendered so by art, or, originally so by local advantages, or by means both of nature and art.—Ireland may be considered as a *natural fortress of the first order*—her ditch, the Atlantic; her curtains, the lines of her rock-bound coast; her bastions, her limestone and granite promontories, &c. &c. Her

ditch, the Atlantic, may, it is true, be crossed; but by a *relieving*, as well as by an *attacking* army. When "crossed by an *advancing* enemy," it presents a tremendous obstacle to "a *retreat*."—The Duke of York's "remembrance of the Helder would confirm this observation. All blockade of Fort Erin is out of military question.* She has, *within* herself, means of perpetual recruiting, and of perpetual supply of maintenance for her garrison." (Pages 28, 29, and 30.)

Again. The curtains and bastions of Fort Erin are beyond all power of demolition, even from the modern improvements of the bombardment, the battery, the mine, or the sap. There is, for an enemy, but one mode of attack, which presents a chance of success—a *coup de main* upon some of her accessible points, such as her ports or places of landing. These are as well known, and will be proved to be as capable of defence as the gates of any regular work.

It seems to be acknowledged, that there is scarcely any river, the passage of which, with every exertion for defence, may not, in some parts be forced; nor any coast, on which a landing may not, in some parts, be effected. But in every mode of attack on a fortified position, the difficulty lies not so much in the approaches, as in the subsequent advance, after a breach has been made, and still more, after a lodgment has been established.—To the assailants the real danger accrued *within* the breaches of Acre, and in Buenos Ayres, after the towns had been penetrated, and were thought to have been secured. The *streets* of Saragossa will long be a testimony of the destruction consequent even upon a successful assault. (Pages 29 and 30.)

To these remarkable instances, adduced by the author in illustration of his ideas on Irish defensive warfare, many others could be added, both from ancient and modern history. It was *after* Pyrrhus so far surprised Argos, as to fill the very market-place with his Gaulish mercenaries, that he was defeated and killed; it was likewise *after* Prince Eugene had surprised Cremona, in February, 1702, and *after* he had taken the French military chest, Marshal Villeroy himself, and the entire town, with the exception of the Po gate, that the Irish regiments in the French service retook the city, the Marshal, and the military chest, and completely expelled and discomfited the Austrians: and "though last, not least," it was *after* Prince Ferdinand and his Dutch Mynheers, had actually occupied Brussels in September, 1830, that the *Popish* Belgians made such a *Flemish* account of him and his *Orange* followers! Well, then, may our author assert from analogy, in speaking of the entrance of a natural fortress, like Ireland, by its assailants, "This *subsequent* difficulty always increases in proportion to the construction and increase to the interior of the *enceinte* of any fortification, and to the number and perseverance of the garrison." He then enters into a detail with respect to "the interior to the *enceinte* of Fort Erin," as follows:—

Supposing a foreign enemy to have landed and secured a post, the means of obstruction which the face of the interior of Ireland presents, are next to be considered.

With respect to the primary divisions of Ireland, she presents three great portions, differing in form, and, consequently, in modes of defence.

The northern district—mountainous almost throughout,—many portions of these mountains rocky—other portions boggy—others again, rock and bog intermixed—full of intersections from rivers and lakes—these intersections pointing out, to the most experienced eye, lines of defence, peculiarly fitted to the mode of warfare adapted to *irregular* troops. In the interior of these great aquatic and mountainous intersections, the surface, where it is not bog or rock, is, from the minute divisions of farms in Ireland, laid out in small portions of arable and pasture lands, the boundaries of which are *all* formed by hedges and ditches; every one of these, from the embankment raised by sinking the ditch, forming a defence against musketry, and if defenders should avail themselves of rare columns of pikes, capable not only of resisting, but of punishing the temerity of a charge of bayonets—the hedges forming shelter for cattle, that in a climate but lightly visited by snow or frost, are seldom housed

* Unless we suppose Lord Anglesey's "four-gun-brig" blockade to keep Irish beef, corn, butter, fowl, pork, &c., like Norval in the play—*at home*! The great majority of the wretched inhabitants of Ireland would thank God if such a domestic consumption blockade began to-morrow.

—the ditches being absolutely necessary to carry off the superfluous water in an abundantly moist climate.

The southern division of Ireland differs but little in its military aspect from the northern. Its arable and pasture lands are much more fertile; in many places, as minutely divided, in others not so much,—affording extensive feeding for cattle. But its mountains, interior waters, and sea-inlets, have as strong defensive features as most portions of the globe.

The centre portion of Ireland shows a different surface from either the northern or southern divisions. Though not so level as the States of Holland or the Netherlands, the space from Dublin eastward, to Galway westward, has not the bold and rocky eminences already described. Where the district approaches to a level, it is extremely boggy, as in parts of the King's and Queen's counties, and the county of Kildare; or, where it rises into firm ground, becomes a tissue of intersections, from the divisions of the cottier population. Add to these artificial intersections, that, even with the arable and pasture grounds, are minutely interwoven small ramifications of the greater bogs, [nearly 5,000,000 of acres, or one-fourth of Ireland is bog]—*all these boggy portions impervious to cavalry and artillery*; and, if not totally impassable, extremely embarrassing to any infantry attempting to act as *regulars*. From the intersections of ditches, and frequency of bogs, *cavalry may be considered as an almost useless arm in Ireland*.

Travelling still westward, new forms and new modes of division arise. The Shannon almost insulates the western province from the rest of Ireland. Rising northwards, on the Leitrim mountains—those mountains presenting insurmountable difficulty to a regular army (preserving at least its regular formations,)—it surrounds the whole western province, to Lough-Heald, its southern termination on the Atlantic. The western side of the Shannon presents, in many places, a surface for defence, to be seen in very few countries. A spectator, standing on this level, sees before him an extension for miles, exhibiting nothing but a stony continuance of that level. Upon advancing into the *apparently stony desert*, he finds it composed of innumerable detached pieces of rock, almost all of equal height, (evidently of alluvious formation,) rising above the level of the soil, and enclosing in their interstices, small pastures of ground, covered with the richest pasture of the kingdom. Here almost innumerable flocks of sheep are fed by the interstitial herbage, and sheltered by the surrounding rocks. No *regular army* could, in its advance, among the stony *defenders*, preserve its formation, either in line or column. These surfaces seem to be formed by the genius himself of modern and western war, for the exercise and safety of the *riflesman*. In these interstices each rifleman would find a little redoubt, fitted by nature for the traverse of his rifle and the security of his person. No artillery can, in point-blank range, touch him at all. If howitzer practice with shells be tried, an accidental shell may fall within the little fortress of a rifleman; but, even from its explosion, it can carry its mischief no further. A moment of time also, would give the rifleman an opportunity of removing to another and adjoining barrier.

The general military features common, in some degree, to the three portions of Ireland are, rivers, lakes, inlets of the sea, mountains, bogs, minute divisions of hedge and ditch, roads.

Rivers :—

These in Ireland, may generally be considered as small, but with strong banks; of great consequence in military operations, as affording defensible positions approximate to any attack. No river is so large, that it should be considered as impassable; nor none so small that advantage may not be drawn from it. A mill-stream may form an inundation and stop an army.

Between, or in the *revers* of the great waters of Ireland, and as affording protections in front, flank, or rear, as the attack on the positions may be, will be found, First and greatest, the banks of the Shannon; second, from Macguire's Bridge to Charlemont, north; third, from Portadown to Newry, north; fourth, from Belturbet to Carrick-on-Shannon, north; fifth, from Kilkenny to Nenagh, a chain of positions, south; sixth, a great part of Kerry is almost insulated, defended by the course of the river Lure, and the lakes of Killarney, extending from Dingle-bay to the head of Kenmare Estuary; seventh, from the head of Kenmare Estuary, by the head of Bantry bay, and Dunmanus bay, to Carberry, exists another chain of positions. The whole of the county Kerry and of the south-western part of the county Cork, contain a succession of fastnesses, whose rugged and entangled forms would render all the efforts of a *regular army* (acting as such) fruitless.

The county Cork itself, forming a large portion of the southern division of Ireland, (85 miles in length, by 40 in breadth,) presents, in its longitude, three great

lines of aquatic defence; first, the most northern, the river Blackwater; 2d, the Lee; 3d, the river of Bandon. Of these the streams are rapid, and the banks bold and firm, presenting, in their course, many elevated points of rocky foundation, excellent as positions.

Between the lines formed by these rivers, the space is intersected by mountainous districts, the heights and sides of which, either boggy or rocky, run mostly parallel to the course of the rivers, affording commanding positions to protect the passages in the valleys between them. The valleys themselves, by the various streams which fall from the mountains, might, wherever a passage was attempted, be inundated, so as not only to obstruct, but actually to enclose any troops which should be rashly led, or dexterously inveigled into them.—(Page 31 to 36.)

Commencing at Carlingford Bay, looking northward, then N.W., then S. and S.W., turning again S.E. and N., it will be seen that the whole coast, deeply-indented inland, is a succession of mountainous masses, intersected by large and small waters, chains of bog, &c., intermixed with quantities of fertile land, divided wherever it is in cultivation, by the artificial defences of hedges, ditches, and stone-walls.—(Page 37.)

The roads through Ireland are numerous and excellent. This circumstance, at first, would seem greatly to facilitate the march of a regular army, with all its material. But these roads are of a peculiar character. They resemble not the old Roman Appian and Flaminian ways, nor their modern imitations on some parts of the continent, viz:—a strong and heavily-paved causeway in the centre, with open spaces at the sides. The Irish roads are of a softer material, small limestone gravel, or limestone rock, broken into a gravel size. The plan of the makers of the modern roads in Ireland, has been to carry them, as much as possible, through the level parts of the island, through the intermingled bog and arable of the levels, or winding, with the course of the valleys, through the mountains. In these lower parts, through which the roads run, the superabundant moisture of the climate requires that drains to carry off the water should be run parallel to each side of a road. Sinking drains necessarily produces embankments; hence a road in Ireland, may, in a military sense, be considered as a *defile* where the march of troops can be annoyed, if not commanded, from every side; ditches and embankments running continually parallel, and, at small distances, being met by other ditches and embankments, intersecting the parallel ditches at different angles. All these afford protecting positions to troops capable of rapid movements, and trained as good marksmen, to impede in front, and to attack in flanks and rear, any bodies of regular troops; more especially, if they should move with their usual impedimenta.—The roads running through the valleys of the mountainous districts, are each a natural *defile*, as the roads on the levels are artificially so.

On a defensive system, one advantage attends both. Various streams, fed by a moist climate, cross, at very short intervals, both these classes of roads; they are generally conveyed through low arches, level with the surface of the road, and are called gulleys. To impede the march of regular troops, only the pick-axe, the crow-bar, and the shovel are necessary. Break down these low arches, and a short way of the bed of the road, stop the water below, and the line of passage becomes inundated. Even if the dam below should be removed, the previously-submerged portion will remain (especially in a bog) an impassable mass of mud.—(Page 39.)

The following description of the effects towards arresting the progress of an invading force, which such a system of inundation would occasion in Ireland, is then given in a passage from Vallancey's translation of Clairac:—

*Out of the roads the country can hardly be passed, its enclosures are so frequent, and so strong, and the soil so deep. The manoeuvres of a regular army would be much impeded. The ditches are deep, and cast up so as to form breastworks; and upon every road there are places where *têtes de pont* might be established to excellent purpose. It would be difficult to bring on a decisive action here. The troops which could move with the greatest celerity, would have the advantage. Their operations would be similar to fighting in trenches, or continuous traverses, where the enemy is scarcely ever seen; here no imposing masses, no brilliant charges of cavalry, no regular deployments from moveable columns; but a war of constant fatigue to the troops, constant enterprises, and occasional capture of prisoners.*

After observing that improving the agricultural, would equally improve the defensive system in Ireland; that increasing the depth and

width of ditches would likewise augment the strength of their embankments; and that planting such enlarged embankments would strengthen the latter still more, at the same time that the husbandman's profits would, *ipso facto*, be added to, by an increased shelter, and the growth of timber, the only natural want of Ireland,—the author continues:—

Taking off portions at the angles of the field divisions, [and] planting those cut off portions, as has been already done in some places, would form works similar in effect to bastions or flanking redoubts, to the curtains already formed by the banks and ditches. Breaking up, at intervals, and inundating the direct roads, would from the intersections of the country, deprive any infantry, disciplined according to the present European system, of its two main arms cavalry and artillery. But European battalions, deprived of these, are, of all military bodies, the 'most imbeciles. Some weapons of a defensive military system, the Irish peasant [like the Roman soldier] is in complete possession of, and well inured to wield. The spade, the shovel, the mattock, and the crow-bar, are to any other weapons of war, aids of the first necessity.—(Page 40.)

The above systems of inundation, and of trench or redoubt fighting, would certainly be very formidable to an invader of Ireland. The first would make cavalry nearly if not completely useless; the second would be the best mode of training raw troops to oppose a disciplined force. Thus, ancient Egypt was continually invaded by the Arabs, who—if according to some eminent authorities, they were the *well-known* Shepherd Kings—even held that kingdom in subjection for many years. Nor were their destructive invasions ever effectually stopped, till the great Sesostris cut several canals from the Nile, and from those canals extended a large number of small trenches or dikes throughout the country; which dikes could be filled at any time with water from the canals, and were thus equally serviceable for irrigation, and as a protection against the inroads of an *equestrian* foe. As to trench or redoubt fighting, it is, of all others, the very best to be adopted by undisciplined against veteran troops. A body of barbarous and irregular Turks, who, since the modern scientific improvements in war, would not stand fifteen minutes before an equal, or even a much inferior number of Russians in a fair field-action, will arrest the "yellow-haired Giaours," for weeks before such defences as those alluded to, and, in the end, only resign them at a price of time and blood far above the value of the capture. At the famous battle of Borodino, or the Moskwa, the Russians, too, tried this defensive mode of fighting, *on an extensive scale*, and with remarkable effect, against Napoleon's veterans. The "*punishment*" (to use the expressive term of the "*fancy*") which the French received in that action was tremendous, as indeed Napoleon shewed by the unusual dilatoriness of his movements towards Moscow. Yet the Grand Army only took two out of the three main redoubts of the enemy.

But to resume. After appealing to English experience of the effects of the mattock, shovel, &c., at Bunker's Hill, New Orleans, and elsewhere in America; and, in Europe, at the operations connected with dikes and canals, which followed "the royal landing at the Helder," our author goes on:—

Riflemen or even archers and slingers* would,* from their parapets and bogs, on the

* This mention of archers and slingers is not so ridiculous as many of the *Dugald Dalgetties* of the *United Service Journal* may think. See Doctor Franklin's curious paper recommending and assigning some right good reasons for recommending the use of bows and arrows to the Americans, as a substitute for a deficiency of fire-arms. The dexterity of the Irish as slingers is allowed even by Cambresis, and more than one action has commenced with stones versus fire-arms, which terminated in a way that our modern military tradesmen would hardly suspect. Thus

levels, and from their elevated points on the mountains, totally baffle, may defeat battalions of firelockmen, impede and harrass their march in front, cut off their convoys in the rear, and, leaving the cross-roads open, pour incessantly small swarms of able troops on their flanks, at every mile of their march.

The natural strength of Ireland then consists, 1st, In the surface formation of the island; 2d, The climate. The formation of the surface presents a centre portion as the only one in which a *regular* army could pretend to act, according to the present system of European tactics, in any *concentrated force, the northern and southern mountain districts commanding every portion of the centre!* The climate,—it is the most moist of any country in Europe. The periods which are snow and frost in other parts of Europe, are in Ireland rain. From this difference of climate, foreigners could not, for eight months in the year, *keep the field* in Ireland!—(Pages 41 and 42.)

In addition to this we find a similar statement of Colonel Keatinge, at page 60.

According to Keatinge (Defence of Ireland,) “an advanced season in the year is always *fatal* to foreigners in this country.” This advanced season lasts, in Ireland, from September to May.

The writer continues:—

Sir John Pringle, the physician to the army, remarked that *troops in a winter campaign, suffer much less from frost than from moisture*; the mortality in the latter case being *infinitely greater*. But the natives of Ireland suffer not from this ever-moist atmosphere. They have been formed to it. The institutions and authorities under which, for 500 years, they have lived, have condemned all the laborious and effective part of the population to a straw bed, laid upon their native clay, for their repose, and to the simple diet of potatoes and water for their sustenance. Hence, this hardy population, sets the otherwise severity of the Irish climate at defiance. Captain Rock can answer for the security with which that population can sustain a continued *bivouac*. His troops have always chosen *the depth of the Irish winter, as the most congenial season for their operations!*—(Pages 42 and 43.) No other state of life can equal the hardiness in which these people have been, and are, by such means reared. The *bivouac*, or the camp of the severest modern warfare, would, to their habits, be refinement and luxury; and the rations of the soldier, to their abstinence, a succession of gormandizing.—(Page 53.)

“*Les privations, la pauvreté, la misère,*” said Napoleon at St. Helena, “*sont l'école du bon soldat.*” The lower orders of Irish then should be the best “*raw material*” for an army in Europe; for what peasantry in the civilized world partake more of Napoleon’s system of military schooling? In fact, Wakefield, an Englishman, after noticing the great numbers, the personal bravery, activity, bodily strength, and deep attachment of the Irish peasants to their native soil, as well as their habit of living on an inferior food generally at hand,* and, we may add, so easy to be kept

Montrose, with only 1,100 Irish foot, “very ill armed,” and about 1,300 Highlanders not much better, totally routed Lord Elcho with 6,000 men. “Having received *the fire of the enemy,*” says Hume, speaking of Montrose, “which was answered chiefly by a *volley of stones,* he rushed amidst them with his sword drawn, threw them into confusion, pushed his advantage, and obtained a complete victory, with *the slaughter of 2,000 of the Covenanters!*”

* We mean, of course, potatoes, the uniform “pig diet” (as Cobbett calls them,) of the Irish peasantry. Reflect upon, and contrast with, this circumstance, the following passage from Plutarch’s account of Cæsar’s operations against Pompey’s camp in Epirus. “Cæsar, then in the highest spirits, [after having obtained a considerable reinforcement,] offered battle to Pompey, who was encamped in an advantageous manner, and abundantly supplied with provisions both from sea [*his fleets were masters of it!*] and land; whereas, Cæsar at first had no great plenty, and afterwards was in *extreme want*. The soldiers, however, *found great relief from a root,* [called *Clara*, which some of Cæsar’s troops who served in Sardinia, learned to make bread of,] in the adjoining fields, which they *prepared* [how unlike the water-drinking Irish!] in milk. Sometimes they made it into bread, and going up to the enemy’s advanced guards, threw it in among them, and declared,—“That as long as the earth produced such roots, they would certainly besiege Pompey!” “Pompey

from an enemy in pits, as occasion might require,—says, that “a country having such defenders, and capable of supplying one army after another in succession, would rise superior to every defeat; and the loss of a battle would only be a stimulant to a more vigorous and successful exertion!” Such indeed would be the case, if Irishmen were once driven into anything like a decent share of unanimity; for as to the cant of the *United Service Journal*, and such other Tory publications, about what they denominate “the conquest of Ireland,” it is completely unfounded in a strictly national and military sense. Ireland, as a united country, that is, as Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, and Munster, combining heart and hand in one cause, has never yet been conquered. The only period, in fact, when such a patriotic union of all sects and parties of Irishmen took place, was in the time of the Volunteers; and THEN Ireland’s claims were granted, because THEN they could not be safely refused! Yet, Ireland had only about 4,000,000 of inhabitants, in 1782; whereas, now she has 8,000,000. The slightest reflection, indeed, on the warlike aspect of Ireland, previously to the acknowledgment of its legislative independence, by the British government, on the 27th May, 1782, will demonstrate the ridiculousness of talking about “the Conquest of Ireland,” in a really national point of view. “While the British Cabinet and the Irish Viceroy,” says Sir JONAH BARRINGTON,* “deeply deliberated and actively corresponded, the Irish nation was not idle. No relaxation was permitted in the warlike preparations of the Volunteer army. Reviews and discipline were continued with unremitting ardour and emulation. Their artillery was daily exercised in the Phoenix Park, near Dublin. Camp equipage was preparing for actual service; and on the day to which the Parliament adjourned, the whole of the Volunteer force of the metropolis was under arms, and fully prepared for the alternative, (which the decision of his Majesty’s Cabinet, through the speech of the Viceroy, might impose upon the people,) either to return to their homes for the peaceful enjoyment of their rights, or instantly to take the field to maintain them. Musters had been ordered to ascertain the probable numbers of Volunteers, ready for immediate and active service. The returns had increased from the former census to about 124,000 officers and soldiers; of whom 100,000 effectives, well armed and disciplined, and owning no superiors but their God and their country, would, on the first sound of an hostile trumpet, have rushed with enthusiasm to the standard of independence. The Volunteer regiments and corps, were commanded almost all by spirited, and many of them by experienced, retired officers of the British army; the non-commissioned ones being chiefly retired veteran soldiers, who had fought in the American campaigns, and learned, from their own defeats, the powers of a people determined to obtain their

(it is added,) would not suffer either such bread to be produced, or such speeches to be reported in his camp; for his men were already discouraged, and ready to shudder at the thought of the impenetrable hardness of Caesar’s troops, who could bear as much as so many wild beasts!” Langhorne’s Plutarch, p. 508, Tegg’s edit. It is not a little remarkable, that this root-bread was invented—and “necessity is the mother of invention,”—in Sardinia. This island, as Muller the German Thucydides observes, is by nature one of the most fertile on earth; but, on being conquered by Carthage, it was turned into a mere “draw-farm;” deprived of any commerce, unless with its mercantile tyrant; and, in fine, treated with such barbarity that neither the country nor its inhabitants have ever recovered the effects of the African dominion, even to the present day! Has the treatment of any other fertile island, by any other mercantile state, borne any resemblance to that of Sardinia by Carthage?

* History of the Legislative Union, Part ii., pages 10, 11, and 12, edit. 1809.

freedom. *The whole disposable military force of Great Britain was, at that period, inadequate to combat one week with the Volunteers of Ireland, composing an army, which could be increased, at a call, by A MILLION of enthusiasts; and which, in case a contest had unfortunately arisen, would have also been liberally recruited by the desertion of every Irish soldier from the British army,—and nearly one-third of that army was composed of Irishmen. The British navy, too, was then also manned by what were generally denominated British tars; but a large proportion of whom were in fact sailors of Irish birth and Irish feelings, ready to shed their blood in the service of Great Britain, whilst she remained the friend of Ireland, but as ready to seize, and steer the British navy into Irish ports, if she declared against their country!*" Sir Jonah adds, in a note upon his assertion, that a large portion of the sailors denominated "*British*," were in reality "*Irish*" tars: "The Mutiny at the Nore, in the channel fleet, confirms this observation. Had the Mutineers at that time chosen to carry the British ships into an Irish port, no power could have prevented them; and had there been a strong insurrection in Ireland, it is more than probable they would have delivered one-half of the English fleet into the hands of their countrymen."

So much for the formidable warlike attitude which Ireland displayed in 1782, the only time since the English invasion, when she can be justly stated to have at all put forth her military energies as a nation. But at present we must pull bridle, for

—— Overlabour'd with so long a course,
'Tis time to set at ease the smoking horse.

Such a nation as Ireland has been shewn to be, must not be governed by force. If Britain and Ireland are to remain connected, the Union must be made satisfactory to both nations. Hitherto the connexion of the two countries has been maintained solely by force. By force it is still kept up: but nothing can be plainer than that by force it cannot be maintained much longer. About thirty thousand British troops are required to preserve the Union between the two countries, at present; that is, to keep the Irish in subjection to the British,—for the Union is simply the relation of master and slave. The Union between Britain and Ireland is precisely similar to the Union between Russia and Poland; a connexion originating in force and fraud, and maintained by the same guilty means. Talk to the imperious Czar about Poland! With the single word "*Ireland*" he would wither our ambassador, if a candid and honourable man, like Lord Durham, and send him home ashamed of his mission and of his country.

Those who know the character of the British aristocrats, of both the Whig and Tory species, know that it is useless to talk to them of what is due, in justice, to Ireland. Justice is a word not to be found in either the Whig or the Tory vocabulary. It is not in all their thoughts. Equally vain would it be to speak to them of the expense of maintaining thirty thousand troops, where three thousand should be more than enough. As long as the British people submit to the taxes by which the maintenance of these troops is wrung from them, the expense of the armies kept in Ireland will be no matter of consideration with our Whig and Tory aristocracy; for whose litter the army provides so many convenient livings and congenial occupations. But the economy which our rulers have no will to practise will be speedily forced upon them. Within the next six months, there cannot be a doubt that the agriculturists will force Ministers to take off the malt tax, and the people of the great

towns compel them to abolish the assessed taxes. Where will then be the means of keeping up the present overgrown military establishment? And what does the aspect of foreign politics portend? Are we to have a peace that will enable the strong nations to retain their plunder of the weak, undisturbed? or are we to have a war of principle between the despots and the free nations, which will enable the bondsman everywhere to burst his fetters? The prospect is one of war. It may be within six months or within six years; but come it will, and come ere long. The antagonist forces of Liberty and Despotism are already mustering for that encounter, which both sides perceive to be inevitable. When that great struggle comes, will it be possible to retain Ireland in a state of slavery (for that is the word) an instant longer? Impossible! On the discharge of the first signal-gun, Ireland will be free. Our hearts would leap with joy at hearing the shout of free men resounding across the Irish Channel. In Ireland's joy we shall always rejoice: but we should rejoice still more, would the British Legislature do that justice to Ireland now, which would make the Union with Ireland a moral Union, founded upon mutual regard and mutual interest, instead of a Union originated by the traitorous act of a bribed Irish un-national Parliament, and maintained by thirty thousand British troops at the expense of several millions of British money! We have no dread that Ireland, when liberated by her own effort, on the opportunity of a continental war, will become the enemy of Britain. In any general war, Britain will always, in future, be found ranged on the side of freedom; and so will Ireland. But if the Government of this country withdraw not the mailed hand which now grasps the throat of prostrate Ireland, until that hand shall have other work to do, and be withdrawn, not from a feeling of justice but of necessity, Ireland, erect, free, and armed at all points, may be the ally of Britain, but a closer connexion will be out of the question. Britain, without Ireland, would shrink to a second-rate power, and soon be stript of her foreign possessions. The British are convinced that it is for the interest of both countries, that the Union between Britain and Ireland should be maintained. But it is necessary that the Irish should be convinced of that too. The Union must rest upon the conviction of their understandings and the affections of their hearts; otherwise it is worse than useless. The Irish have been called "turbulent and unruly." What people, whose minds are not enslaved, as well as their bodies, would endure what the Irish have endured, without being occasionally turbulent? Were an attempt made to introduce the same sort of tyrannous restrictions and exactions into Scotland, as Ireland has been subjected to; would it be submitted to by the quietest and most orderly people in the world, for one week? Suppose enactments made by the British Parliament, that all Scotsmen should be denied the privilege of having arms in their possession, without affidavits having been made by them of the number and description of these arms, and licenses for retaining them having been obtained from (Tory) Justices of the Peace—licenses which must be renewed upon change of residence, and which are liable to be withdrawn without any cause being assigned. Suppose that the houses of Scotsmen, suspected to have unlicensed arms, should be liable to be searched, and forcibly entered on admission being refused; that Scottish blacksmiths should not be allowed to exercise their profession without taking out a license, lest they should fabricate pike-heads, swords, or daggers; that all Scotsmen with whom arms of that kind might be found, should be liable to imprisonment and transportation; that Scottish manufacturers of such

arms should be compelled, not only to take out a license yearly, but also to report monthly the number of arms sold and repaired by them; that gunpowder, arms, and ordnance, should not be imported into Scotland, nor manufactured nor retailed in Scotland, without a license from the Lord Advocate, or some other official of a hostile and jealous Government; and that no retailer should sell, in the course of two months, above two pounds of powder to persons not licensed. Suppose all this enacted against Scotland; and suppose tithes, for the support of the Romish or English Church, collected at the point of the bayonet; and, to crown all, a Scottish Coercion Bill, like that (the first act of the Reformed Ministry and Reformed Parliament) enacted against Ireland; and will any person that knows the men who inhabit the country of Wallace and Bruce say, that such things would be borne at all, unless supported by thirty thousand English troops; or would be borne patiently, even while active resistance might be overawed by such a force? Who shall dare, then, to speak of the turbulence of Ireland? Breathes there the Scotsman who will confess that he would not have been turbulent under such degrading inflictions?

Let it not be supposed that the *apologists* of the turbulence of the persecuted Irish nation, are the *advocates* of any violent and unlawful resistance to even the worst laws with which the Irish are encompassed. Every considerate friend of Ireland will counsel submission to the violence of the law, and the use of none but strictly constitutional means to effect the abolition of inflictions which cannot but stir human blood of the coldest temperament. But, at the same time, such a friend will not fail to plead with our rulers the expediency, no less than the justice of establishing, ere it be too late, a better connexion with Ireland than that of the oppressor with the oppressed. He will wish to see a Union of Great Britain and Ireland, depending on a more cordial sort of cement than an act of the Irish Parliament, to which the Irish nation neither consented, nor has ever yielded more than a forced acquiescence—an acquiescence enforced by restrictions which degrade the Irish people into a nation of slaves, and by the menacing presence of thirty thousand British troops. The Union of the British and Irish people, which honest men desiderate, is a Union of the understanding and of the heart.

THE SCOTTISH MEMBERS.

The first feeling with which Scotsmen are affected, on a general survey of the labours of the Scottish Members of Parliament, during the late session, is the humbling one of their insignificance and inefficiency. Ireland sends, it is true, nearly twice as many Members as Scotland does to the United Parliament; but it is not the numbers of the Irish that give them weight. Neither is it the political condition of Ireland. That, it is true, renders the country an object of general interest; but, precisely in the extent that it does so, it takes from the importance of the Irish members, considered as a section of the United Legislature. Their cares, thereby, cease to be peculiar. Yet, see of what importance in all debates, in all divisions, they are! Nothing can proceed without them. Their favour must be equally conciliated in order to carry the smallest motion, and

the greatest. How comes this? Some of our newspapers had got, at the commencement of the session, a notion that the Scottish Members were unfairly treated by the reporters, who had a national interest, it was alleged, in Irish affairs; and it is said that a plan was meditated, if not framed, for having the oratory of the fifty-three, rubbish and all, reported by a corps especially chosen for that purpose. Scotsmen must not lay this flattering unction to their souls. The reporters are not the cause why the Scottish Members have cut so insignificant a figure: the cause is nearer the surface. The Scottish Members have only appeared in their natural character; they are insignificant; it is needless to mince it. It is not denied that some of them can speak, and well, and glibly, although their oratory is not of the best school; but very few of them can speak, and still fewer can act, to the purpose.

Again, they are, (we must out with it, there is no use blinking such matters,) for the most part, as deficient in knowledge as incapable of business. It is not meant that they are unlearned; perhaps (always excepting longs and shorts) the majority of them know as much as their southern neighbours; but in knowledge, considered as an every-day practical commodity, they are notoriously wanting. O'Connell, the leader of the wild Irish, with all his seeming aberrations, is a sound, well-informed, clear-headed lawyer; so is Mr. Shaw, the Orange leader. The advantage that both derive from their knowledge of the principles and practice of law is prodigious. Some of the Scottish members are skilled in the law of their own country; but Scottish law is of little use in the House of Commons; while English law has a large and direct bearing on ninety-nine out of every hundred questions that are agitated there.

There is another marked defect in the Scottish representative body: they are bad workers. It is true that this is, unfortunately for their constituents, no national distinction; for it prevails to a shameful degree among the representatives of all the three divisions of the empire. The capacity for labour which the necessities of office generate and sustain in a Minister and his subordinates, is, in fact, the grand secret of their influence. Those who will not submit to the drudgery of thinking and investigating, must, in all circumstances, be content to be directed by those who will. But, though the English and Irish members are lazy enough, in all conscience, the Scottish members beat them both hollow. They may attend the House as constantly as other members. The veriest idlers are not unfrequently the most constant in their attendance there. Their out-of-doors trifling, is indicated by their in-of-doors exhibitions.

The causes that have led to so indifferent a selection of representatives, by a constituency which is, above all others, informed, sagacious, and plodding, are not difficult of detection. The long night of political darkness, from which Scotland, even now, is but half-awakened, would sufficiently explain the mistakes of the electors. But our present business is with the effects of these mistakes. When election-time comes round again, and it will not be long ere it come, it will be the proper period to investigate these causes with a view, if possible, to prevent their recurrence.

We have spoken of the lack of business habits, of the practical ignorance, and of the incapacity for labour, painfully apparent on a general survey of the conduct of the Scottish Members; were we discussing their *morals* as well as their *intellects*, we might notice another pretty marked feature in the characters of not a few: a strength for the breaking

of promises which surpasses that of Hercules. But this is a tender topic. We pass from it to give a few examples of the doings of our worthies, by which, more forcibly than by general remarks, their value must be estimated.

The first debated motion of the session, the Irish Coercion Bill, was one which exhibited more clearly and forcibly the real sentiments of his Majesty's ministers, than any one of the many motions with which the two Houses subsequently teemed. It was entirely their own. We do not mean to say, that there might not be some aspirations after such an act, among Irish Orangemen and English Ultras; nor do we deny that, among the more timid and least thinking of moderate reformers, even some increased energy of law might not be wished for; but we cannot for a moment believe, that the most hot-headed of the anti-popular party, had ventured to suggest, because we cannot believe that the most hot-headed could indulge a hope, that he would be listened to, if he ventured to suggest such a measure as the Coercion Bill was when it was presented to the House of Lords. It is indeed a suspicious circumstance, that the first hint of the Bill appeared in a Tory paper. It was "*The Standard*," if we recollect aright, that first asserted, that such a Bill was in contemplation, and described, in general terms, its objects and machinery. But the notorious Toryism of some of the reforming cabinet, we think, sufficiently explains why that exceedingly able advocate of the Tories, was selected for the promulgation of the Ministers' intentions. The place chosen for its introduction, is an additional corroboration, that the Bill was not the result of any external impression of its necessity. Had this been the case, it is impossible to suppose, that the branch of the legislature, where popular impressions have some influence, would have been selected, instead of that branch, of which its panegyrists can predicate little else than that its general object is to oppose or modify the feelings and wishes of the people. But the Coercion Bill was not merely fitted to exhibit the real feelings of the Ministers; it was admirably calculated to test the head-and-heart-soundness of Members also. It was just such a measure, had its details been of a more moderate and subdued character, as a man of lax principles and indifferent logic was likely to go into. It required some sturdiness of temper to resist an enactment, which was ostensibly aimed at the suppression of disorders of great and unquestioned atrocity, and to despise the charge which Ministers indeed did not, but which their creatures were sure to make, that those who opposed the ministerial plan of suppression were, in their sympathies, participants of the crimes against which it was directed. But precisely because it required some sturdiness of resolution and of intellect to meet the sophistry by which the Coercion Bill was recommended, were we entitled to look for such an opposition, among the representatives of a nation, famous from all time for its fearlessness and independence, and, in modern times, not less famous for its keen and close sagacity. How did the fifty-three behave in regard to this memorable Bill?

When the motion for the first reading was moved, by Lord Althorp, in one of the most confused and ineffective speeches that even Lord Althorp ever contrived to utter, an amendment, it will be recalled, was moved by Mr. Hanburyson, not to delay the first reading, but merely to delay it for one brief fortnight, in order that the negative effect of the threat, which was reported to have been made, might be correctly ascertained. The Bill, by its own admission, was not the face of this amendment pressed upon the House of Commons, and the

different Bill from that which ultimately received their approval; its absurdities and atrocities were then unmodified and unmitigated. In the protracted debate to which Mr. Tennyson's motion gave rise, the House was addressed at length by 18 out of the 105 Irish Members. Their eloquence, it will be contended, was natural, and we admit to have been so. But the House was also addressed (excluding the ministerial officials from the calculation) by 22 English Members. And by how many Scottish? Half-a-dozen, perhaps? Not one! But they came out nobly on the division? On the side of the Ministry we find the following formidable array:—

Abercromby, James	Fleming, Adml.	Majoribanks, C.
Adam, Adml.	Gordon, Capt.	Murray, J. A.
Agnew, Sir A.	Grant Charles	Oliphant, L.
Baillie, Col.	Hay, Sir J.	Osmelie, Lord
Balfour, J.	Hay, Col. L.	Oswald, R. A.
Bannerman, Alex.	Hope, Sir A.	Oswald, J.
Callender, J. H.	Jeffrey, Fras.	Pringle, R.
Colquhoun, J. C.	Johnston, And.	Ross, Hor.
Dalmeny, Lord	Johnstone, J. J. H.	Shaape, Gen.
Dalrymple, Sir J.	Kennedy, T. F.	Steuart, R.
Dunlop, Capt.	Loch, James	Stewart, Sir M.
Elliot, Capt.	Mackenzie, J. A. S.	Stewart, L.
Ewing, J.	Macleod, J.	Traill, George
Ferguson, R.	Maxwell, Sir J.	Wemyss, Capt.
Fergusson, R. C.	Maxwell, S. A.	

It was of Sir John Austruther, if we remember, that Mr. Pitt used to say, that he was the best attendant on his duties of any Scottish Member in the House. "He never was present at a debate, nor absent from a division, from the time Parliament sat down until it rose." The mantle of Sir John seems to have been left behind him, for the benefit of his countrymen. Here are at the debate—none; at the division, 41 out of 53! It is only just to record the little, not obscure band, who ventured to record their votes on the other side. It is soon done. They were but three—William Gillon, George Kinloch, Robert Wallace! Alas! alas! the breeze of autumn, which now whistles in our ears, is shaking the grass over the premature grave of the best and warmest-hearted of this honourable and honest trio; of him who went forth in spring with so many kindly wishes, and so many fond hopes!

Our object is not to hold up any individual among our common representatives to the censure of his constituents; we purpose only to note a few of the more prominent particulars in the Parliamentary career of the Members at large, leaving our countrymen to deal with them, when the day comes, as they see best. The facts which we have just noted are instructive. They show the ready capacity for following, and the modest declination of the labour of leading, by which the great mass of the Scottish Members are actuated. In the interval between the first and second reading, we find Mr. J. A. Murray, in presenting a petition on the subject of the Bill, describing himself as opposed to the conduct of Ministers. We might naturally have expected that, with such feelings, he would be found in the minority on the second reading, and we looked for his name there as a matter of course; but there it is not. The number is, however, somewhat greater than on the occasion of the first: it is now four, and would have been five, had it not been for the sickness

of Mr. Kinloch. The four who divided against Ministers were Mr. Gillon, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Oswald of Auchincruive, and Mr. Ewing. We shall not stop to ask by what species of argument the two latter were prevailed on to admit a Bill into the House whose principles they condemned. It is true there is a kind of etiquette in such matters, but the first reading of the Coercion Bill was not rested by Ministers on any consideration of form.

On the 13th March, Mr. O'Connell, the Bill being about to go into committee, moved an instruction, the object of which was to preserve to the people their right of publicly petitioning for redress of grievances—one of the exercises of which right must have been, had they seen reason to complain of its operation, to petition against the Bill itself. The motion was resisted, as all other motions on the Bill were. In the minority, on this occasion, the Scottish Members dwindle once more to the primitive three: Mr. Wallace, Mr. R. A. Oswald, and Mr. J. Oswald, form the entire list. Mr. Murray had, it appeared, once more remembered to forget his threat.

The minority on Mr. O'Connell's motion for omitting the court-martial clause, presents ten Scottish names. In addition to those noticed on former minorities, we find the names of Mr. Abercromby, Mr. C. Fergusson, General Sharpe, and Mr. G. Ferguson. It is only proper to add, that Mr. Abercromby, and Mr. C. Fergusson, not only voted, but spoke, with much force against the clause. The following members voted for it:—

Adam, Adml.	Grant, Chas.	Maxwell, Sir J.
Bannerman, Alex.	Halyburton, D. G.	Murray, J. A.
Dalmeny, Lord	Hay, Col. L.	Macleod, R.
Dalrymple, Sir J.	Jeffrey, Fras.	Ormelie, Lord
Elliot, Capt.	Johnstone, J. J. H.	Ross, Hor.
Fergusson, G.	Johnston, And.	Steuart, R.
Ferguson, R.	Kennedy, T. F.	Stewart, Sir M.
Fleming, Adml.	Maxwell, S. A.	Wemyss, Capt.

Some of these are officials, who were compelled to vote as the Minister bid them. We could not expect an independent course from the Lord Advocate, or the President of the Board of Control. Some of them are inveterate Whigs; and sympathy with popular justice was yet less to be expected from them. But what are we to say to such professing politicians as Mr. Steuart of Alderston? or Lord Ormelie? or Mr. Halyburton? or Mr. Bannerman? Think of the racket that was made by the people of Haddington about reform, and the conspicuous part enacted by their Member! of the progress through Perthshire, the confabulations at Creiff and elsewhere, of my Lord Ormelie and his tail; of the anxious hopes and fears of Forfar; and the triumphant shouts of Aberdeen over old Provost Hadden.

The debates and divisions on the Irish Bill afford sufficient proof of the political character of the Scottish Members; but it may not be amiss very briefly to record their conduct on one or two other occasions of less interest.

On Mr. Hume's motion for abolishing flogging unless for open mutiny, thieving, and other heinous crimes, 12 of them voted for, and 12 against; 20 were absent. Among those who voted with Ministers we find, once more, Mr. Bannerman, the Member of Aberdeen; Mr. Horatio Ross, whose reform blazed so furiously during the time of the Ministerial

interregnum; and the pledge-all, promise-all Member for Dumfries, General Matthew Sharpe.

In the division on Sir Andrew Agnew's famous Bill, eleven members, besides the pious Baronet himself, voted in the minority. The majority was not published.

Only six mustered by the side of Mr. Whitmore in his endeavour to obtain a revision of the Corn Laws; they were, Mr. R. Oswald, Mr. J. Oswald, Mr. Ross, Captain Wemyss, Mr. Oliphant, and Mr. R. Steuart.

Sir Samuel Whalley's motion for the repeal of the House and Window Tax was more unfortunate still; it was supported by the favourite figure only: Mr. Gillon, Mr. R. Oswald, Mr. Sinclair, acted as Graces on this occasion.

The Scottish Burgh Bill was one on which we might naturally expect Scottish Members to shake off that deferential awe which led them, on other occasions, to bow implicitly to the Minister. Twenty-eight Members voted that the Magistrates should be elected by the people, as the Councillors were proposed to be; of these only six were Scottish! Sir John Hay's motion to confer the municipal franchise on £5 householders, who are subjected by all the Police Bills extant to municipal taxes, was supported by only twelve of his countrymen: fifteen Irish members voted with Sir John. In the majority, but one Irish name appears, and that name, *scripsisse pœnitet*, is the honoured one of the present member for Dundee, Sir Henry Parnell. Sir Henry was, on this occasion, surrounded by fourteen of our countrymen; among whom were the members for Edinburgh and Leith, of course.

It is amusing to compare the turn-out on an occasion of real practical usefulness with the numbers on Mr. Cutlar Fergusson's Polish question. On that occasion, Ministers had the sweet votes of no less than twenty-five of our sagacious countrymen. Ten voted with Mr. Fergusson. In the majority appear the Edinburgh and Leith Members, as usual.

On the motion of Mr. Hume for rejecting the Ministerial measure for paying Irish parsons out of the taxes of Great Britain, only fifteen Scottish Members divided; of whom five voted with, and ten against Mr. Hume.

We have entered into a minute and, we fear, somewhat tedious detail; but we trust the importance of the subject will plead our excuse. We think the array of facts which we have submitted to our readers, will sufficiently prove, that, from anything like a self-acting independent representation, we are nearly, if not quite, as far removed under the Reform Act, as we were before it was agitated. We find our members still following, never leading; supporting many questions, but influencing none. If we except Mr. Cutlar Fergusson, who has bustled not a little on the question of Poland, one of those glittering impracticabilities, that afford so much scope for the display of patriotism, with the slenderest risk possible of any of the sacrifices which the realities of patriotism demand, we cannot point to one serious effort made by any Scottish Member, during the lapse of the session; excepting always the compelled labours of the official members. On the East India Question, the Bank Question, with which last it might have been supposed Scotsmen were tolerably familiar, no Scottish Member has stood out. Mr. Abercromby, who is really a clever man, and possesses influence in the House, unless to emit a few sentences on the Irish Bill, for the third reading of which, notwithstanding he voted, has hardly opened his mouth. Sir Henry Parnell

nell has been too closely engaged in a most important* commission, towards the end of the session, either to say or do.

On the whole, we end as we began : the Scottish Members, take them collectively, are a sorry band. No doubt, there are honourable exceptions ; but these are few and far between. Either our representatives must change greatly for the better before another session roll over their heads, or they must make up their minds, when the day of reckoning comes, to bid farewell to honours of which their laziness or incapacity shows them to be undeserving, or careless, or both. It must not be said, that, while all the world continue marching, the people of Scotland, who have so long led the march, are to sit contentedly still. And if we go forward, our representatives must go forward with us, or—be left behind.

Amidst so much cause for chagrin in the conduct of the Scottish Members, there is reason for hoping better things, when we contemplate the conduct of the people whom they represent. The preference shown by the people of Scotland for the few among their representatives who have acted independently, to those who have, *more majorum*, proved themselves thoroughgoing Ministerial hacks, has been most decided. While the latter have scarcely ventured to show face among their constituents at all, where the constituency was extended, and of a popular description, Mr. Oswald of Glasgow, Mr. Gillon, and Mr. Wallace, have had every mark of the esteem and affection of the people of their districts, electors and non-electors, heaped upon them. In fact, it may be said, that the degree of satisfaction each Scottish Representative of the populous districts has given to his constituents, has been in proportion to the number of votes he has given against the Ministry. Greater popularity, or better deserved, no public man ever enjoyed in Edinburgh than Francis Jeffrey. As an individual, he is yet dear to the inhabitants of Edinburgh ; but as a public man, his popularity is gone. No cheers have welcomed his return among us. Mr. Abercromby, on the other hand, comparatively a stranger to us, has preserved the very considerable popularity among the people of Edinburgh, of all classes, which he acquired during his election ; and this, by reason of his having opposed the Ministry in one or two of their worst measures, and been understood to be imbued with the same spirit of Reform that pervades the country. Mr. Gillon, who represents a district of burghs, has had public dinners given to him in four towns ; and Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Oswald, have also received public dinners from their very numerous constituencies. On these occasions, the enthusiastic reception of the independent Members, and the liberal sentiments avowed, were alike gratifying to the friends of popular rights. The men of Glasgow have done themselves high honour by their warm reception of Mr. Oswald. That important city, which has always been the chief stronghold of liberty in Scotland, still preserves that honourable distinction. Charles Edward Stuart complained that he found fewer friends of his father's house, and of the divine right of kings, in Glasgow, than in any other city which he occupied in his progress ; and his tyrannical ancestors had, in the

* There is an amusing argument in the defence of ministers, published a few days ago, by Ridgway. The writer takes credit to the Cabinet, for having placed Sir Henry at the head of this commission,—“ It is a proof of their sincerity.” Ministers turned Sir Henry out of a situation, where he had the power of making retrenchments ; and they put him into one, where he had the power of recommending retrenchments. This is Ministerial sincerity !

West of Scotland, likewise experienced the firmest opposition to that form of worship which it was their royal pleasure to dictate to their subjects. We rejoice to find the same spirit of civil and religious liberty animating the Men of the West in our day.

Note.—That we do not praise the “Men of the West” above their deserts, we shall prove, by quoting an abridged report of the dinner to Mr. Oswald:—“Upwards of 260 gentlemen sat down to dinner: William Stirling, Esq. officiating as chairman. To show the feelings which animated the meeting, we cannot do better than give a few of the toasts:—‘Triennial Parliaments;’ ‘His Majesty’s Ministers, and *may their practice be more in accordance with the spirit of their principles*;’ ‘Ireland,—may her liberties be restored, and her grievances redressed;’ ‘Reform of the Church, and the extinction of its political power;’ ‘Thorough Retrenchment of the Expenditure, and reduction and adjustment of Taxation;’ ‘The Progress of Intelligence among the People, the best bulwark against either despotism or anarchy;’ ‘The Repeal of the Law of Entail, and the abolition of the law of primogeniture;’ ‘The progress of Liberal Opinions in the despotic States of Europe;’ ‘The Immediate Separation of the Criminal and Political Functions of the Lord Advocate;’ ‘Free Trade in Corn, and the Abolition of all Commercial Restrictions;’ ‘The Free Republican States of America;’ ‘The Speedy Eradication of all Municipal Abuses;’ ‘May the conduct of the Judiciary Judges of 1793 ever exhibit the necessity of having a mild and well-defined Criminal Code as a protection against Judge-made Law;’ ‘The French People—the consolidation of their liberties, and the increase of their friendly relations with the British;’ ‘The abolition of all sinecures and unmerited pensions.’ With every one of these toasts we most heartily concur, and are much pleased to find that Glasgow, among her richest and most influential men, possesses so many supporters of liberal opinions. Vote by Ballot was not given as a toast, but was enthusiastically cheered when allusions were made to it. The speeches by which the toasts were pre-faced were in general excellent, and contained many truths which will be found anything but pleasing by the advocates of the *juste milieu* system. The chairman stated, that he proposed the toast of his Majesty’s Ministers with much greater satisfaction twelve months ago than at present; for they had disappointed the hopes and expectations of the people. The Irish Coercion Bill was characterized as the infliction of an additional curse on Ireland, and as a disgrace to the House of Commons that listened to it. The connexion of Church and State was denounced as destructive to Christianity; and the servility of the House of Commons to the Ministry was severely animadverted on.”

REVERSE OF THE MEDAL OF NAPOLEON.

Two works have recently made their appearance in Paris, which produce a great sensation, (and a sensation is worth anything in France!) viz. the “Authentic Letters of Napoleon to Josephine,”—authentic, because sold by her daughter, the ex-Queen Hortense, to Didot, the bookseller; and the “Memoirs of Mademoiselle Avrillon, waiting-maid to Josephine.”

Those of Constant, Buonaparte’s faithless valet-de-chambre, had already achieved considerable popularity. The world is fond of seeing the portraits of the great from the hands of their menials. The proverb assures us that no man is a hero to his valet; and we, poor pitiful, envious mortals, love to discover the littlenesses of our superiors. No great man of our times has escaped envy but Sir Walter, who was permitted to be great because he made no parade of his greatness. We aspired not to ascertain a weakness in his character, for he did not assume himself as infallible! With respect to the *femme de chambre’s* sketches of society at the Tuileries and Malmaison, they are such as might have been expected,—trivial, scandalous, and indiscriminating.

The letters are invaluable. The gradual declension from the florid, impassioned, jealous, yet familiar style of the young General, to the more guarded tenderness of the First Consul, and the laconic pithiness of the Emperor, is truly edifying. The change from Buonaparte's romantic ardour to the "I consent to General ——'s request—if the lady is opulent, I shall have pleasure in sanctioning their marriage,"—is scarcely more remarkable than the variation between poor Josephine's familiar address to the *petit caporal*, and her official majestizing of the husband of Maria Louisa. Although these letters were manifestly thrown off without a view to publication, it must be remembered that, being chiefly written during his campaigns, Napoleon was alive to the probability of their falling into the hands of the enemy, as well as to the certainty that they would be communicated by Josephine to her favourite ladies. This latter circumstance, however, tends to augment our admiration of the fact, *that the whole correspondence does not contain a single clap-trap sentiment*; nothing about "*la patrie*," or "*la France*," or "*l'honneur*;" nothing of the flightiness which formed the essence of the imperial bulletins. After his greatest victories, Napoleon's letters, short as they were, contained the pith of the action: so many killed, so many cannon taken; and, perhaps, "I shall be busy to-morrow;" but not a word of surprise, exultation, or false humility. The statements are just such as would have been given by the manager of a country theatre to his wife in town. "We took £37 at the doors:—a prodigious pit. On Monday we give *Romeo and Juliet*, and *The Waterman*. Remember me kindly to Sally, and a thousand kisses to yourself, from your affectionate

"ROBERT BROWN."

Napoleon's character is, in fact, favourably developed throughout;—kind, affectionate, generous, and possessing considerable tact in the *convenances* of royalty. We cannot call to mind a single unworthy sentiment, or indication of littleness, on any one occasion.

The portrait afforded by Mademoiselle Avrillon, on the contrary, is just such as might have been sketched in any steward's room by any other waiting-woman, impatient of "my lord's" turn for economy, and chariness in presenting Christmas boxes. She takes the tone, too, of her vocation, and belauds my lady at the expense of my lord. "My lady must be an angel to have put up with my lord's intrigues, and swearing like a heathen at her milliner. Besides, his lordship never gave me so much as a shawl in the whole course of his life." It strikes us, however, that in this, as in all other works relating to the imperial *menage*, we hear too much of the virtues of Josephine. In what did they consist? A *femme galante*, both before and after the death of Beauharnois, her first husband, she was chiefly distinguished by that extreme graciousness of manner, which characterizes all French women who pique themselves on being well-bred. Prodigal beyond all calculation, she was constantly in debt. After her divorce, she had an allowance of £120,000 a-year, in addition to her domains, and enormous personalty of plate and jewels; but, instead of laying by for her children a sum of money which might have secured them from their present comparative adversity, she was in considerable pecuniary difficulties. The Emperor exhorts her, in his letters, to economy, and reminds her of the claims of her grandchildren, but in vain. "I have just bought from my jeweller a little golden hen, which lays silver eggs!" She writes, meanwhile, to her interesting daughter, Hortense, whom she had allowed to be sacrificed in marriage to Louis Buonaparte, although avowedly

attached to another: "I have just received a present of a little savage. I sent him to the opera, where he disturbed the audience by whistling and dancing." Her lap-dog dies at Geneva. She orders Horau, her surgeon, to attend it;—Monsieur de Beaumont, her chamberlain, to administer some very awkward remedies; and eventually the heart of the little beast to be embalmed! "Four days afterwards Askim was forgotten!" writes the philosophical waiting-maid; a commentary which reminds us that Josephine's own death was occasioned by her eagerness to do the honours of Malmaison on a damp day to the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, immediately after the entrance of the allies, and the downfall of her beloved Napoleon! "Is there no cause in nature which engenders those Imperial hearts?"

Josephine was, in fact, a gracious, graceful, unprincipled woman, who achieved unbounded popularity by alms-giving at the expense of the people. Her own method of securing toleration on the throne of France from the order whom it was Napoleon's pleasure she should conciliate, was by unbounded concession. Weak, vain, ignorant, a consultant of fortune-tellers,—the whole business of her life was to dress well,—and she succeeded. By her lady's-maid's admission, she suffered more when deprived by the Emperor of her favourite hair-dresser, in behoof of Maria Louisa, than by the loss of Napoleon's love and preference. On the restoration, (an epoch fatal to the interests of her children,) a description of the quizzical appearance of the Bourbons, and of the Duchess of Angoulême's little bonnet, threw her into convulsions of laughter. Be it remembered that, at that very moment, the suicide of Napoleon was hourly expected and predicted. Like the late Queen Caroline, meanwhile, she was kind and considerate towards her servants; visiting their bedside in sickness; just as she did that of the favourite ourang-outang at the Malmaison menagerie, so comically described by Avrillon as sleeping in a bed-gown and night-cap, and taking its draughts like a Christian victim to an unchristianlike apothecary. She was jealous of Maria Louisa, though not more so than the young Empress of herself; but when earnestly solicited by Napoleon and her friends to pass the winter of Maria Louisa's confinement with her son Eugene at Milan, "to spare the feelings of the young mother," she obstinately refused. How could she, even for a few months, tear herself from her "*patrie bien aimée*?" Josephine had forgotten that she was born at Martinique.

Never was there a more complete proof that "charity covereth a multitude of sins," than in the case of this repudiated Empress! We can discover no other virtue to attribute to one whom poets, historians, and ladies'-maids have conspired to praise;—a charity, too, which never cost her a sacrifice, indulged at the expense of a nation to which she was an alien, and of a sovereignty to which the mode of her elevation would bear no inquiry. Her original charm in the eyes of the people of France was, that Buonaparte truly loved her; more, probably, than he loved any other human being. As in the often quoted case of Pope and Martha Blount, "his destinies were written in her mind:" he could converse with her without vocabulary or almanack. But nothing could be more absurd than the prejudice which caused her to be considered as his good planet. His fortunes were owing to his genius. No Barras assisted him in winning the battles of Marengo and Austerlitz!

Let us point out, however, the only moral to be deduced, from an examination of her character and principles. A coquette (the worst of

coquettes, a superannuated one!) and a prodigal must be cautiously offered as a model for imitation. Nevertheless, we are inclined to say to the sex in general, and Queens in particular, "See what graciousness will effect! Here was an Empress who pretended to no political influence, yet was beloved by all her subjects, in honour of the conciliation, gentleness, and humanity of her character." It must be admitted that, (to borrow Miss Austin's parody,)

"When lovely woman stoops to be disagreeable,"

she misses the great aim of her existence. How much more then, a woman elevated on the pinnacle of royalty? An ungracious Queen contraverts the very Litany itself!

TRUE POLICY OF CAPITALISTS AND EMPLOYERS WITH RESPECT TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

To the Employers of the Working Classes.

GENTLEMEN,

MEN who are suffering under a common calamity, are called upon, by many urgent reasons, to make common cause with each other; to find out the true source of their suffering; and, if possible, the means of removing, or at least of alleviating it. The grand evil of our condition, is the gradual diminution of profits—the instability of the prices of all commodities, with their incessant tendency to gravitation. The action, also, of this tendency to gravitation, in the prices of commodities, upon the wages of labour, has not been less fatal to the interests of the operative; and thus both the employed and the employer feel themselves born along the current of an apparently inevitable necessity, towards the gulf of a common ruin.

Now, gentlemen, what I wish to impress upon you is, that the causes of your diminished and diminishing profits—the causes which have made many of you poor, and rendered poverty the inalienable inheritance of the majority of those you employ—are chiefly resolvable into the one great cause—misgovernment:—a wonderful discovery, you will tell me, and well entitled to so pompous an introduction. You knew that before, you say, without my pragmatistical interference. What evidence have you yet afforded society, that you look upon misgovernment as the grand source of our social evils? You will point to the Reform Bill as the first practical proof of your perception of this important truth. I acknowledge it with pleasure; and I desire you to look at the already general effects of this measure, in the destruction of one huge monopoly—that of the East India Company,—and the blow which has been given to another, the West India one;—not to speak of what is of more importance still, the development, however imperfect, of sounder principles of legislation upon all matters connected with trade and commerce. If such be the immediate fruits of partial and imperfect reform, what, think you, will be the grand results, when the principles of a real and searching reform shall have had free course throughout all the institutions and interests of the state?

And, gentlemen, I tell you, that it was your cordial union with your workmen—the fusion into one mass, in fact, of all orders—which conferred

this great privilege upon you,—a privilege sufficient, if it be worked under the same influences which gave it birth, to renovate with fresh health and vigour the decaying interests of both you and them. Now, it is not uncommon to hear many of you railing at these same operatives, on account of their rash and ill-directed efforts to improve their condition by means of Combinations, Trades' Unions, &c. But I say unto you, that these men have, much longer than you, been aware of the fact of their condition, and that of their employers, being in a rapid course of deterioration from the pecuniary operation of the great cause referred to; and they have acted upon the principle, however wrong they may at times have been in its application.

The vain attempts of the operatives, by means of associations, to fix a permanent value upon their labour; and the effects of which are just now disorganizing society, and embarrassing all civil relations, are but an indirect and ignorant endeavour on their part to escape from the evils of misgovernment, and to raise their social status up to its just and proper level. You have hitherto beheld, with a criminal indifference, the ignorance and political debasement of the labouring classes, never dreaming that its effects would ultimately reach yourselves. But it is a wise retribution which visits upon society at large the mischief caused by the ignorance of any of its great divisions, as to the principles of a sound political economy—that ignorance being always the fruit of society's own culpable inattention to its most important interests. By what means, then, will the evils common to you and your workmen be removed, or at least alleviated? By union, and a mutual good understanding,—the instrument by the use of which the first link in the chain of social tyranny was snapt asunder, and the first great step achieved towards a final deliverance. Join, therefore, your labourers heartily in a common crusade against the common enemy, misgovernment; and put up for a time with their ignorance, or even their unreasonableness. They will become reasonable as they become cognizant of the true methods by which to raise and improve their condition. It is impossible not to sympathize with men who are—however ignorantly and in unbelief as to the just means of elevating their social condition—rising up *en masse* to vindicate their claim to a place at the common table of society; that they, the creators of all the visible abundance, should be fed out of this abundance, and not as menials, but as the chief agents of so measureless a beneficence. Unless you join issue with your workmen against the hydra-headed evils under the pressure of which you justly complain, you are both lost. The Whigs will grant you—unless compelled by the sight of your confederacy—only such a modicum of needful reform, as will convey as much real relief as the little finger dipt in water would have done to Dives, tormented in the impassable abyss. The operatives are unreasonable just now, you say, and you cannot form a union with them. Have they no cause? Since the Reform Bill was passed, and in a great measure through their energy and virtuous self-denial, have not the enfranchised turned their backs upon the unenfranchised, and coldly regarded the claims and the interests of their disinterested allies? And is it not, that their commendable endeavours to fix their order upon a more respectable social basis, receive from you neither sympathy nor consideration, and thus are driven to find a vent through other and more dangerous channels? Receive it as a truth, that the great body of the working classes must be admitted, by and by, within the pale of the constitution. Let no wretched jealousies induce you to oppose them in this respect.

Society will not be at rest till it is accomplished ; but continue liable to the volcanic explosions of a power for which it will not provide a proper escapement ; and all social interests will suffer from so irregular an action of the social machine. It was a maxim of our social tyrants, bruited abroad through society with all the unction of gravity, that subjects have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them. Let each man mind his own business, said they, and all will be well cared for. So, after eighteen years of peace, we awake, and find ourselves chained to the rock of an Indestructible Debt, gradually deposited during this era of social delusion. Such are the natural consequences of allowing others to make laws for you. Now you and others have got the power to make laws for the operatives ; and the latter are justly apprehensive, that unless they are allowed a vote as well as you, the ultimate consequences will be partial and oppressive legislation. If it is good for you to govern yourselves by your own representatives, it must be no less so for them. They see and feel this, and you cannot turn them aside from their iron determination to bring it about. The saving truth for you to know is, that you must make politics and political economy your chief study. Ignorance is death ; these are the elements from which the shop and counting-house must now draw their nourishment. You must be men of one idea. Upon this generation has devolved the task of re-organizing society, and pouring into her exhausted veins a supply of health and vigour. We must do that for our posterity which our ancestors did for us, up to the light which they had : stand in the breach, and battle with those social tyrannies, which grow up in all societies, when the duty of self-government is not recognised and acted upon by all their members.

Examine into the conduct of your representatives during the last session. On the brows of the faithful, let the civic laurel be placed with honour due ; but strike the weak or the forsworn with the full thunders of your wrath. Unless your representatives feel themselves under the all-seeing eye of the public surveillance, they will swindle you out of your just demands. Keep continually in view the great necessity of society, that all its householding members be ultimately admitted within the pale of the Constitution. Begin immediately to prepare for this ; and as you complain of the ignorance of the working classes, let the removal of that ignorance be one of your first steps. The great means to effect this, must be the repeal of *all* the taxes upon knowledge, and the establishment of a great national system of cheap and wholesome instruction. Nothing is more costly to society than ignorance ; let your representatives, therefore, be drenched with instructions as to this national object ; and in your individual and collective capacity, amass knowledge for yourselves, and pour its healing waters through society in every direction ; that flowing from the higher levels, they may find their way through all the inferior strata, and deposit the seeds of social happiness and security deep in the bosom of society. No people can less afford to be ignorant than we, from the artificial and complicated structure of society with us, and the interlocking of its various divisions or castes into each other. The repeal of the Corn Laws is the second means by which to effect the elevation of the working classes, and the healthy evolution of all the social energies. The interests banded against you and your workmen upon this point are mighty, and mighty must be the power that shall put them down. Triennial Parliaments must be the fulcrum to your engine, for pulling down these and other tyrannies, and for establishing in their place, the principles of justice, and a wise, civil,

and political equality ; which latter does not comprehend, remember, an equality of ranks, but only of political and civil privileges ; so you need not start at it.

The sum of the matter is, that the present framework of society is not large enough for its increased and increasing dimensions ; and that it is now the great problem, wisely and early to enlarge its accommodations. A power is in progress,—the power of intelligence in those classes hitherto disregarded in our social arrangements, which is concentrating its faculties, and sending forth its disturbing influences upon society. Trades' Unions, combinations, and other portentous exhalations, which are just now, with fear of sudden change, perplexing your minds, are but the irregular action of this power, the wrong direction of the restless activity of immature knowledge, which, driven from its natural and proper courses, and forbidden to escape to its natural level, there to be purified and refined, and rendered available for social purposes, is deranging the operations of society, and embarrassing all its movements. The masses, when debased by superstition and ignorance, may be compelled by force, or subdued by priestly domination ; but the enlightened million is beyond the control of any power but that of equal laws derived from equal rights. Make yourselves friendly then with the mighty power which is rising up from the depths of society, and the irregular direction of which may be fatal to its very existence. Endeavour to enlighten it, and take it into alliance with you against the common enemies of master and operative, and the abettors of bad government, and the authors and supporters of all those measures which, by deteriorating your and their condition, have placed your interests in seeming and dangerous opposition. The irritations subsisting between you and your servants, are the natural fruits of the oppression which has lain heavy on you both ; your common interest, therefore, is to fall upon the oppressor, and not to fulfil his objects, and perpetuate his power, by your divisions. The aristocratic principle, which unhappily so deeply pervades society, may refuse to share alike in the distribution of political privilege with the democratic ; if so, the struggle will ultimately be not for equality, but for predominance ; a struggle that will assuredly be fatal to the present framework of society. The mighty waters of knowledge are abroad, deepening their channels, and rolling their multitudinous waves farther and farther upon the shores of prescription and privilege. Ultimately they will sweep away all social distinctions, which are not founded on the rock of public and private virtue, as alike condemned by reason and pernicious to society. Let those, therefore, who love the entablature and gilding of society, be wise in time ; if the storm come on, the good ship Democracy will alone ride out its fury. Such, Gentlemen, is a picture of the condition and prospects of society ; study it well, and learn your duties at this great national crisis.

One of yourselves,

AN EMPLOYER.

GLASGOW, 16th October, 1833

TAIT'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

THE NEW STATUE OF NAPOLEON.—Not a nation of Europe has indulged so long, or so largely, as the French, in the stilted elevation of pomposity. For centuries past, their verse has been heroic,—their drama, classical,—their eloquence, mere declamation; their fine arts, their useful arts, their everything that is theirs, have betrayed a fatal predilection for the false, the imposing, the grandiloquent. From the Imperial bulletins, down to Ude's cookery-book, all has been hollow and high-sounding as the trumpets of Jericho. The sceptre of the Bourbons was essentially a sceptre of grandiosity. Louis XIV., even when depicted by his court painters as a divinity throned on Olympus, scorned to appear before the eyes of men divested of his full-bottomed wig; and the most rigorous etiquettes were maintained, even among the scullions of Versailles. And who could be more keenly alive to this national infirmity than Napoleon Buonaparte? Like a great statesman, he rendered it one of his instruments of government. As larks are ensnared by the fowler, by means of whirligigs of looking-glass, he managed to decoy the idiots, (whom, in the character of the Apostle of Liberty, he cheated into abject subjection,) by the false glare of the pomps and vanities of empire,—coronations, *Te Deums*,—alliances, holy and unholy,—and all the puppet-show work of legitimate monarchy! Under his reign, the Fanbourg St. Germainic party attained a footing at the Tuileries, solely in virtue of their legendary lore of regal etiquettes, of *tabourets* and *fauteuils*; and the only means he could devise of raising his extensive family out of the mud, was by Royal Highnessing them to the uttermost cousin. Never did there exist a court of which the artificial dignity was so exaggerated, as that of the Corsican Lieutenant. By this trivial pretension, indeed, was he eventually lost. Had he not condescended to compete with the Kings of Europe in such matters, instead of throwing them into the shade by his intellectual superiority, he might still have allied in shoals the minnows of the Continent, to make common cause against the whales. Instead of this, he became son-in-law to an Emperor, and the prisoner of Turnkey Sir Hudson Lowe! And such is the man whom the French flatter themselves they have represented characteristically on the top of his glorious column of the Place Vendôme, by investing him with the costume of a cit in a farce! As if the least particle of dignity of homeliness could adhere to the husband of Maria Louisa of Hapsburg! As if any thing French, or addressed to the sympathies of the French, could be rendered consonant with the thrones of Wordsworthian philosophy! It is almost enough to make the deposed Emperor burst his cerements at St. Helena, to challenge the bad taste of those partisans of the new school, who have chosen to travesty him into one of the *badaud* heroes of Paul de Koch's novels! He, who was so careful to be surrounded, during his lifetime, with all the splendour of his coronation robes—his laurels—his ermine—his white satin—to be caricatured in eternal brass, into a mere amplification of the little wafer-seals, *eau de Cologne* bottles, and *liqueur flacons*, which, for many years, served to endear the *personnel* of the "pio caporal" to the memory of the Parisians. No! This dishabille of heroism is utterly misplaced, whether as regards the perpetuators or the perpetuated. The worshippers of simplicity in France form a small minority. They are not yet sufficiently refined to appreciate the beauty

of homeliness. Gérard would have painted Sir Walter in a court-dress, with a star; and the shepherd of Ettrick himself would be translated into silk stockings, ere allowed to figure before a Parisian public. To such a nation, there is no poetry in the hero of Austerlitz's old great-coat. They ought to have had him in Roman greaves, and buskins à la Cæsar, like the monumental statue of General Hollis, in Westminster Abbey. Their "Lientenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar" should indisputably hang out his ensign to posterity—martial, glowing, laurel-wreathed, and consequential,—as the most pompous "god of war" of modern chivalry! The statue is a blunder!

It cannot, surely, have been forgotten by Louis Philippe and his artists, that Trajan's column, which formed the model of that in the Place Vendôme, was designed by Apollodorus, to display the apotheosis of that Emperor? The crowning statue of Trajan, represented him not merely as *semper Augustus*, but as *divus*; and was, consequently, in somewhat better keeping with the monument, than the coachman's coat and three-cornered hat of Napoleon. When he originally stood to Canova for his statue, the Emperor was extremely anxious to retain, for the sake of decency or the picturesque, a rag or two of the Imperial purple; but the sculptor was inflexible. "Your clothes, Sire," replied the artist, "are your tailor's affairs, not mine." Why not adopt a middle course between classical nudity and the vulgarity of every-day costume, such as has been exhibited by David in his monumental statue of General Foy; a wonderful improvement, by the way, upon his theatrical effigy of the great Condé, on the Bridge of the Chambre des Députés, invested with all the mock-heroism of some Quixote of Astley's amphitheatre. The statue of Suger, also, the type of all the law-makers of France, which adorns the same distinguished site, deserves to be cited as a noble and characteristic production. But we maintain that the Napoleon of Paris, like the Pitt of Hanover Square, is at once a dishonour to its eminent artist, and to the remarkable position it occupies in a great metropolis.

FRANCE AND ITS ARISTOCRACY.—The French are a strange people. The monarchical form of Government is certainly not displeasing to them; for on two occasions, within the last half century, they have voluntarily upreared a prostrate throne, and abjured or recanted the profession of republicanism. And yet they are unanimous in detestation of that eldest daughter of monarchy—an aristocracy. They love the pomp and show of sovereignty; they love to maintain an unfortunate individual at the Tuileries to be dressed out, occasionally, at their good pleasure, in velvet and ermine, to ride in a gilt coach, and occupy a fine box at their theatres. They keep him as they keep the bears in the Jardin des Plantes, for their own amusement. Let him but keep up his pole, now and then, at their bidding, and he is sure to be fed and well attended. They laugh, it is true, at his uncouth taunt him with his shaggy skin, and show him the whip when he evinces the least disposition to overleap the palisades of his den. But his trough is always full; and the smallest token of agility brings down thunders of applause. Far different is the light in which the aristocracy are viewed by the people of France; the aristocracy, whose wealth they regard as public plunder, and whose privileges as a public insult; the aristocracy which being, as they trusted, both dead and buried, like John Barley-corn, in the song,

Got up again,
And so surprised them all!

They would have no such *cordon sanitaire* (or insalubrious) established round the throne. They would see their Citizen King, like the ancient monarchs of France, giving audience pell-mell to his subjects, seated on a huge stone in the wood of Vincennes. They would have their homely sovereignty emulate that of the South Sea islanders; where the king is *bona fide* the man who possesses the largest herd of swine. They would crowd the royal levee with bankers and manufacturers, and merge the Lord Chamberlain's office in the Royal Exchange!


TRADESMEN IN PARIS AND LONDON.—Nothing meanwhile can be more proudly democratic than the habits of a Parisian tradesman. The vulgar English notion of a Frenchman, is that of a cringing, bowing, servile fellow. We will answer for it, that there is more servility behind a single counter in Bond Street or Pall Mall, than in all the commercial houses of Paris united! The counter of a Parisian tradesman is his throne, and his customers may come and bow to it. He descants upon the merits of his wares, not as if he wanted to sell them, but as if proud of them. He informs the buyer what it is good for him to buy, and seldom allows him to exercise his own judgment in the purchase. He sends out no goods for inspection; and only despatches them home, when bought, at his own time and convenience. They are paid for on delivery; no credit is given; and on the return of the purchaser to the same shop, the same stern, uncivil civility is again displayed. No offer, as in a London warehouse, to procure the article wanted; no assiduousness, no obsequiousness! The spectacle daily to be observed in the streets of the West End, of well-dressed, decently-educated men, standing bareheaded in the wind, rain, or snow, while their ladyships in their snug carriages are playing with rolls of ribbon, rumpling pieces of silk, or turning over the pages of a new work, is utterly unknown in Paris. A demand for goods to be brought for choice to the carriage-door, would be considered as preposterous as a command to send a sixpenny skein of silk a distance of two miles; a frequent occurrence among the fair-bargain hunters of English fashion. Much of this independence, however, may be ascribed to the ready-money system. Tradesmen are not, as in London, at the mercy of their customers. Great names are not inscribed year after year and permanently, in their books of credit. They seldom become aware of the aggregate sum paid by any particular family into their cash-box. A tradesman well established in Paris is richer than three-fourths of his customers. It is true he can never step out of his definite class,—marry a lord's daughter, and elbow his right honourable father-in-law. But he maintains himself at the head of his order, and assists in strengthening the equilibrium of the State. The equality affected among the citizens of the United States may, in short, be of a coarser and more pronounced quality; but it is not more sturdily independent than that of the trading classes in France.


In the details of domestic life, they have innumerable strange devices! In a house of business, the mistress of the house keeps the books, as *dame du comptoir*, while the work of the kitchen and the house is done by men. A man makes your bed, a boy washes the dishes, a woman shaves you. The box-openers, and often the check-takers of the theatres, are women; the lottery-offices are kept by women; but it is a man who waits upon a lady in her bath! The system of St. Simonianism, without its name, is in extensive operation throughout France.

LAW IN THE FIFTH QUARTER OF THE WORLD.—Yes, *fifth quarter*; for in what other terms does the circumscribed nature of our geographical nomenclature enable us to designate that New South Wales, which is becoming so far more important a province of the terraqueous globe, than the Wales which is Old and Northern? In the fifth quarter, then, the struggles of what are called the gentlemen of the long robe, are beginning! It has been said that the civilization of a country may be dated from its first lawsuit; and at Hobart Town a verdict has been given in a suit for breach of promise of marriage! The details of this curious affair ought certainly to have been given at length in the *Hobart Town Morning Post*; in the view of enabling us to judge of the progress of politeness, among people to whose wigwams Baron d'Haussez, or Mrs. Trollope, are not likely to make a voyage of discovery. We knew what to think of Sydney, from the moment we learned that an Annual was published there, with plates engraved on steel. We discerned that there was money for the superfluities of life, and skill to compete for its appropriation; and immediately decided, that the population at Botany Bay would soon become as corrupt as that of London or Paris! In the recent lawsuit, on the other hand, the defendant, (too aptly named Mr. Steele!) having been called to account by the family of a lady, for his backwardness in fulfilling his engagements, alleged that his courtship was only intended "for a lark." In the May Fair of Hobart Town, therefore, that which in the May Fair of London is termed "*flirtation*," is poetically designated "a lark." In court he even attempted to vindicate his base desertion, by a charge against the lady of indelicacy of manners. It might perhaps be too venturesome to inquire what constitutes a breach of lady-like decorum at Hobart Town; yet, for our lives, we cannot help wishing to know whether, in this new Babylon, the whole seas over, the fair plaintiff's indelicacy did not consist in being *half* seas over; or whether, where garments for the fair only arrive once or twice a-year, at the caprice of the winds and tides, she may not have appeared in a state of more than fashionable nudity? All the world knows that her Majesty, Queen Adelaide, was obliged to suggest additional covering to the lady of an ex-minister, who hazarded an undue exposure of her person to the weather, at the Drawing-room of St. James's: and we must, of course, presume that her ladyship was exceeded in brass by the lady of Mr. Steele. The verdict, meanwhile, was in her favour; but the mulct was not made public when our last advices left Hobart Town. We are impatient for the result. We should like to know the value assigned to a conjugal settlement among the Kangaroos. In England the loss of a country squire of creditable degree is usually estimated, by a verdict of damages, at from £1,500 to £2,000. A respectable tradesman from £200 to £500. A tailor (although the ninth part of that sum should be the specific valuation) has been made to pay £50 for his "lark" or flirtation; and we cannot suppose that the delicately-minded Mr. Steele, the "Falkland," perhaps, of Van Diemen's Land,—the "Man of Feeling" of Paramatta, will be let off under ten shillings and sixpence, and costs!

OF ASSOCIATION AMONG THE FRENCH.—The Russians of the present century are apt to look to Greece for their legislators and diplomats. Nothing but a Frenchman is capable of ruling in France! It was cleverly said the other day, by one of the Bulwers, "that in considering the affairs of France, we should remember that there is such a thing as *French nature as well as human nature*." Of what that nature

may be composed,—whether of the lees and the froth of the cup of life, or a compound of gas and small coal,—it is not our province to decide. We only know that Jupiter, had he given the French a log for their king, would have cut it out of the Bois de Boulogne. The scholars of the Ecole Polytechnique have latterly, it seems, become mutinous. They cannot forget the part they played as king-makers, in the revolution of 1830, when the young tigers tasted blood, the young heroes smelt gunpowder, the young patriots had a momentary glimpse of the descent of liberty. In any other country, a new system of subordination would be adopted, to repel this ungovernable spirit ;—new professors would be introduced—new works placed in circulation among them ; and, probably, a few expulsions might take place, by way of warning and monition. Not a whit ! Conscious of the force of association among the French, Louis Philippe is about to deprive these lads of their military uniform—the uniform which exhibits, as it were, a relic of Napoleon in the sight of the people—and remove them from the authority of the Minister of the War Department, to that of Public Instruction. He intends, in short, to reduce them into schoolboys, by the loss of their epaulets ;—remembering, perhaps, the French *calemboury*, that “ *Tout ce qui n'est pas militaire, est civil !* ”

A NEW HIERARCHY.  At an execution for murder the other day in Paris, a new representative of a new hierarchy played his fantastic tricks in the sight of Heaven and of the public. A bishop of the Eglise Catholique Française, or pseudo-reformed and republicanized Catholicism, (which, were it in truth a reformed church, would have ingrafted no ecclesiastical dignities upon this system of Christianity,) appeared in a species of fancy rocket and stole, administering comfort to the last moments of the assassin of Madame Dupuytren's cook. The criminal not being quite so much of a Tartuffe as the Hierarchy, unluckily betrayed, in his last ejaculations, the objects of the got-up scene : “ May my blood,” said he, “ prove a cement to the prosperity of the French Catholic Church ! ” A new St. Januarius to humbug a new order of fanatics ! What advantage could a cause and creed, pure in its origin, and blest by the inspirations of Heaven, derive from the bravado of a guillotined murderer ?—no penitent thief, but one who, to his last gasp, denied his crimes, while uttering horrible imprecations against the witnesses by whom they had been proved ! The episcopal costume, too,—an absurdity which St. Simonianism might have sufficed to explode,—instead of captivating, disgusted the eyes of the people. One of the merits they had formerly attributed to the new sect was a purposed equalization of the revenues of the church, and a total absence of conventional dignities. The farce was a failure !

AMERICAN TORIUS.  We have often heard intelligent Americans rendered indignant by an assertion, by no means so ridiculous as it may appear at first sight, that when monarchy becomes extinguished in Europe, it will take refuge in the States ; and that, eventually, a most sacred Majesty will reign in Yankee-Land. If so, we sincerely trust he will constitute Mr. Diplomatist Rush his Lord Chamberlain. “ Each lady,” says the Courtier of the Schuylthen, (in describing the effect produced upon his feelings, by a drawing-room at Buckingham House,) “ seemed to rise out of a gilded little barricade, or one of silvery texture. This, topped with her plume, and the ‘ face divine ’ interposing, gave to the whole an effect so unique, so fraught with feminine grace and grandeur, that it seemed as if a curtain had risen to show a pageant in another

sphere ! It was brilliant and joyous ! On seeking the corridor to come away, there was something in the spectacle, seen from the staircase, that presented a new image ! Positively it came over the eye, (*O mihi beatae Martine !*) like beautiful architecture, the hoops, the base, the plume, the pinnacle ! The parts of this dress may have been incongruous, but the whole was harmony ! Like old English buildings and Shakspeare, it carried the feelings along with it ! It triumphed over criticism." Oh ! America !—which hast married Fanny Kemble, and erected the first cenotaph to Scott,—what wilt thou say of this rigmarole ? We do remember when an American artist, now domesticated in the highest class of society in England, once assured us, that for many years after his arrival in London, he found it impossible to persuade the fair aristocrats, that he did not experience great difficulty in accustoming himself to the European costume, after running about all his youth long in a blanket and mocassins,—and we disbelieved him. The mystery is now explained ! Their ladyships had been conversing with Rush, at this time American minister at the Court of St. James', and naturally judged from his enthusiasm at the sight of their whalebone, buckram, and brocade, that he was accustomed only to the most unsophisticated form of costume.

We know not what fine may have been imposed upon him by Congress, for writing his book ; but we know that next to that of Mrs. Trollope, few works connected with America have disgusted us more. If there be an anomaly in nature, it is an American Tory ! Yet we once knew one,—a rank one,—a man who would have thumb-screwed a Papist, who abhorred the Liberty of the Press, and hoped to see the gallant Duke of Cumberland on the Throne of England. For some years a resident at one of the most polished of European Courts, he had acquired the language to perfection ; and spoke and gesticulated it like a *petit maitre*. Interpreting himself in that refined tongue, he had really the air of an accomplished gentleman. But when some plain Englishman accosted him and insisted on the vernacular, his transition into Yankee, was the drollest thing in nature ! No sooner did he "guess" and "calculate" himself into rig'lar genuine, than the whole Broadway appeared in sight ; and the disciple of Metternich and Wellington, who had been "raised" in New England, might have afforded a sketch for Fielding. The broadcloth vest and decencies surmounted by the embroidered Court suit, the *petit mot pour rire* translated into the dialect of the half-horse, half-alligator, with a touch of the earthquake, was as good as almost any thing, except Mr. Rush's rhapsodies at the sight of the hoops and lap-pets which glittered at the Court of Queen Charlotte.

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND HIS RUINS.—"The Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry," as his Grace is ostentatiously styled, by the newspapers, "has been ordering extensive repairs of the ruins of Hermitage. Without anticipating from his Grace's ingenuity the discovery of the longitude, we did not expect that the spirit of conservatism would ever achieve such an injury against its cause under his auspices. Setting apart the interests of the picturesque, we, for our own parts, should be well content to minister with hand and purse to the careful preservation of all the architectural ruins, dating from the feudal times of great Britain. We look upon the mouldering remains of our Abbeys and Monasteries as the gravestones of departed bigotry ; we look upon the relics of our donjon-keeps and fortalices as monuments to the memory of tyranny. Scarcely a memorable tower in Scotland or England,—Holyrood, Stirling, Glamis, Berkeley, Fotheringay, Pontefract,—but bears its legend of

time, and cries aloud to succeeding ages, "Beware of despotism, beware of superstition! In the darkness of the people consisted our strength,—in the impassiveness of the people our danger." We have to thank the Duke of Buccleuch for perpetuating, for the instruction of our children, the memory of those episodes in the life of the fairest and frailest of Queens, which connect themselves with the romantic beauties of Hermitage.

Who knows, (for want of better wares to trade in, we love to speculate in politics,) who knows but that the want of these very beacons of warning, these buoys which float over the wrecks of departed power, the land of Washington may one day or other follow in the greatness-worshipping career of other countries? We all remember the effects produced on the elegant mind of the author of "The Sketch-Book," by the first aspect of the historical ruins of Europe. Irving looked upon them, perhaps, with the eye of a *romancier*; the majority of his countrymen would have regarded them with the eye of the politician. There is a specious sound in the name of Queen. The title of "The Virgin Queen" is endeared by a thousand precious associations to the mind; and in the name of Mary of Scots exists a whole romance. By such illusions our brother Jonathan may one day or other be tempted back into royalism; for our brother Jonathan hath no Kirk-of-Field, and no Kenilworth, to bring him to reason. We are very grieved for thee, our brother Jonathan! and invite thee to visit the remains of our own Hermitage, and render thy meed of gratitude to the providence of the Duke of Buccleuch.

LITERARY REGISTER.

THE BARD OF THE NORTH; a Series of Poetical Tales, illustrative of Highland Scenery and Manners. By Dugald Moore, Author of *The African*, *The Bridal Night*, &c. &c. Glasgow: Robertson.

MR. DUGALD MOORE is too well known as one of the SWEET-SINGERS of the Clyde to require a formal introduction to our readers. His new volume, THE BARD OF THE NORTH, is constructed of simple and pliant machinery, which gives the poet opportunity to unfold his diversified powers, whether lyric, descriptive, contemplative, or dramatic. In description lies his strength. To us the charm of his Tales, Romances, and Legends, is the scenery amid which they are laid, in "Scotia's western wilds," though many of the metrical tales possess very considerable merit. The poem opens with a piece of fine moral description, from which we borrow a few lines. It is a portrait of the Bard:—

He had ambition—but it was the love
To hold communion with the universe,
Ocean and sunshine, clouds and cataracts,
Those mighty impulses, that live and speak
The language of eternity—the words
Of the Invisible, from sea and sky,
And the far breathless solitudes—whose wastes
Stretch in among the everlasting hills.
He loved to speak with Nature, and to stand
Alone upon the joy mountain's cheek,

When the sun set, and o'er the western deep
His wings of glory deepened; or when down
The gorges of the highlands fierce and far,
The midnight storm came howling, whirling round
The ancient forests, whose gigantic spurs
Were deep indented in the solid rock.
There was a strange, mysterious link, which bound
His spirit to the wild and beautiful,
The high, untrudged solitudes of earth,
Where the flowers bloom not, and the rarest moss
Is crisped to frost-work,—where, aloft, alone,
The masses of the pine-woods heave, and roll
Their echoes, like far thunder,—where the bird,
The gaunt, majestic eagle, loves to keep
Her throne above the world. The voiceless moor,
That, like an ocean, spreads its waves of broom,
Lone glittering to the moonlight, had a charm,
Which, like the soul of solemn music, came
Across his heart-strings; and when, rising o'er
The sad and solitary swells of heath,
The midnight star-shine brightened, and revealed
The grey stones in their lonely beds of moss,—
Those simple monuments, which ancient tribes
Reared o'er the hunter's solitary bones,
Or, holier far, on martyr ashes,—he
Has felt a power, a glory, and a spell
Warp their strong links around his soul, until
Each sense became a passion, and a part
Of the wild waste and wave-resounding shore.

There are some lines to the Memory of the Martyr of Reform, Thomas Muir, which possess that quality in which the writer is, in general, most defective—thought and sentiment. The poets of Glasgow celebrate the memory of the patriot so foully sacrificed. Let the people and the representatives of Glasgow and of Scotland do him, and his fellow-sufferers in the cause of freedom and truth, the tardy justice of procuring the solemn disapproval of the Parliament of those unjust and cruel sentences, which remain a stain and a disgrace on the judicial records of this country. This poor homage to their memory can be of no avail to them. It is not the Past, but the Present and the Future that demand national reprobation of a national shame, and public atonement for a public injustice. The court which condemned Thomas Muir for entertaining and endeavouring to spread the opinions of Pitt, a few years after the "Heaven-born" had shamelessly apostatized from them, would not have scrupled the rack and the fagot, had those whose signal-tokens it obeyed exacted the services required in a former reign. This is not wandering from Mr. Dugald Moore. With the poet's eloquence, we enforce our pleading for justice from a Reformed Parliament to the memory of the Scottish Martyrs of Reform.

Cursed be the servile herd who pawned their oath,
The bloated sons of luxury and sloth,—
Creatures whom nature fashioned with a sneer,
And bade the wretches crawl without a tear;
Dull, dark, unfeeling things without a heart;
Cold blocks to make the honest gazer start;
Masses of matter fettered from their birth;
An ounce of spirit with a ton of earth;
With minds of granite, comfortless and dead;
With brains of water, and with thoughts of lead.
Such were the men who sent beyond the wave
A noble spirit to a stranger's grave;

He died in persecution's rage,
 He died in persecution's vale of its edge;
 He died in silence of each despot's plan,
 Walk with the brave—the dignity of man;
 Because he strove against the bigot's yell,
 To prop a falling empire, are it fell.

He died—his enemies have passed away,
 Who met and triumphed on his trial day;
 Oblivion shadows with her wings of gloom,
 Back patrolled minion's epitaph and tomb;
 Their names are shrouded in eternal rust;
 Weeds of the wild have mingled with their dust.
 Not so the martyr to the people's cause,
 Whose blood has purified a nation's laws;
 The sun will die ere darkness fall on him,
 And systems wither ere his fame grow dim,
 The judge has now been judged—the eternal God
 Hath called the proud ones to their last abode,
 Where slaves of office, and a pensioned frown,
 Where antiquated forms, and armed gown,
 Have no avail. Where pageantry and pride,
 And all the pomp of power, is flung aside.
 They, with their blotted names and musty rules,
 Which long have sheltered knaves and dazzled fools,
 Cannot avert the great Avenger's curse,
 Nor cozen justice with a venal purse.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN GALT. London: Cochrane and M'Crone.

THIS is a book which almost every reading man will long to peruse, though we regret to find that it is composed for a reason which every one will lament, and most of all those whom the delightful works of the author have so often cheered and gladdened. The life of Mr. Galt would have been more than usually active, exciting, and full of stir and event, even for a man of the world and of business. It has borne little affinity to the ordinary quiet sequestered tenor of a literary man's course. Composition has been with him an accident, or adjunct, of more serious employments,—neither a profession, nor, it would appear, a favourite pursuit. We can only wish that, with the same hearty natural relish as the rest of the world, Mr. Galt now had leisure to read his own works. Nothing could prove so soothing and medicinal to his weary and fevered spirit. He has written this history of John Galt as he might have sketched one of any body else—only with less freedom and fulness, in the minute details of the principal figure. With a brief account of his childhood, and a rather interesting relation of the development of the mind of a youth placed in a commercial community, and of the society in which he moved, are given the substance of Mr. Galt's subsequent travels in Turkey and Greece, and the Mediterranean Islands, where he was so fortunate as to meet and become, for a time, the travelling companion of Lord Byron. The world of London, in several of its more attractive aspects, and adventures in Canada, with sketches of the illustrious, the learned, the fashionable and gay, whom Mr. Galt was connected with or encountered, make the Autobiography altogether a charming work, though the interest lies more in the grouping and accessories than in the hero of the piece, who is kept too much in the background.

A portrait is prefixed to the Life, which, with strong resemblance, is subdued and mellowed into a mild and placid reflectiveness, which did not

all belong to the powerful and imaginative poet, who some ten years since in Scotland. The poem is full of the spirit of the true autobiographer of the time.

THE HELIOTROPE; OR, THE PILGRIM IN PENANCE OF HIS SINS.
London: Longman and Co.

THE Pilgrim is a new and more amiable Childe Harold. His imagination, and excessive love of study, injure his health, and he leaves England for Italy, and describes the progress of the voyage, and the scenes amid which he wandered, with effect and beauty, frequently not inferior to his prototype. Were we to give the following description in unpublished stanzas of Childe Harold, no one, from internal evidence, could detect the cheat:—

Day sinks in roses:—on the Pilgrim glancing
Rich and romantic landscapes glimmer near;
In any whirl, retiring or advancing,
Above, the sea bird's clamorous brood career—
Beyond, the barge on glassy waters dancing,
And, from the heights, the distant muleteer,
With bells, and bagcarole, and measured oar,
Blend the night melodies of sea and shore!
Beneath yon gaily peopled cliffs, the sea—
Spread like a mighty mirror, where the snows
Of the proud Alps lie cradled tranquilly—
Gathers the mountain streams beneath our bows;
And there—for princely feats and scantity
Long famed—the clustered towers of Monaco's
Grey pyramid—a palace, fort, and shrine—
Fling their long shadows o'er the ruddy brine.

Hark! solemn notes upon the night-wind swelling,
Salute the Pilgrim's ear—ST. REMO'S bell!
Of pious shift, and sweet indulgence calling—
And midnight mass, and orisons whose spell,
The demon's wiles and Ocean's fury quelling,
Can snatch the shipwrecked from the brink of hell!
The pilot heard the sound, and crossed him thrice—
Then poured in tune his wonted sacrifice.

The song of the Pilot to St. Remo comes in here, and the description is resumed.

How calm the night!—clothed in its loveliest hue,
Spangled with stars, and liquidly serene!
Such as enraptured GALILEO'S view,
Fresh worlds unfolding.—Ever as the scene
Exchanged with morn, the charm was ever new,
For now the vessel ploughed the blue TYRRENE—
And, when the sun glanced from Liguria's sky,
'Twas scene, I wot, to charm the saddest eye!

At first a faint cloud on the horizon's rim;
Then, slowly mounting from the Ocean's marge,
Battlements, and towers, and temples glimmered dim
And forts that told of many a hostile charge!
The Molo—the Bay!—and there, in gala trim,
Peluca, gondola, and gilded barge—
A fatal fleet!—Beyond, in purple light,
Proud GENOA soars—a glad and gorgeous sight!

This is but an indifferent specimen of the "Heliotope," which, with much of the fine spirit of poetry, is distinguished by a classic elegance and polish, to which our modern bards, who run a race against the poet,

are grown shamefully indifferent. When we say that the poem reminds us strongly of Byron, it must not be understood that this is in the higher moods of power and passion.

GREAT BRITAIN IN 1833. By Baron D'Haussez, Ex-Minister of Marine, under the Ex-King Charles the X. of France. London: Bentley.

THE marine minister fled to England during the THREE DAYS. He lived in this country for nearly three years, travelled extensively through it, and mingled freely in society. The result is two volumes of strictures on our history, manners, customs, character, and legal, social, and religious institutions, written with more freedom than justice, and more spirit than accuracy and sound judgment. On the whole, the Baron sees much less to admire "in England and the English," than they do themselves. He tells, or blunders out a good deal of truth, nevertheless, in showing us how we impress strangers who come among us with no evil prepossessions. His picture of English high-life is sombre enough. The satire is far from being unjust—it is altogether sufficiently repulsive. Humble life is worse. The people are *clowardly*, rude, and turbulent. It is a symptom of increasing good sense that the country is not in arms from end to end at the Frenchman and his libellous book. Concerning Scotland, the traveller has strung together an assortment of blunders which one could scarce have expected even a Minister of Marine to fall into, though he is, on the whole, merrier to the ancient ally of the Bourbon. His greatest severity is reserved for the dignitaries of the English Church. The worldly splendour, and worldly ambition and pomp proudly displayed by the English hierarchy, astonish Italians and Frenchmen, accustomed to the deeper hypocrisy or modesty of their own prelates and clergy. The Church of England, in its temporalities, seems to Catholic foreigners, the most singular graft ever made on the religion of the fishermen of Galilee.

As censure, if less pleasant, is more stimulating and piquant than praise, this book will be found amusing by people who like to hear the worst that can be said of them.

SOCIAL EVILS AND THEIR REMEDY. By the Rev. Charles Tayler, M.A. No. I. THE MECHANIC. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

MR. TAYLER is the author of a few harmless and rather pleasing little stories, which the critics of the newspaper press, who really are a good-natured race, have treated with their usual indulgence. The question is, Does their *petting* not sometimes spoil the boy?

If any alloy of earthly motive durst be suspected among so much lofty profession of the purely spiritual purpose of a series of narratives, undertaken, Mr. Tayler says, "in a spirit of prayer," and so forth; (we dare not profanely venture on the Miltonic invocation)—it might be the success of Miss Martineau's Tales as mere articles of sale and profit. The SOCIAL EVILS are to be the antidote of the poison of the ILLUSTRATIONS. We do not approve of all the economical doctrines advanced by Miss Martineau; but still less can we see that the discussion of the Arian controversy tends greatly to edification in Mr. Tayler's eighteen-penny tract, written in imitation of her lively stories. The worst fault of the MECHANIC, is being very dull. The hero, a watchmaker of Birmingham, calls himself "a gowk." He is a ninny and born-idiot, who runs away from his wife to play the orator in London, and associates with itinerant two-penny lecturers, and female strolling players, who quote Lord Byron!

and spout at Radical meetings! It is useless to point out the improbability of a bearded man capable of the idiocy of Reuben Foster, the watchmaker, ever afterwards acting a rational part, especially when, like him, possessed of what he calls "a gift of the gab." Thanks to Mr. Tayler's help and safe-conduct, Reuben gets a sight of his folly, and returns to his duty and his wife. A visit with her to a Shropshire farmhouse, affords some pretty rural pictures and scenes, and introduces us to amiable, pious rustics, and a Vicar of Wakefield of a Vicar, whose like, if found in the diocese, cannot be too highly esteemed.

FLOWERS OF THE EAST, WITH AN INTRODUCTORY SKETCH OF ORIENTAL POETRY AND MUSIC. By Ebenezer Pocock. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THESE "Orient Pearls" are not strung at random. They are selected from those poetic treasures of the East that have not hitherto been explored, or which are not yet unfolded in their native riches and beauty to European readers. The poetical specimens will chiefly interest Oriental scholars, the Sketch, which is full of recondite information and elegant criticism, will be more generally prized.

THE BOOK OF RIGHTS. By Edgar Taylor, Esq. London: Maxwell.

THIS title may be apt to mislead. The author or compiler does not mean any Rights, save those sanctioned by the constitutional laws, and by Acts of Parliament. His work, which shows ability and industry, is therefore not so important to the people as the name might signify, but it will be found useful to lawyers and members of Parliament, and is curious to every reader fond of historical research. It begins with Magna Charter, and ends with the Reform Act. The separate Acts of every reign follow in chronological order.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S POLITICAL WORKS Vols IV. and V.

With *Illustrations from Designs, by Turner* Edinburgh: Cadell.

AN original Essay on the Modern imitations of the Ancient Ballad, by him who was so eminent a master of all its moods and styles, and so thoroughly versed in its history, forms a new and interesting introduction to the fourth volume. It is a continuation of the "Remarks on Popular Poetry," prefixed to the first volume of the Border Minstrelsy. This preliminary discourse leads Sir Walter to speak easily and unaffectedly of himself and his own compositions, as links in the golden chain he is tracing downwards, and to give his readers a choice morsel of autobiography. The remarks on his own ballads are conceived and expressed in that spirit of sagacity, modesty, and frankness, which characterize the writer's judgment in every matter relating to himself and his works. We do not remember to have met so accurate and good-humoured an estimate of the inutility of friendly criticism of Mr. productions as is found here. The poetical contents of the fourth volume are most precious: they are Sir Walter's own ballads, and some of those written by his friends Leyden, Morris, and Marriott.

The fifth volume is devoted to the old romance of *SIR TRISTRAM*. It has been said of Sir Walter's original metrical romances, that the notes are as good as the text. This holds fully of his notes on *Sir Tristram*. The notes are much better than the text, at least to modern readers not tarred with Black-letter.

ESSAY ON CURLING. By J. Cairnie. Glasgow: M'Phun.

It is just about time that the votaries of the "roaring play" were looking after the rinks. The salting of the beef will do a month hence. All topics connected with curling are treated according to rule in this learned treatise, which is meant to excite a spirit for the game on both sides of the Tweed. So high is our opinion of the usefulness of outdoor, healthy, vigorous recreations, to the mind, as well as to the body, that we heartily approve the object so carefully detailed by this enthusiastic curler. Largs, which enjoys the presence of Mr. Cairnie, appears to eclipse our own Duddingstone in *science*. Into the merits of the slippery controversy between him and the Rev. Dr. Somerville, on the invention of artificial rinks, we must be excused from entering. The Doctor does look as if shorn of a handful of his beams; but he could spare two without missing them.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. Edinburgh: Adam Black.

WE deem it our imperative duty, as chroniclers of passing events in literature, to call the public attention, in the most emphatic manner, to the preceding republication of this admirable and extensive work. Already we have observed, with pleasure, that it has attracted no slight notice, and been honoured with much commendation by the press; but there is still reason to suspect that its value is, in general, not more than half appreciated, and that the public has been induced to regard it as a mere incorporation of the corrected supplement with former editions. Now the fact is, that, in every vital respect, this is a NEW WORK; and unless it be received and welcomed as such, no adequate justice will be done to the energy and enterprise of the publishers. Resting, indeed, upon the valuable accumulation of material contained in the *Encyclopædia* in its previous form, every important article has been moulded anew; and wherever knowledge has shot so far ahead of its former condition as to render original composition more fitting and easy than a remodelling of the old, the work has been accomplished by the best writers of our time. The present publication has thus material advantages which no new enterprise of a similar kind can possibly possess. It is a work brought to maturity by the care and reflection of the able men of many generations. Its *method* is not a thing struck out in haste, or the product of some single adventurous mind; but, on the contrary, it is the result of toilsome and prolonged elaboration; and we have the strongest presumption on behalf of its having at length arrived at a degree of unexampled perfection, in the changes which are now being impressed upon its *seventh* edition. Notwithstanding former prunings and emendations, a great labour still remained; and the multitude of excrescences which have been lopped off, the prolongation of some articles, and the curtailment of others, so that all might appear in due relative importance, and that the vast amount of human knowledge might be presented as one harmonious whole—a structure as fine and symmetrical as it is unquestionably gigantic,—these corrections, and the amount of labour of such kind, which, if we judge from what has been done, remained for Mr. Napier to undertake, forms our best proof of the value and comparative perfection of the enterprise; because they show how very much of such a kind the most careful and intelligent men will, in a great work's early stages, leave unattempted, or at least unachieved. We mention these things especially, because the effort, however toilsome and important, is quite likely to escape the notice of the general critic. Nor are the effects of this prolonged elaboration less manifest in the structure of the separate articles. Those of a scientific cast contain the best thoughts of a Robinson, a Wallace, and a Leslie; and we observe, with peculiar pleasure, that many of the subjects have been entirely resurveyed and rehandled by a young and promising cultivator of mathematical science, in whose tasteful and distinct style we could almost persuade ourselves to imagine the hand of a Playfair.

In regard of political philosophy, this *Encyclopædia* stands at the head of our dictionaries of modern knowledge. The few men in Great Britain who have sedulously explained this interesting and intricate subject—for, notwithstanding our multitudinous scribblers and talkers, our truly scientific heads are still but few—have been long engaged in bringing this momentous department to perfection; and they are now occupied in giving it the last polish. May we hope that to the names of Mill, McCulloch, and others who grace his list, the editors will see meet to add that of Professor Austin? The department of statistics is, as might be expected, for the most part original, by authors of established reputation. We cannot disparage these intel-

ligent writers, if we specify, as deserving of especial notice, the exquisite morceaux by Mackintosh and Lealie. These eminent men are now lost to us for ever,—and one of them departed too soon, alas! for his fame; but their genius will always shine in those gems. Leslie's dissertation is pregnant with beautiful speculation, and every page of it bespeaks the inexhaustible resources of his mind; and although, as an expounder of the doctrine of utility, we would prefer the severe intellect of an Austin, it is impossible to peruse Mackintosh's fine criticism on the history of moral investigation, without wishing that such subjects had been more exclusively followed by his cultivated understanding. But we have neither time nor room to dilate. The observations now made will convey something of our idea of the worth of the publication which has caused them; and it is not unlikely that, on a future opportunity, we shall draw from it at large. We have simply desired to make known to the public what the work really is, and we hesitate not to give it our most hearty recommendation. If we read the signs of literature aright, it is not likely that we shall soon witness another so gigantic undertaking.

FINE ARTS.

MAJOR'S CABINET GALLERY OF PICTURES. Nos. I. and II. Vol. II.

WITHOUT flagging or falling off, this work has proceeded to a new volume, which opens with high promise. The treasures of Art are inexhaustible, and the conductors of the *Major Gallery* have taste, skill, and *knowingness* to avail themselves of them. In the first number are the *Nativity* of Paul Veronese. Though a beautiful picture, replete with gentle affection, we subscribe to the criticism of Mr. Cunningham, that it is too theatrical in the studied attitudes of the group around the sleeping babe. The *Chapeau de Paille* of RUBENS is a picture of popular celebrity. The notice of this painting gives Mr. Allan Cunningham opportunity to pay some unmeasured compliments to Sir Thomas Lawrence. Are the hand and wrist of the beautiful Fleming of Rubens true in the engraving to the original? He is not the painter of gossamer beauties; but that hand might knock down a Holstein bullock. The third picture is a landscape by Wilson, which naturally says more to Allan Cunningham, who has seen it glowing with the magic of colour, than to those who look on the engraved transcript.

The Advocate in his Study, by OSTADE, is, in its own department of art, a first-rate picture; the *Jew Merchant* of Rembrandt a gorgeous one. He is not the Shylock, but the Jew of a land whose merchants are princes. The *Glade Cottage*, by an English landscape-painter named Crome, is in that pains-taking, though somewhat narrow and *scranky* style, which does not prevent a certain degree of truth and excellence. The notice of the painter's life is of more interest than the engraving from his picture.

VALPY'S NATIONAL GALLERY.

As a beautiful collection to look at for amusement and pleasure, we cannot recommend these engravings, or meagre outlines, but as a series of lessons to young students in art, this work is worthy of high praise. The outlines are accurate and spirited, though some of them have not had justice at the engraver's press. But then it is so cheap!

THE LANDSCAPE ALBUM, OR GREAT BRITAIN ILLUSTRATED. Fifty-nine Views. By W. Westall, Esq., F. R. S. Descriptions by T. Mouls, Esq. Second Series. London: Tilt.

THE plan of this volume is good. If we are to have pictures, let us have them. If literature, let it be so. The Annuals slip between stools. The views, the subjects of which are well selected, bear the sign-manual of Mr. Westall. They are either of the most beautiful landscapes that the fair realm of Britain presents, or "the old familiar faces" of its churches, cathedrals, towers, castles, and bridges; its modern public buildings, and picturesque ancient towns. This ALBUM is not a gallery of

ideal beauties, and grand historical pieces, but a snug English parlour, beaming with portraits of

"The few best loved and most revered."

The merchant of Manchester has his *Rooms*, the citizen of Newcastle his *City*, the denizen of Lancaster his splendid Sessions-House and Market-Place: and thus it holds through many towns, giving the volume a local as well as a British interest. Among our favourite pictures are *Haverford Hill*, Steele's Cottage; *Hythe*, Kent; *Peveril Castle*; *Dryburgh Abbey*; *Maidstone Bridge*; *London*, from Greenwich; *Worcester* and *Melkham*. The latter *rus in urbe* views are peculiarly charming.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

ENGLAND.

ASSESSED TAXES.—Immediately after the prorogation of Parliament, nearly the whole of the Cabinet Ministers left the metropolis, and we have had, consequently, very little domestic political intelligence during the month. The question that has of late created the greatest interest in London is the repeal of the House and Window Duties. Meetings have been held, and associations formed in almost every part of the metropolis for this object. An aggregate meeting of the various associations was held on the 16th October, which was numerously attended. Resolutions were passed no longer to pay in money the House and Window Duties, and not to buy or sell the goods which may be distrained for these taxes. It was also resolved to address the King, praying him to convene the Parliament forthwith, to take into consideration the dangers which threaten the existing institutions of the country, should these taxes be longer enforced; and it was agreed to raise a subscription to protect such members of the association as may be prosecuted for their attempts to repeal these taxes. Some of the speeches at this meeting were of rather a violent description, although the speakers were aware that a short-hand writer, employed by Government to take down their speeches, was present. As marking the antimouarchical spirit of the times, we may notice, that when one of the speakers said that he revered the King, he was interrupted by great laughter, hissing, and uproar. We regret to observe that the example of the citizens of London has not yet been followed in other parts of the kingdom. Without great exertion it is in vain to expect the repeal of these taxes. Lord Althorp now denies that he made any promise to repeal them; pleading his old excuse, when his statement in Parliament was urged, that his words must have been

misreported. If the agitation, however, is perseveringly kept up, we have no doubt that the repeal must be one of the first measures of the next session. No measure, since the removal of the Property Tax, will be felt so great a relief to the middling classes. The demand for the repeal has been created, not so much by the pressure of the tax, as by the injustice with which it is collected. The splendid mansions of the aristocracy are in general assessed at not one-tenth of the proper amount, while the houses of their tenantry, however extensive and commodious, are altogether exempt from the tax. This shameful exemption has never yet been sufficiently brought forward; and when viewed in connexion with the other exemptions from taxation enjoyed by the landholders, is of much importance in showing the working of a legislature of landlords. We allude particularly to the Inventory and Legacy Duties, from which real estates are exempt,—to the repeal of the Husbandry Horse Tax, and to the recent exemption of farm stock, produce, &c. from the stamp duty on insurances.

CAPTAIN ROSS.—The intelligence of the safety of Captain Ross and his crew has excited the liveliest satisfaction throughout the kingdom,—after an absence of upwards of four years,—even the most sanguine had renounced all hopes of his safety. The following are the only particulars of his voyage which have yet transpired. In the first year, the ships were early frozen in, after proceeding some way down Prince Regent's inlet; and in three subsequent years they were able to advance only 36 miles farther in the steamer. They finally abandoned their vessel in June 1832, finding all chance of proceeding in her hopeless, and visited the *Fury*, which vessel had been abandoned by Captain Parry in 1825. The *Fury* was partially broken up by the ice;

but plenty of provisions and stores was found on board of her, a supply which was of much value to Captain Ross and his crew, as their provisions were nearly exhausted. They also found her two boats little injured—a matter of great importance, as they were thereby enabled to reach a whaler, the *Isabella* of Hull, on the 27th of August. Of 23 persons only three have died. Captain Ross and the remainder have returned in excellent health and spirits. All his charts, journals, and papers are safe. The account of so protracted a residence in the polar regions, cannot fail to be interesting. The farthest point reached by Captain Ross was 101 degrees W.L., which is nine degrees east of that part of Melville Island, where Parry took his observations, and twelve degrees east of the extreme point to which that navigator advanced in his second voyage. The expedition was fitted out by Captain Ross, at the expense of himself and his friends; and we trust that the Government will not only pay the expense which has been incurred, but recompense the Captain and his crew, for the noble effort they have made to investigate the geography of the polar regions.

MILITARY AND NAVAL OFFICERS.—Without a great reduction of the expense of the army and navy, no material abatement of taxation can be expected; for these branches of the expenditure absorb by far the greater proportion of our free revenue. It appears, from a parliamentary return, that, in 1792, we had 2,117 naval officers, of whom 54 were admirals, 622 captains and commanders, and 1,441 lieutenants. There are now, after eighteen years of peace, 5,072 naval officers, of whom only 480 are afloat—we have 170 admirals, of whom only 42 are afloat—1684 captains, of whom 54 are afloat—3218 lieutenants, of whom only 414 are afloat. In 1810, during the height of the war, we had only 4040 naval officers, of whom 170 were admirals, 1502 captains and commanders, and 3097 lieutenants. The army is in a similar situation. We have 16,000 officers, or about one to every six men; yet all the reductions which the select committee of the House of Commons ventures to recommend is L.9,076 immediately, and L.25,321 prospectively. It is plain that no efficient reduction will ever be made as long as Ministers are able to raise the present amount of taxes. The only course is, to reduce the revenue in the first place, and then to leave Ministry to find out where reductions in the public expenditure can most easily be made.

DINNER TO MR. AGLIONBY.—The inhabitants of Cockermouth have testified,

in the warmest manner, their approbation of the conduct in Parliament of their excellent and independent representative, Mr. Aglionby. Mr. A. is a reformer of the right sort. His speeches, at the public dinner given to him, are full of patriotic sentiment. He reprobated the Irish Coercion Bill; spoke in favour of publishing the votes of the House; also in favour of the Ballot, National Education, and a sweeping Reform of the Established Church in England. The Irish Establishment "ought no longer to exist; and in England, tithes ought not to exist another year." He denounced the grants of one million to the Irish clergy, and twenty millions to the slaveholders. "The number of votes which had taken place up to the 30th July, to which time the statement in the *Mirror of Parliament* was made up, was 153. Of these he had voted 61 times in the majority, 85 times in the minority, (and consequently been opposed to Government in the most part of these,) and seven times he had been absent."—Here is a noble specimen of a Member of Parliament.

CHURCH RATES.—The resistance to church rates continues to increase, and is rapidly spreading over England. Sir John Campbell, the Solicitor-General, in addressing his constituents at Dudley, said, in speaking of the abolition of vestry cess in Ireland, that he hoped "this was an omen of the abolition of church rates in England." He went at some length into the distinction between tithes and church rates; the former he held to be property, but he unequivocally condemned the latter.

EARL GREY.—The rapacity of Earl Grey excites universal indignation. The most devoted tools of his party feel it impossible to defend him. Not a week passes over, without some lucrative appointment being bestowed on his family or relations. Nor is his Lordship content with merely bestowing on them lucrative offices; he is also desirous of conferring on them, unmeritedly, those honours which have hitherto been appropriated to men of distinguished merit. General Sir Henry Grey, whose name is not to be found in any military despatch, was created, at the Coronation of the King, a Knight Grand Cross of the Military Order of the Bath, while meritorious officers, whose names are identified with the most gallant exploits of the British Army, have been deemed sufficiently rewarded by inferior honours. Sir Henry has more recently been appointed to a lucrative appointment in the Household of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Such are the advantages of being a brother of the Prime Minister.

THE REVENUE.

We now give an Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the years and quarters ended 10th of October, 1832, and 10th of October, 1833, showing the increase or decrease on each head thereof:—

YEARS.	1832.	1833.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£	£	£	£
Customs,	15,201,299	15,240,007	38,708	—
Excise,	14,986,307	14,542,957	—	443,350
Stamps,	6,558,159	6,499,529	—	58,630
Taxes,	5,022,324	4,986,180	—	36,144
Post Office,	1,313,000	1,400,000	87,000	—
Miscellaneous,	46,331	64,816	18,485	—
Total,	43,097,420	42,733,489	144,193	524,613
		Deduct Increase,	—	144,193
		Decrease on the Year,	—	380,420
QUARTERS.	1832.	1833.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£	£	£	£
Customs,	4,696,129	4,272,449	—	423,680
Excise,	4,668,188	4,771,309	103,121	—
Stamps,	1,658,032	1,681,726	23,694	—
Taxes,	656,959	652,129	—	4,830
Post Office,	333,000	371,000	38,000	—
Miscellaneous,	9,402	4,394	—	5,008
Total,	12,021,710	11,753,007	180,242	433,518
		Deduct Increase,	—	180,242
		Decrease on the Quarter,	—	253,276

This return is, on the whole, satisfactory. Since the session of 1831, the annual amount of taxes repealed has been L.3,335,000; and the deficiency on the present revenue is not nearly so great as might have been anticipated. The increase on the Excise for the quarter is remarkable, for, during this period, the loss by the reduction of the soap duty is L.153,000, and upon tiles L.17,000; making together L.170,000. The falling off in the Excise for the year being L.413,350, is to be accounted for by the repeal of the candle duty L.206,000 the duty on soap L.218,000; and the duty on tiles L.23,000. The decrease of the Customs is explained by the diminished importation of foreign grain, or rather the diminished entries for home consumption, and by the reduction of the duties on cotton wool and hemp.

THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND has left England for Germany, in order, as is held out, to have the advantage of the advice and attendance of a Prussian medical man, for the blindness of his son, Prince George. Immediately preceding his departure, Henry Hampfelit, his butler, drowned himself. The Duke was examined at some length on the coroner's inquest. It was observed that he repeated the words of the oath with particular emphasis. The verdict of the jury was, "That the deceased drowned himself, being at the time in a state of temporary derangement."

IRELAND.

IRISH ADMINISTRATION.—The following singular family connexion exists among the members of the late and present Irish Administration. The Marquis of Wellesley succeeds the Marquis of Anglesea, and the Duke of Argyle succeeds Lord Wellesley, as Lord Steward. Now the *ci-devant* Marchioness of Anglesea, having divorced her husband, married the Duke of Argyle; and then the Marquis of Anglesea married the lady who was the occasion of his divorce—the sister-in-law of Lord Wellesley. Farther, Mr. Littleton, the Irish Secretary, married a daughter of Lord Wellesley,—so that the late appointments have the appearance of as nice a family job as can be well imagined. It is curious to observe the sort of connexion which exists among some members of the aristocracy.

IRISH CORPORATIONS.—The investigation of the Irish Corporations has made some extraordinary exposures of jobbing. The Corporation of Maryborough resolved, after the Union, to admit no more members, and the number is now reduced to five. In 1805, when their number was thirteen, they actually divided the corporation lands among themselves, and jointly and severally executed leases in favour of each other, for the term of 999 years. The corporate revenues of Drogheda, if honestly managed, should have brought L.25,000 a-year; but, as the rule

was to lease them to Protestant corporations at one-fourth of their value, the present revenues do not exceed £3,000.—Whigs and Tories are equally implicated in these corrupt practices. Formal articles of agreement have been discovered between the great Whig, "Sir John Newport and William Newport, Esq., on the one part, and Harry Alcock and James Wallace, Esq., on the other part," by which the presentation of Waterford, and the patronage in the gift of the corporation, were equally divided between the contracting parties.

THE STATE OF IRELAND is much the same as it was last year at this time, notwithstanding the operation, or rather the terror of the Coercion Act. The number of assaults, robberies, and murders is much as usual at the same period of the year; and the attempts to collect arrears of tithes still prove unsuccessful. A sale was lately attempted, in the county of Meath, of the farm-stocking of Mr. Christopher Morgan, of Kentstown, and at the auction there appeared upwards of 20,000 persons "to mark the bidders;" but no bidder was to be found among the whole assemblage. A sale was again attempted a week or two afterwards, when there was the same assemblage, and the same result. No disturbance whatever took place on either occasion. The Ministry, by the slowness of their measures in the abolition of tithes and the repeal of the house and window duties, are giving the people an opportunity of perfecting themselves in the art of passive resistance,—an art which is likely soon to become more effective in protecting the people from unjust burdens than a Reformed Parliament.

SCOTLAND.

IN the metropolis the only subject which excites any interest, is the approaching election of the Magistracy under the Burgh Reform Acts. The Whigs have been exerting themselves to secure the election of their own creatures, with what success will be speedily known. The great body of the citizens care very little about the matter; and few really eligible men can be found who are desirous to take upon them the management of the affairs of a bankrupt city. The majority of those who have been recommended as councillors at the Ward Meetings, which have generally been managed by Whig underlings, command very little public respect.

The clergy having collected the greater part of the stipend-tax, by the imprisonment of their parishioners, have rested for a while from their labours. They have, meanwhile, been engaged with the heretical doctrines of the Rev. Mr. Tait and

his followers. Messrs. Carlyle and Anderson still continue the manifestations of the spirit, much to the scandal of all true Christians. Why should these fanatics be permitted to assemble crowds in our streets by their insane howlings? The police ought surely to remove all nuisances, among which Messrs. Carlyle and Anderson must surely be reckoned.

The opening of the China Trade will not be neglected by the enterprising merchants of the Clyde. A fine new ship for that trade has already been launched at Dumbarton; and the draft of a very large ship for the same trade has been sent by a Glasgow Company to Quebec. The expense of ship building at Quebec is £8 per ton. On the Clyde it is from £10 to £12. We have here another instance of the ruinous consequences of the restrictions on trade with foreign countries.

Dundee has been for many years the most flourishing town in Scotland. In the month of September no fewer than seventy-three vessels arrived there from foreign ports. Their registered tonnage amounted to 11,200 tons. Upwards of sixty of these vessels were from the Baltic and Archangel, with cargoes of hemp, of flax hemp, and codilla, to the extent of 8000 tons, being more than the whole amount imported a few years ago.

Recruiting for Don Pedro has been going on briskly in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and some hundreds of men have been procured with little difficulty. The prospects which are held out are, in these dull times, too flattering not to have the desired effect.

FRANCE.

THE warfare of Louis Philippe against the press, still continues. The editor of the *Tribune* newspaper, has been condemned to five years further imprisonment, and to a fine of 20,000 francs, for a libel against the Government. This is the eighth condemnation, and 81st prosecution the *Tribune* has undergone. The nominal editor of the paper has 4,000 francs per annum, for suffering the imprisonment, and the fines are raised by public subscription. In consequence of the unsettled state of Spain, Marshal Soult has resolved not to reduce the French army. An additional force of 35,000 men has been called into active service, and an army of observation, 50,000 strong, is to be placed along the Pyrenees. It is destined to act only in the event of Bourmont, and the other French officers now in Spain, taking arms under Don Carlos,—an event which, it is maintained, would justify the active interference of France, in Spanish affairs. There is some reason to suspect that little reliance is to be placed on Louis Philippe,

in the event of any rupture with the northern powers. In servile compliance with the wishes of Austria, he has caused the arrest of Buonarroti, Marquis of Condosa, the only surviving descendant of Michael Angelo. His offence is his devotion to the cause of liberty, and his Italian birth. It thus appears, that the Italian patriots are not in safety in Paris, from Austrian persecution. Another visit by the Duchess de Berri, to France, was lately expected, and a great stir took place among the Carlists in the South of France. Extensive preparations were, however, made to put down any insurrection which might break out, and every thing continued quiet.

SPAIN.

THE King of Spain died on the 29th of September. The immediate cause of his death was a fit of apoplexy, brought on by an excessive indulgence of his appetite. This event will, in all probability, occasion a civil war in Spain, as Don Carlos is not likely to submit to the late Repeal of the Salic Law. All parties appear to rejoice at Ferdinand's death, for his conduct had excited general disgust. The Queen immediately assumed the office of Regent; but there is some reason to fear that Spain will gain little by the King's death. Zea Bermudez has been continued as minister. Count Florida Blanca, a leader amongst the Liberals, has been banished for six years; and the Queen Regent has published a manifesto, which has caused much disappointment to the liberal party. It contains the following sentences, which require no comment. They express the precise sentiments despots always use when they have resolved to resist all improvement:—"I will maintain most religiously the form and fundamental laws of the monarchy, without admitting dangerous innovations, however respectable they may appear in their origin; for we have, unfortunately, already experienced their disastrous effects. The best form of government for a country, is that to which it is accustomed." Don Carlos, as well as Bournmont, has entered Spain; but nothing is known of the movements of either. An insurrection in favour of Don Carlos has broken out in the North of Spain. The Marquis de Valdespina has taken possession of Bilbao, in his name, at the head of an army of several thousand peasantry. General Castagnos, who commands the government troops, found himself unable to restore tranquillity, and was compelled to retreat. Navarre and Catalonia, as well as Old Castile and Estremadura, are not well effected to the Queen Regent's Government. Madrid, according to the latest accounts, continued tranquil; and the south of Spain, which contains

many liberals, is expected to support the Queen's cause. The Queen has been recognised by France and Britain, and also by Austria, though not without some important restrictions.

PORTUGAL.

THE only attack yet made by the Miguelites on Lisbon is that of the 5th September, in which they were repelled with considerable loss. Bournmont and the French officers, for reasons which have not yet transpired, have deserted Don Miguel's standard. The lines of Lisbon are completed; they are of great strength. Don Pedro's forces within the lines amount to 23,000, one-half of whom are regular troops. Besides these, there are 7000 men at Oporto, and upwards of 2000 at Peniche. The Constitutionals are busy raising additional troops in this country, and have been very successful in their efforts. Don Miguel has still the means of protracting the war for a long period, if he is so inclined. He has 14,000 men before Lisbon, 7000 in the neighbourhood of Oporto, a strong garrison at Elvas, and a considerable body of troops in the Alentejo.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

THE Question between these powers is as far from adjustment as ever. It is not improbable that there may soon be a collision between the Dutch and Belgian troops. The Dutch garrison of Maastricht cannot be approached, except through a territory declared to be neutral and inviolable, until the King of Holland removes the obstructions to the navigation of the Maase. The term of service of a part of the garrison has expired, and they insist on being relieved. The Belgians have collected a body of troops to prevent the Dutch passing through the neutral territory; and, therefore, if an attempt is made to relieve the garrison, some fighting will, in all probability, ensue. The French, as parties to the convention, declaring the territory in question neutral, will have a right to interfere. General St. Cyr, the commander of the French army of the north, has arrived at Brussels, to make arrangements with the Belgian Government regarding ulterior proceedings.

GERMANY.

THE Conference of the Emperor of Russia with his brother despots at Munchengrätz lasted for seven days. Nothing has transpired regarding its proceedings. In this state of darkness, the following paragraph, published in a German paper, which has occasionally been made the medium for the promulgation of Metternich's doctrines, has excited some attention. "We are not acquainted with

the intentions of the sovereigns, but no blame can attach to them, if, amid the elements of destruction, by which society is threatened, it should be found necessary to abandon a system, which aimed at maintaining tranquillity by pacific means, and to proceed instead to extreme measures. The approaching Conferences of the German Courts will most probably prove that the time is come when they intend to act, and no longer to be the sport of contingencies."

ITALY.

THE Austrian Government feels much uneasiness at the progress of liberal opinions in Italy. She is strengthening her army in that country by numerous reinforcements, with the intention, as is conjectured, of consolidating her power. Numerous arrests for political offences have taken place at Pisa, Genoa, Leghorn, Florence, and, Sienna. It is reported previously to the Conference at Munchengrätz, that the Emperor of Austria was about to assume the title of "Protector of Italy;" but this intention, if ever seriously entertained, appears to have been abandoned.

TURKEY.

THERE has been a fire at Constantinople, which has consumed a great number of houses. Eight hundred are said by the most moderate computation to have been destroyed; but other accounts swell the number to several thousands. The Russians are omnipotent at Constantinople; and the Sultan seems to be little else than their tributary. By a treaty, dated 8th Jg'y, between Russia and Turkey, entered into on the basis of reciprocal defence, the former power engages to furnish the latter with all the forces which may be required for the defence of the country; "his Imperial Majesty being desirous of maintaining the independence and complete preservation of the Ottoman Empire." The supplementary article is, however, the most important: "The Sublime Porte will close, in case of need, the Straits of the Dardanelles: that is to say, it will not permit the entrance of any foreign vessel, even under any pretext whatsoever." It is to be seen whether Great Britain and France will tolerate such a stipulation.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

THE markets for Colonial produce have been on the decline. Several parcels of sugar, taken on speculation some weeks ago, have been resold at low prices; but many of the holders are still sanguine of obtaining high prices, and have withdrawn their sugars from present sale. Notwith-

standing favourable accounts of large sales of coffee in Holland, a considerable fall has taken place in this article. Rum, also, continues depressed; and a reduction of price has taken place. The late sale of indigo at the India House, consisted of 8,161 chests, of which 438 were withdrawn previously to the opening. Although the proprietors bought freely, in order to support the market, a decline of 4d. per lb. on the finer qualities, and of 6d. to 9d. on the ordinary and low sorts took place. The East India Company has announced the quantity of tea for the December sale at 8,500,000 lbs. Fears were entertained that an attempt would be made to throw an excessive quantity on the market; but the above is only 100,000 lbs. over the quantity sold at the September sale.

Very extensive speculations in tallow have lately taken place. The price has fallen from L. 50 to L. 43 a ton, within a few weeks; and very heavy losses must have been sustained by some of the speculators. The stock of tallow has recently been much increased by arrivals from Russia. The stock, which last year at this season was 12,000 casks, now amounts to 37,000. The London soap-makers have resolved on a reduction of 1.2 per ton on the price of soap. This should reduce the retail price more than a farthing per lb.

THE COTTON TRADE.—The price of cotton continues to fall. The sudden and enormous rise in the price of the raw material within the last three or four months has reduced the exports of cotton yarn and manufactured goods from 20 to 25 per cent.

THE PRICE OF WOOL is again on the rise. In the course of September it rose from 25s. to 30s. a pack. The demand at the cloth mills has been brisk. The buyers hung back for some time, but, finding that prices did not fall, they have eagerly commenced purchasing. The whole clothing district has been for some months back fully employed.

THE IRON TRADE, after a long period of depression, continues to revive. On the 9th October, being the Iron Masters' quarter day, the price rose 5s. per ton on pig, and 10s. on manufactured iron. The demand is brisk, and a further rise is anticipated. The workmen's wages have also been raised. Iron which some time since might have been purchased for L. 4, 10s. a ton, now sells at Newport and Cardiff for L. 7.

AGRICULTURE.

WHILE the other great interests of the country are generally in a flourishing condition, agriculture continues much de-

pressed, and the distress of the tenantry and landholders yearly increases. All the attempts which have been made to keep up the price of grain by restricting its import from foreign countries have failed, and markets sink year after year, although we are now dependent on foreigners for a material part of our annual consumption. The committee of agriculture, which sat in 1822, reported that in no average year our production equalled the consumption of the country; but the late committee state, that, "after the most full inquiry, and the most careful consideration of the evidence, they have formed a decided opinion that the produce of Great Britain is, on the average of years, unequal to the consumption; that the increased supply from Ireland does not cover the deficiency; and that, in the present state of agriculture, the United Kingdom is, in years of ordinary production, partially dependent on the supply of wheat from foreign countries." The importation of wheat from abroad for the last five years, averaged 1,145,000 quarters annually,—a quantity which is not far short of six weeks' consumption of wheat. The committee carefully keep out of view the real cause of the agricultural distress—exorbitant rents,—and attempt to mistify the subject, by copious observations on the increase of county rates and poor rates. That these burdens have tended, in some slight degree, to distress the English agriculturists, we do not deny; but as the taxes of all kinds paid by the Scotch farmers are very inconsiderable, their distress can be attributed to no other cause than the exaction of rents contracted for by the tenant, when the produce of his farm was fifty per cent. more valuable than it is at present. Numerous witnesses examined by the committee concur in stating that rents must still be greatly reduced; but this important part of the evidence, which could hardly escape the members of a committee, consisting chiefly of landowners, is not noticed in the report.

The evils suffered from the Corn Laws can hardly be exaggerated. Holstein and Mecklenburg wheat, of the finest quality, weighing 62 lbs. a bushel, may be purchased at present for 25s. a quarter, and could be imported into this country for 22s. a quarter,—thus making the price to the consumer 32s.; while the last average price of wheat (16th October) is 62s. 4d. On each quarter of wheat consumed, the people of Britain pay 20s. more than they need to do were the corn trade free; so that, on the single article of wheat, the annual consumption of which is twelve millions of quarters annually, a tax of twelve millions sterling is raised from the people, to keep up the rent-rolls of

our aristocracy. But this is a subject on which our space does not permit us to dilate.

In Scotland the crop is under an average in point of bulk; but the quality compensates, in some measure, for the deficiency. Wheat, in particular, is of excellent quality, and yields remarkably well in proportion to the bulk. In England, also, the wheat crop is considered, by the best judges, to be under an average; yet the price is nearly as low as ever it has been during the last five years. Barley and oats are likewise under an average crop. The late sown barley suffered much in colour from the rains; but the early sown is of fine quality. Little demand has, however, existed for barley in the market, and the price is on the decline. Beans and peas are almost everywhere a deficient crop. Potatoes are turning out worse than was expected; for not only are there numerous blanks from the rotting of the seed, but the produce, even where the seed was sound, is unusually deficient. The price is therefore likely to be higher than it has been for some years. Unless an alteration takes place in the Corn Laws, the prices of grain must be much higher before next harvest. A great breadth of wheat has already been sown, under the most favourable circumstances; and the barley is looking uncommonly well. The danger to be feared is the making too rapid an advance before severe weather sets in. Turnips have improved considerably. An auction lately took place at Phantassie, in East Lothian, and the turnips, both common and Swedish, which are as good as any in the county, were let at about L.7 per acre, on the average. Young grasses are in general looking well, though they are not so far advanced as might have been expected from the earliness of the harvest and the mildness of the season.

SHEEP AND CATTLE MARKETS.

THE price of sheep still continues to rise. At the concluding Falkirk Tryst, on 7th October, the supply was one-fourth less than at the September Tryst, and prices were a shade higher. The rise, as compared with the October Tryst of last year, was from 4s. to 4s. 6d. a-head. The cattle markets continue firm, and prices seem rather on the advance. The demand for horses still continues dull.

Hops have not suffered so severely by the severe storm as was apprehended. The quality of the new hops is much better than was expected. Samples of the Worcester growth have been exhibited, equal to any that have been shown for several years. New Kent pockets are selling at present from L.7 to L.8.

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

~~THE~~ PRAISE OF FOLLY.

WE are not about to imitate the work of Erasmus. The Praise of Folly is not our design, but our subject. We propose to examine the praise of the Ministry—the praise *from themselves to themselves*.

One of our witty essayists tells us of a charlatan who strutted about, preceded by a boy, crying out, “My father cures all manner of diseases.” After every proclamation, the quack, with all gravity, affirmed, “The boy speaks the truth.” The Ministerial manifesto declared, that the Ministry cured all manner of evils: the *Edinburgh Review* vouches that the manifesto speaks the truth. The Ministers, in their manifesto, praise their doings; and the Ministers, in their *Edinburgh Review*, affirm that the praise is just.

The Review says, “There was wanted a plain statement of what had actually been effected; and the publication before us has supplied this, in a very satisfactory manner.”

The boy speaks the truth!

But our charlatan goes a step beyond the quack in the story. He declares indeed, with ludicrous gravity, that the boy speaks the truth; but adds, that he speaks not the whole truth; that he does not fully proclaim his merits.

“Independent of all reductions and other economical arrangements, [*ex. gr.* the one million to the Irish parsons, and the twenty millions to the West India planters,] in the establishments and the revenue, themselves most important reforms,—these have been completed no less than six great legislative measures of improvement in the institutions of the country; nine statutes have been made for the amendment of the law; and the foundations have been laid for as many beneficial changes, both in our laws and institutions, which, ~~in~~ *on* all human probability, the next Session will see accomplished. This is undoubtedly a splendid result; and so far from considering that it is exaggerated,

we are firmly persuaded that, probably from oversight, where there was so much to be recorded, the statement before us falls even considerably short of the real truth."

The boy speaks but half the truth !

" Probably from oversight, where there was so much to be recorded, the statement falls even considerably short of the real truth."

As the old proverb expresses it, " the wood is not to be seen, by reason of the trees." Ministers have done so much good, that they cannot recount it. There is so much to be seen, that they commit oversights in cataloguing the exhibition. Not all the tongues of all the members of Government, aided by M. Le Marchant, and that great unknown, Mr. Ballenden Kerr, can tell the achievements of this Ministry. So much have they done, that the sum of what they have done cannot be spoken. Mrs. Malaprop says, that, upon the death of her husband, it was unknown what tears she shed. It is unknown too what vast good the Ministry has done, according to one of its members, who vouches for it in the *Edinburgh Review*.

The Reviewer, like Tom Thumb, if we are to believe Lord Grizzle, making some giants for the purpose of killing them, is very severe upon the persons who clamour, that " nothing, or next to nothing, was done" in the last Session. We have never heard such an assertion hazarded ; for it is not to be disputed that something has been done, and some mischief. Is the Irish Coercion Bill a nothing ? Is the grant of twenty millions, for verbal emancipation, nothing ? Is the vote of a million to the Irish parsons nothing ?

The reviewer makes the audacious assertion, that the slave is free : " From the instant that the Ministers of the Crown had announced, in Parliament, the end of slavery, the whole question was settled."

" The end of slavery !" when was it announced ? The beginning of a slavery, of limited hours, under the name of apprenticeships, was announced. The masters are to have more than the full price of the slaves, and a part of their labour into the bargain,—and this is called the end of slavery ! It is the beginning of a system curiously combining the evils of slavery and freedom. The slave being provided with necessaries, will have liberty of idleness for the redeemed period of his time ; and, in the three-fourths of the working hours, he is to be compelled to labour without the reward which sweetens labour and makes blessed industry. The single merit of the plan is, that it cannot be carried into operation, and must give place to another system. The masters will soon find it better to give complete freedom and wages to the negroes, than to attempt to get from them the compulsory labour.

With respect to the reproaches against Ministers, on the score of vacillation and want of vigour, the Reviewer observes, in good slip-slop :—" The meaning of ' vacillating' and ' wanting vigour' is easy to comprehend. It signifies adopting a valuable suggestion though coming from an adversary, or not standing out upon a trifle, or sacrificing

small differences, to secure unanimity on greater matters; and it [*i. e.* the meaning!] goes among men of sense by the names, sometimes of fairness and candour, sometimes of honesty, sometimes of wisdom."

If the imputed Ministerial habits go by these names, they certainly do not belong to Ministers; for no mortal ever hears of their fairness, candour, honesty, or wisdom, from any mouths but their own, or their parasites, and these certainly do not come under the reviewer's description of "men of sense."

The Reviewer, or Prince Charlatan, says, that "the saying of Measures and not Men, has very much lost its currency;" for the Whigs being in, he very natively argues, that Men are all in all. "*The best security for measures,*" affirms he, "*is to be found in men;*" and the men in whom the best security for measures is to be found are Whig men, we may be sure, and no others. Thus a matchless Constitution, according to the *Edinburgh Review*, should signify simply Whig government. What need of a Parliament? Why trouble the people with elections? Why elude the best security for measures with the process of legislation? Having, in these Ministers, "*the best security for measures,*" what more is wanted? Any thing which checks, impedes, or delays their operations detracts from "*the best security for measures.*" Having found miracles of wisdom and virtue, such as the world has never before been blessed with they should, if there be truth in the *Edinburgh Review*, be made absolute dictators; and to whatever they propose, the public voice should only answer, *To hear is to obey.*

Who that has the best security will ask for any other, or retain any other, which obstructs the free operation of the best? The great problem of Government is now solved. Democracy, despotism, and constitutional Monarchy, have all their admitted evils; but "*the best security for measures,*" which is all that is desired in a Government, is now at last found to consist in the administration of Grey, Althorp, Brougham, Melbourne, Palmerston, and Co. When Bentham and Mill laboured their theories of Government, they little dreamed that the great secret lay in these words, Grey, Althorp, Brougham, Melbourne, Palmerston, and Co. Of these names is the talisman of good government composed. The curious combination magically operates "*the best security for measures;*" and henceforth, the question, Which is the best form of Government? is to be answered in the words, That which the Whigs administer. The political millenium has arrived, though the public has not yet discovered it; and we have Ministers in whom we may put our trust as in Heaven; and for a sign, like the lying down of the lion with the lamb, as the *Edinburgh Review* in another article remarks, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, a taxing Minister, who lies in the hearts of the taxed. Here is indeed a miracle:—

"A Chancellor of the Exchequer seemed to bear the mark of Cain on his forehead; until the present times [We enter a timely protest

against the pun, that Lord Althorp does not bear the mark of *Able*, unless it be in a brainless skull,] had proved that hatred for the office, might be subdued by affectionate respect for the man."

Amiable sentiment! and so true! The people do so dote on their Lord Althorp, who never deceives them—never promises one thing and performs another—never eats his own words, which is the same thing as what the Persians term eating dirt.

Yet, in the midst of these unparalleled blessings, people will grumble, as the Edinburgh Reviewer says, because they cannot get every thing at once; and they despise what they have (he alleges), because of that which they have not. Hear his words:—

"As the greatest possible number of the *largest conceivable measures* must of necessity be accomplished, however swiftly, yet in some kind of succession, and not simultaneously; they, of whom we are speaking, could always stop at any one, and complain that the residue were still wanting; and by a known law of our nature, what we want is even far more prized than all we have obtained." *

This law does not hold in the case of the Whigs; who prize the places *they* have obtained, more than all the wants in the world.

We assent to the truism, that things must have their order; but we do not admit that it was in the necessary order to begin with the rod. The Coercion Bill was a thumping measure; but we cannot see why it came first, or at all. "The largest conceivable measures must be accomplished in succession:"—true; but when we look at "the largest conceivable measures," as certain measures are very properly termed, we see something more than the order of succession with which to quarrel. The grant of twenty millions to the slave-owners is one of "the largest conceivable measures;" the million to the Irish parsons is one of "the largest conceivable measures;" but we are not reconciled to their forward place in the order of performances, by the magnitude of their wastefulness and profligacy. Whenever any thing is to be taken out of the pockets of the people, we may be very sure that the measure will be the largest conceivable; and when we cry out, under the scoup, it is no consolation to tell us that, vast as is the quantity it takes up, it must dip, and dip, and dip again, in some order of succession.

A farmer, says the old story, (such things are not done now,) set a huge Cheshire cheese before a countryman for a luncheon, and then went out into the fields to overlook his men. When he returned after many hours, he found his guest still at the cheese; but the cheese not so much as he left it as the man. "What!" cried the host, "have you been all this time at the cheese?" "Sir," answered Hodge, with all gravity, laying his knife on the cheese, as if invoking its evidence to the truth of his remark, "it takes a longer time than you imagine to eat up such a large cheese as that." This answer is much like that of the *Edinburgh Review*. The people complain that Parliament has been making sad havoc with the public treasure; and the apologist

answers, that the largest conceivable measures, (which can be no other than the twenty millions to the slave-owners, and the million to the Irish sinecure parsons,) must have some kind of succession. We did not want them all at once,—we did not want them at all. We quarrel not with the *order* of their coming, but with their *coming*; for they are profligate extravagancies. The Reviewer concludes, with amazing gravity, that the Ministry must be supported, rather than measures inculcated; because, otherwise, the principles of the *Edinburgh Review* will not be carried into effect: in plainer words, that a Whig Government should be supported, to give effect to the Whig doctrines of the Whig organ. A grand object forsooth!

“ Either those principles, [it were curious to know what they are,] to which we have been consistently devoted ever since this journal was established, must receive their practical effect from those composing the present administration; or they must be abandoned, and with them all our anxious hopes of public improvement be given to the winds.”

Were those fast-and-loose principles given to winds as inconstant, we do not apprehend that society would suffer any very grave loss. Let the gossamer be blown away: it will not make tackle for securing good government.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

“ Go,” said Oxenstain to his son, “ and see with how little wisdom the world is governed.” There is something to be observed far more wonderful than this, namely, the amount of good which exists, notwithstanding the manifold contrivances for the generation of evil. There is nothing in the world of such hardy growth as virtue. Never yet was there an instrument of demoralization that could eradicate it. The worst laws, the worst establishments, the worst examples, the worst morality, all fail of depraving, as *a priori* it would be argued they must deprave. Swift seems to have had this consoling truth in mind, when he makes the King of Brobdignag pronounce a judgment upon Gulliver’s account of the institutions, manners, and customs of England; which, though speciously reasoned from the premises, yet far exceeds the truth in the conclusion.

“ It does not appear from all you have said, how any one perfection is required, toward the procurement of any one station among you; much less that men are ennobled on account of their virtue; that priests are advanced for their piety or learning; soldiers for their conduct or valour; judges for their integrity; senators for their love of their country; or counsellors for their wisdom.—By what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pain wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little, odious vermin, that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the face of the earth.”

The remarks upon the system are true, but the inference as to the effect is erroneous. His majesty of Brohdignag had not taken into account the tendencies in human nature, which, in the mass, resist and diminish the force of corruption. There is in the body politic something analogous to the vital principle of the body physical.

After reading Mr. Beverley's exposure of the University of Cambridge, the wonder is not at the profligacy of the aristocracy, whose education has been finished with temptations to all the vices, and that best ally to temptation and to sin, *opportunity*; but that so much of honour and of purity have come out of so corrupting a theatre. To live with Circe, and not taste the cup, is great honour to the abstinent, but no abatement of the abomination of the tempter. An ordeal is not, however, desired in a place of instruction. The purpose of sending out youth to the Universities is not to try their powers of resisting temptations, or their speed in the race of extravagance, riot, and debauchery. The men of the world as the class tolerant of all customary iniquities are called say, "The boys must sow their wild oats;" but is it necessary and decent that doctors and divines should superintend and profit by this seeding? Could no other theatre than the cradle of the Church no other superiors than its ministers and dignitaries, be chosen? Would not a course of brothels and gaming-houses, and riot and excess, in London, afford the same convenience for the exhaustion of debauchery? But this sowing of wild oats is not so short a season as is intimated in the off-hand way of cutting the throat of morality with the phrase. A Dean of Christchurch used to say that his College must be the most learned in Oxford, for every one brought some little learning to it, and no one carried any away with him. If this were the case with vice, if it could be discharged and deposited, as much might be said for the Universities as for the common-sewer; but the question would yet remain, Whether the streams of instruction, and the vents of vice, should be united in the same channel? Over the gates of the University, if Truth held the stile, would be graven these words. Here you may be as vicious as you please. Ministration, on unlimited credit, to all the appetites

The approvers of wild oat sowing find nothing amiss in this; but one of our objections to the wild oat sowing is, that we seldom observe a close to the sowing: it is the participle of the present tense. When Talleyrand heard some one complacently say, in self-laudation, that, after all, he had only been guilty of one act of vice, the Prince of Diplomats answered, "Ay, Sir, but when is this single act drama to have an end?" So we say of the sowing of wild oats; once begun, when does the sowing season end? Upon many a glebe land signs will be noted of the inveteracy of the practice.

The tree is known by its fruits, and the fruit is known by the tree; but, looking at the nests of evil which Mr. Beverley lays bare in Cambridge, we confess that a worse produce might be reckoned on. Yet we do not suspect Mr. Beverley of exaggeration; we believe that he accurately represents the vices, and the opportunities and facilities to profligacy of every kind; but, as we have before remarked, it is not in the wit of the arch-fiend to convey to men all the vice that would seem to flow from their institutions. The correspondence, happily for humanity, is never complete between the vices of systems and the vices of their creatures. Few escape without detriment; but fewer yet are initiated to the whole extent which would be apprehended from the

operating causes. Certain we are, that assent will be given to this proposition, after a perusal of Mr. Beverley's charges against the University of Cambridge. The pamphlet is addressed to the Duke of Gloucester, Chancellor of the University, and opens in this sarcastic strain :—

I am persuaded, illustrious Prince, that your knowledge of the University of Cambridge is very superficial. Your Royal Highness did indeed spend a term or two within the University, to receive the last touch of a princely education ; but as that important period of your life was passed chiefly in the lodge of a courtly Prelate, and was mainly occupied in holding levees and receiving adoration from Masters and Fellows of Colleges, it is not to be supposed that you can be acquainted with the arcana of that mother and nurse of arts and wickedness. Your subsequent visits to the University added but slightly to your previous knowledge. The royal amusement of public breakfasts, concerts, oratorios, anthems, dinners, litames and carousals,—the labour of walking on scarlet cloth, and of hearing speeches in bad Latin from effete Vice-Chancellors, and sermons in bad English from superannuated heads of houses—the unintelligible compliment of Latin odes and Greek epigrams, and the ludicrous ritual of the senate house, would in no respect inform you of the unseen workings of the great machine. Deign then, Royal Sir, to receive some further information on this important subject, from one who is well acquainted with that concerning which he writes, and who may, perhaps, let in light even to a royal mind.

The University of Cambridge is celebrated throughout Christendom, and is spoken of with great reverence by all the persons she has educated. Her style and title is, THE IMMACULATE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE. She is the *Alma Mater* of thousands of squires and priests, who drink her health in tipsy gratitude in every county of England. Persons who are greatly my seniors,—men who might be my grandfathers, frequently have praised her in my hearing, and from many lay tongues have I heard the same testimony, that their college days were the merriest ; that the process of University education was one unbroken round of festive debauchery and riot, and the University paradise did in those days, as well as these, extend to Newmarket, Bury, and London. Listening to these memorials of my seniors, I have sometimes doubted whether their youth must not have known Cambridge in its worst days ; but calling to mind my own recollections, I feel that I was educated there in an age even worse than theirs ; and yet, from authentic information of young men now running the gauntlet of sin in that “venerable” University, I see clearly that even in this short time the corruption has gone on to a frightful and enormous extent.

It will soon be seen that *Alma Mater* is in uninspiring hands : She is in the unrelenting grasp of one whose sentiment is, “Happy is he that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones.” He holds her as a viper, and thinks of nothing but her poison.

To remove the veil from the awful face of this “nightly mother,” is no easy task. Like the Syrian goddess, she has such a multitude of strange creatures forming the azazel of her image, that I know not which to describe first ; nor can I tell from which of the breasts of her ample bosom to draw first her venomous milk. Your Royal Highness will, however, naturally desire perspicuity in a subject which affects, in a high degree, the dignity of your office ; and, therefore, with your permission, I will consider the *Morals*, *Religion*, and *Learning* of Cambridge, and conclude with a few general remarks.

The *Morals* of the University have a double aspect, as we see them in the lives and habits of the Dons—a word which, for brevity, I shall occasionally use,—and as we may contemplate them in the conduct of the Undergraduates. Closely connected with the morals of the Dons and the Undergraduates are the morals of the town of Cambridge ; and it is difficult to say which is the worst in this treble knot of iniquity. “Pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness,” is the cause of all that is evil there ; and taking it in the aggregate, we may truly say, that it is a city “wholly given up to fornication.”

* “*Don*,” in University language, means a person who is a member of the Senate, or holds a Collegiate or University office which gives him precedence above an Undergraduate.

But as the University is founded for the youths of England, we will first consider *their* moral condition, which is indeed too serious for ridicule. *A young man comes to Cambridge—ninetv-nine cases out of a hundred, at the age of eighteen, precisely at that period when there should be the strongest curb on his passions, and the strictest watch over his conduct. He comes from home, or a private tutor, or a school; ignorant of the world, and a stranger to many of its vices. His purse is replenished for the occasion with that which to him seems ample riches; and as soon as he arrives at Cambridge, he quickly perceives that the tradespeople allow unlimited credit, and that credit is the order of the day. Books, the implements of the tea-table, wine, and I know not what *et cæteris*, must be procured according to the custom of the place. The tradespeople send in many articles as a matter of course, of which the fresh-man can hardly guess the object. He meets his old schoolfellows, some fresh-men like himself, some who have already been soaking in the stream of dissipation for three terms. Conpotations, to keep up the spirits, begin with as little delay as possible. “*Recepto dulce furere est audire.*” There is no parsimony here in wine and friendship. The confectioner supplies liberally for the wine-parties, charges immensely, and gives long credit. Pine-apples and preserved fruits of all sorts, and ices in varied columns, are of daily occurrence at these entertainments. The frivolous youths seem to vie with one another in the multiplicity of their wines. Champagne and Claret are now considered almost indispensable; and a Thais, in male attire, occasionally adds a zest to the entertainment. Thrice in my fresh-man’s term was I invited to supper-parties, of which the principal amusement was understood to be the presence of public women, dressed as Undergraduates. As I did not accept the invitation, I was not an eye-witness; but twelve or fourteen young men were present. One of these harlot-festivals was at Cnus College: the others were in lodgings.

“But this is not permitted,” some one observes. “It is against rule; and the breach of the rule is no more to be charged against the discipline of the University than murder is to be charged against the strictness of justice.” The answer is, that if murder were a common custom, justice would be impeached; and Mr. Beverley says,—

The tutors apparently encourage, or, to use a safer word, most lenigly tolerate the private dinners and suppers of the Undergraduates. They have theatrical laws, and show edicts against them; but it is perfectly well understood, either that “indulgences” are granted, or taken whenever they are wanted. Hence the solemn procession of cooks, with white mitres on their heads, and huge trays in their hands, carrying covered dishes to various apartments, either to cells in these seats of sound religious instruction, or to lodgings without their precincts. Thus, with the confectioner, the breakfast-man, the punch-man, the wine-merchant, the gracer, and the college-cook, the poor Undergraduate, at the end of the first year, finds himself alarmingly in debt, merely for his belly. But still more yet has he to pay for his stomach, because his *sizings* and *commons*,* are to be charged at the college table; it being understood that the college cook has with almost all young men two accounts, the public college bill and private festival bill, which latter is supposed, by a fiction, to have no existence. To go through all the other drains on the purse would be tedious. They are immense. The bookseller for the mind, the tailor and haberdasher for the body, the private tutor for the intellect, and the boot-maker for the legs; the public tutor for nothing, and the harlot for something, the livery stables for exercise, the upholsterer for sloth;—these, Royal Sir, and a vast many other banes and antidotes, fasten like leeches on the coffers of the Undergraduate, and leave him soon without a penny. What shall I say to the debts of the poor young men? I have known them amount to upwards of £1,700 for the first term only; and one of my friends spent more than £1,000 in that time. But these, it may be said, are extreme cases. They certainly are specimens of the system going its full length, but they are not so rare as might be imagined. I have known the son of a bishop order a pipe of the value of £1,700. I have seen long lines of the popular novels, in splendid bindings, ordered by the length to fill up a given space. I have known gambling carried on to an alarming extent in the private apartments and lodgings of the Undergraduates. I have known a party in Trinity College begin playing at whist, on Saturday evening, (the frightful value of the points I will not report from memory,) and not break up till they were called to prayers by the chapel-bell the next Lord’s-day. A friend of mine, to whom for many amiable qualities I was much attached, was weak enough to engage at *rouge-et-noir* at St. John’s College, one luckless night, and then and

* The name given to the solids and liquors of the College table.

there lost L.1200 before cock-crow. This debt was heavy on his conscience in his dying moments. . . .

The great majority of young men now at Cambridge are considerably in debt; and if all the bills of tradesmen could be instantly called in and published, without deduction, for the benefit and instruction of the world, it would then be seen what is the state of public morals in this Charybdis of the English youth. But extravagance is not the only vice of the Undergraduates; the Dons also are themselves very Sybarites in luxury. The general bearing of the resident Fellows and Tutors is sensual to a high degree. Their dinners and wine parties are frequent, their entertainments costly and superb.

Debt consequently reaches even the Dons: some of these great men are greatly in debt at this present time. I have it in the handwriting of a respectable tradesman of Cambridge, that a Tutor had in his possession the money received from the Undergraduates for three successive years, in discharge of his accounts against them. The Tutor received the money, but paid it not to the tradesman. Why does not the tradesman arrest the Tutor? *He dares not do so.* As soon would he go to fight against a wasp's nest with a cane. The Dons know their power, and abuse it to the last degree of human patience.

We now come to the habits which are consequent upon the facilities to sensual indulgence.

I have known an Undergraduate drunk for a whole fortnight without a moment's interruption, excepting such interruption as sleep forced on his unwilling senses. He made himself drunk as soon as he awoke in the morning: "brandy" was the morning cry, bottled ale the substance of breakfast, three bottles of wine washed down his dinner, and drams sealed him up for the night. I have known an Undergraduate keep bed in a brothel the perfect cycle of twenty-four hours. I myself was sent to bring him away. I have known, in more than one instance, a violent attachment between public women and Undergraduates; and in two instances it required all the dexterity of the young men's relations to separate them from the vile objects of their attachment. One of these, a high Patrician, was scarcely saved from a disgraceful matrimony with a prostitute!

Other young men apply their time and talents to the cursed art of seducing particular females, and with very general success. To say that a very large majority of the female servants at Cambridge are fallen characters, is unquestionably true; I never saw, or knew, or heard of one that was not. But, alas! seduction does not stop here; it is carried on amongst the daughters and wives of respectable citizens. I know what I say, and should be most grieved to publish such a fact, if I did not know it to be true. These things are doubtless going on now, (for what has happened to prevent it?) and they will go on till that just day of retribution, when this horrid seat of sin shall be visited with merited vengeance from an offended and insulted nation.

One case deserves notice. A friend of mine returned to Cambridge sooner than the required time after the Christmas vacations. He explained his motives for returning thus early, by telling me that he had come for the express purpose of continuing his stolen interviews with the fascinating wife of a respectable tradesman. A note brought to him that evening ran thus:—

"Dear Sir.—My poor sister has been ill some days of a dangerous fever. There is no chance of her recovery; she knows she is dying, and begs you to think of her no more. She hopes that there is forgiveness both for you and for her. I am," &c.

The remark made upon this awful note struck me as most unfeeling:—"How d—d provoking to come back to Cambridge for nothing!"

The Fellows live, in too many instances, their mistresses. The chaplain of one College, who for many years used to conduct the worship of God for his society, had long been living with another man's wife. He came from his unhallowed bed to the reading-desk every day, and it is said that a large family was the result of his sinful conversation. The mistresses of some of the Dons might be indicated by those who love scandal, for these things are notorious; and in one or two instances, where a few years ago the sense of *decorum* at least was sufficiently strong to prevent this public indecency, there is now no shame felt in keeping a concubine. One demure Fellow of a College used, in my time, to pay a visit to his mistress with unvarying punctuality every Wednesday night. The lady's doors were on that night barred against all other visitors. I have seen him, in broad daylight, walking with her on the high road, he being in full academical costume. It is needless to add, that he was a priest. As they love old customs, and the wisdom of ancestors, it is probable that they would seek authority for such practices in the decrees of Gratian, in which it is laid down

on the authority of a Council of Toledo, "*Qui non habet uxorem, loco illius concubinam debet habere.*" Dist. 33. E11. Paris, 1512.

The life of an Undergraduate may be well imagined to be little profitable either to body or to soul. Your Royal Highness shall hear how a day is spent by a young gentleman of fashion. At seven o'clock he goes to chapel, swearing vehemently at the disgraceable penance of leaving his bed in a cold morning for "such d——l nonsense." He enters chapel in his night-shirt, and a pair of trousers, and a night-gown hastily thrown on. When his devotions are ended, he returns to bed. After two or three hours' additional repose he rises to a late breakfast. Some friends come in: they breakfast on all the approved condiments of the University *dejeuner*. A good deal of bottled ale is drunk, some cherry-brandy, and a bottle of salt-water finishes the mutinous repast. The young gentlemen then bring forth their tandem-whips, and sit at the windows crackling their whips, and hitting such passer-by as it may be convenient or safe to flagellate. A dog, a cat, a mule, a sweeper, or perhaps a gyp,* are dexterously "punished." After an hour spent in this and similar idleness, the party strolls forth to the livery-stables; and if they go not a-hunting, mount their riding-horses, their tan-leas, or their carriages, drive about till Hall-time, of which the dinner serves them as a luncheon. After luncheon they either again take to their equestrian studies, or lounge about in the shops and streets, carry on their amours, and plot the *denouement* of their contemplated seductions. At six or seven o'clock at some friend's room, they eat and drink with Scythian appetites. The noise and zeal of the revel increases; gloriol catches, rounds, and provocations to bumpers, work up the minds of the youths to a frenzy of drunkenness: "*very good song, very well sung,*" sounds from many chambers: and would that songs were not sometimes heard worse than this! About one or two o'clock in the morning, the Barchanalian rant commences. Comus, with all his beastly train, could not roar louder, or act with more violent intemperance than these children of wine and riot in the "immaculate and generous University of Cambridge." Loups and windows are broken, knockers are wrenched off the defenceless doors, shop-fronts are torn down and carted off as trophies, and the night-raped citizens peep from behind the window-shutters in amazement and alarm. Fights commence in the streets; a stray "smash" or a wandering beggar is terribly beaten; coal-heavers are attacked; the cry of "gown" and "town" runs through the alleys; a hundred auxiliaries rush forth from a hundred supper-tables; the coal-vessels, moored to the heels of the Cam, pour forth their dusky warriors, and mighty is the din, and vehement the battle, and furious the onslaught, and much the blood spilt under the silent and conscience-moan. The victorious gowmen (and victory is generally with them) then retire for the rest of the darkness to the brothels; "they assemble themselves by troops in the harlots' houses," and things are done before many witnesses which Juvenal alone could describe.

From the morals we pass to the religion of the University, which, according to our author's representation, is as dry and meagre as the sensuality is gross and succulent.

The University of Cambridge produces half the religion of the kingdom, according to the notions of the Church of England, which acknowledges and knows of no religion but her own. Cambridge is the ever-teeming fountain of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons; the Masters of Colleges are frequently dignitaries of the Church, and two-thirds of all the Fellows of the Colleges are Priests.

The general style of preaching, excepting always the sermons of the Evangelical party, is dry, profitless, and anti-Christian. The gospel is quite unknown, and indeed rarely ever alluded to. They preach about virtue and justification by good works, a little against enthusiasm, a good deal about subordination and the duty of being a Tory. They warn the hearers against "the spirit of the age," blow up the coals of Tophet for the Reform Bill and all its adherents, and exalt kings and governors, noblemen, bishops, and magistrates. There is, however, nothing like eloquence to recommend their bad doctrine. Their heathenism is too insipid to be palatable.

Religion, however, at Cambridge, is not merely a crazy state machine: it is a positive evil full of deadly poison. Nothing can be conceived worse than the system of forcing the Undergraduates to attend chapel and take the sacrament. Instead of calling over the names of the young men, which would answer all the purposes required, violent means are taken to secure their attendance at chapel seven or eight times a week. The most religious mind could find nothing but penance in such a drudgery.

* A male servant of the College, who drinks ale, and occasionally pilfers from his employers.

It is manifestly considered a mere bodily annoyance by all that go to prayers. The statutes command that the Fellows should attend chapel as punctually as the Undergraduates; but the law slumbers for them, and some of the resident Fellows never go to chapel once in the whole year. The Tutors and Deans are obliged for decency's sake to attend with tolerable regularity: their absence would be too barefaced; but

"Weary wo it is, and labour dire."

I have seen Fellows take books to read in chapel during divine service: their elevated situation, and the size of the folio prayer books, conceal their secret studies from all who are not sitting with them in the stalls. But what have I yet witnessed at chapel? Acts of disorder and profane levity which would scarcely be decent in the shilling gallery of a theatre.

The evil effects of this forced and unnatural religion may easily be supposed. The mind is, in too many instances, set against attending any place of worship; and seeds of disgust to things which deserve the deepest reverence are sown too deep, and take root too soon, to be easily eradicated.

Thus it is, that the evil aversions are as much generated in this unhappy system as the vicious pleasures; a disinclination for things good being produced by the enforced discipline, while an inclination to things evil is promoted from the want of proper restraint. But there are the forms of piety; aye, the forms, which caricature the substance.

But the rites are very devout, for religion precedes and religion follows every meal. There is a fragment of mass recited by one the Fellows sit down to table. Then scholars enter the Hall, take up the prayer book, and begin in antique Latin Antiphones to pour forth pious vœs directed to the solemn occasion. The concluding prayer, after the dinner at Trinity College, petitions, amongst other strange things, that the Fellows may "rise to eternal life, along with King Henry VIII., and Henry Sturton." "Birds of a feather flock together," as the saying is; Henry VIII. and the Fellows of the Trinity College are not without reason united. After supper it is promised us that *that our youth shall be renewed like an eagle's*; "Renovetur ut aquila juvenis tuus" perhaps it is intended by this whimsically coupling eagles and suppers, to remind us of certain texts of scripture concerning eagles and carcases.

On saint-days there is more religion at dinner; the whole choir in surplices enter the Hall in procession, and sing an anthem. A short strophe and antistrophe is performed; and then the Fellow, after a due baptism with rose-water, retire in religious order to the Communion Room, to flash their reverence of the Saints with monastic bumpers and collegiate toasts. On Trinity Sunday, Trinity College, of course, puts forth all its orthodoxy. It is the birth-day of the College, the grand feast of sound opinions. Even the cooks are Athanasian on that day, and it is fixed by an irrevocable decree, that green-groats shall appear on the Fellows' tables. Every imaginable luxury and every possible pomp celebrates the triumphs of Saint Athanasius; and even Armin Fellows join in orthodox computations against George of Cappadocia.

And in what place more appropriate can I speak of that sacred officer, the college cook? He certainly must be viewed as a religious character; for when the office is vacant, the Master and his Council of Senior Fellows retire to the chapel, are locked up in secret conclave, and there, with what rites I know not, proceed in the election of this personage, on whom the happiness of the whole Society mainly depends.*

* It is said that the cook at a great College receives a salary of £2500 per annum. His office must be the most valuable next to the Master's; for in addition to his salary, he has all the profits from the private dinners ordered by the Fellows and Undergraduates. These profits at the lowest calculation must be splendid, and worthy of any one's acceptance. In addition to these good things, there is a mysterious charge of thirteen shillings every term for "detriments" to every Undergraduate. These detriments are all paid to the cook. The real meaning of this hieroglyph is *salt, mustard, pepper, and vinegar*, which no one could expect to find as the real meaning of "detriments." I made some inquiries about the matter, and put my calculations into the hands of persons who might have taken steps to prevent it. I also made proposals to some tradesmen for a contract for these "detriments" the highest contract to furnish the tables per term was £20. It might in reality be done for half that sum. Supposing there are 300 persons so charged, it will amount to nearly £600 per annum. I have been told, that lately these "detriments" have not been introduced in the accounts in one sum, once a term, but are scattered through

Whether there be a mystical ordination, whether he be initiated by some ineffable ritual, whether he swear according to some secret rubric, an (appendix of the consecration of Archbishops and Bishops) that he will dress good dinners and execute all the science of his craft in a workman-like and Vitellian manner, we know not, but that he is elected in the chapel, and in secret, is certain.

The learning is the next topic.

The learning of Cambridge may be thus enumerated :—Divinity, classics, mathematics in all its branches, civil law, metaphysics, and logic. The divinity I have already explained. The logic is a mere nominal study, of which hardly any one knows even the rudiments; a few who study civil law make themselves masters of the syllogistic forms of disputation requisite for keeping the Acts in the schools. Metaphysics have a half-existence; "Locke on the Understanding," is nominally considered a book for examination, and a few printed questions are given to the examinees; but, it is said, that small attention is paid to the answers, and, in short, metaphysics are nearly neglected. There is a sect of refined metaphysicians in the University, but their speculations are far too profound for the general compass of intellects. Their system being that of Kant, and consisting of the sublimations of double-distilled Germanism, is better suited for opium-eaters, mystics, cabalists, rosicrucians, and evocators, than for the pudding-hunting students of Cambridge. As learning in this University is directed towards the solidity of a fellowship or a fat living, the young gentlemen know what they are about too well to solicit the cold and cloudy embraces of a German ghost, who, though she might lead them to the churchyard would not lead them to the church-tithes.

The great College of Trinity pre-eminently encourages the classics, for the examiners occasionally elect to the valuable fellowships of that house young men who cannot answer a single mathematical question. The classical character of this University has been, according to general belief, rapidly advancing in the last twenty years; and certainly they have succeeded in introducing a system far superior to that which existed thirty years ago. The great giant in this work was Porson, who, with his stupendous knowledge of all the intricacies of criticism, has, with the swagger of a bully, tyrannized in the art of restoring the text of the Greek tragedies. It has been the fashion, since his time, to study the Greek tragedies with extreme attention to word and metres; so that, in reality, *hypercriticism* is the fashion at Cambridge. They have, indeed, wire-drawn the art, and brought it to that perfection that it will not be possible to add much more to this elaborate trifling. If a Cambridge scholar wishes to gain repute, he is sure to publish a Greek tragedy, (the three hundred and fifty-seventh edition, perhaps,) and in some pert coxcomb notes to sneer at former editors about a particle or a metre. Hence a learned man here, is a person who is a sharp-scented critic, who has discovered some new canon applicable to the structure of a chorus, or has raised some doubt about an optative mood.

The following remarks apply, in greater or less degree, to the whole scheme of English education :—

It is lamentable to reflect on the education of the young gentlemen of England. They are generally sent to a public school, say Eton, which is unquestionably the worst school in England; there, for five years, they learn a few fragments of the Greek and Latin authors, done up in selections, and which might, by a scholar, be easily read in a fortnight. They make a great many Latin verses, which an Eton boy soon acquires a habit of constructing with slovenly rapidity; and they learn by heart much Greek and Latin verse. Nothing useful in any way is taught them; they know nothing of history, nothing of any science, nothing of the great questions that are agitated in this age. A more ignorant creature could hardly be found than a first-rate Eton boy. From this bad and immoral school they go to Cambridge, still worse, and ten-fold more immoral; and there they bring into play the smatterings of Greek and Latin which they had acquired at Eton, read a few more Greek tragedies or comedies, make some elegant epigrams, and, being fully initiated into the fashionable "cram" of the University, obtain the prizes, and finally, perhaps,

the accounts more frequently in smaller sums. Has the consecrated personage heard any murmuring about his hieroglyph? Let the parties who suffer inquire into this subject, and take steps accordingly. It is said, also, that the college bakers charge 100 per cent. above the market price of bread: I know not if this be true, but it certainly ought to be ascertained. The Undergraduates ought to have a standing committee of their own, to detect and prevent the numerous impositions practised on them at the University.

if the church be their destiny, the fellowships and livings of the colleges. After which, they grow large, read the Quarterly Review and the Standard newspaper, and die at last of the fat rot. These are the clerical gentlemen: the lay gentlemen transmigrate into the genius *booby*, become country squires, magistrates, and members of Parliament, whose ignorance and darkness are too notorious to require any comment. The system of aristocratical education is surely the most whimsical ever heard of. It amounts to this,—that a gentleman ought to be instructed in those things which have no connexion with their views in that station of life to which they may be afterwards called. We are assured that mathematics are the best preparation for a judge, that Latin verse is the most excellent foundation for a member of Parliament, that a future Bishop should be complete master of Greek tragedies and comedies, that a knowledge of the amours of the gods and goddesses, and of the impurity of the classical writers, is the best groundwork for a parson, and that a country magistrate should read the first four books of Euclid. If it is suggested that a judge should have studied law in all its branches, a parson theology, and a member of Parliament history and jurisprudence, they cry out against such a system as full of mischief. Why, then, should not a future farmer be taught weaving, a weaver be instructed in the care of cows, a linen-draper learn how to thresh corn, a Newmarket jockey mature his skill on a tailor's board, and a tailor finish his education at Newmarket? If such a system would be ridiculous amongst plebeians, what can make it not ridiculous amongst aristocrats? The fact is, *the system is established*: it is the interest of a swarm of useless men to keep it so, who would be ruined if it were altered; and, therefore, to prove that what is, is right, they have recourse to sophistry, and to arguments which no rational person would listen to.

Mr. Beverley anticipates, and disposes of a trite defence. Jewels have been found on dunghills; and hence, if dunghills had a voice, and a logic like that of advocates of the Universities, they would argue that dunghills were the places to which men should look for jewels. Nightmen call themselves *gold-finders*, not because their general occupation is the handling of gold, but because now and then they find a stray piece. A similar claim have the Universities to the production of genius. Mr. Beverley looks to the common material, and not to the rare exception. He asks what they make of common men, and not what uncommon men make of them. When the votive offerings of those who had been saved from shipwreck were exhibited in honour of the god, the answer was, "But where are the memorials of those who have perished?" For the few whose names honour the Universities, how many have been wrecked and lost in them!

I request your Royal Highness to look at the gentlemen of England, as they are to be seen at this present time, for an abundant proof of the miserable education which the Universities afford. I request you to remark the conversation of the young patricians at the London dinner-tables; to notice their general conduct and habits of life everywhere; to follow them to their homes, as well as in public, and with your own eyes and ears to ascertain the true state of the case. The gentlemen of England are, generally speaking, an ignorant caste; ignorant to such a degree as, by persons who never have inquired into the subject, could scarcely be credited. A large majority of the patricians are incapable of sustaining a conversation on any subject of history, science, or literature. Their minds have never been cultured at the public schools and universities; they have learned things there which never can be of any use to them, things which tend in no respect to purify or ennoble the intellect, but which keep them grovelling on the earth in all the darkness of the natural man. Their morals have been tainted, and their minds unimproved; so that they turn out at last useless members of society, and are fit only for the degradation of Almshouses, or the opprobrium of the dog-kennel and the stables.

Let not the Universities bring forward a Canning or a Pitt. Canning, truly, was fond of quoting a few Latin verses; and even Pitt, from the more serious occupation of bribing Bishops and Members of Parliament, could occasionally descend to trifle with a few lines from Horace; but it is a strange mistake to imagine that these notorious men would not have been notorious without a University education. Talent will appear without the questionable help of a Cambridge tutor. If, however, some patrician Whig or Tory, who reads this Letter, should sigh with regret over the departed quotations of Canning's "elegant oratory," let such cheer up their drooping

spirits, and know, that a string of quotations from Virgil and Horace might be published as a manual for the Reformed House of Commons, by which, with a single day's study, "the Members" might be armed with elegancies enough for all subjects that ever can be debated; for if all the quotations ever made use of in British senatorial speeches were extracted and numbered, they would be found not to exceed fifty. Honourable gentlemen and noble lords return to old hack verses with wonderful fidelity: they seldom wander far from the safe haunts of the Eton Latin Grammar. The present House of Commons, however, is very different from what it used to be. The Tory dictation is at an end, and the days of Wing deception are numbered. The aristocratical power has received, by the Reform Bill, a heavy blow on the head; and the day is not far distant when even the prodigious Mr. Stanley, lover and ravisher of the Church as by law established, will be consigned to that contempt which his despotic principles justly merit. We are in a fair way to be rid of squire and nobleman's sons; and Cambridge and Oxford will, perhaps, ere long, have to weep in vain for their dear children, swallowed up in the rising flood of plebeians and manufacturers. To this consideration add also, that the present House of Commons is but little disposed to listen to scraps of Virgil from Mr. Stanley, or rags of Horace from Mr. Macaulay. A new style of oratory has been introduced; and it is said that the most efficient orators are those who can best bark like a dog, mew like a cat, or crow like a cock. A violent cough is now the chief argument, and a loud roar the most approved answer. The House of Commons is more a menagerie of beasts than a chamber for debates.

Mr. Beverley sums up:—

The practical effect of the Universities is to produce a vitiated Aristocracy. They have been admirable contrivances in past times for supporting the great Leviathan; but the doctrine of *libertas* is no longer tolerated in the British Isles; and the mighty image, whose head is of gold, and whose feet are of clay, shall be broken to pieces, and become like chaff of the summer threshing-floors. It is not enough now to nourish the Patricians, and to make all things tend to their exclusive profit and glory. The nation will no longer bear the dominion of that lordly nuisance, the Church of England; and, seeing that it draws its heart-blood, and all its mischievous strength from the Universities, will, ere long, strike such a harpoon into the flanks of the great creature, as may enable a Reformed Parliament to cut it up, and sell it for useful purposes. The Universities are eminently aristocratical; all their bearings, direct and indirect, tend to foster the power of the magnates. The young nobles are held in high veneration at Cambridge. They differ from the rest in dress; they are clothed in cloth of gold; they dine with the collegiate dignitaries on elevated platforms; they have precedence, worship, and respect; are placed in stalls to say their prayers over the heads of the baser-born beneath them. But, far more than this, every graduate must pass under the yoke of the Established Church, which concentrates all the dominion of the Patrician order. Many plebeians are unquestionably educated at the Universities; but the process of tests brings them all into the Church, and perhaps half the plebeians who have taken degrees become Priests of the Establishment. Plebeians elevated into the priesthood, not only become part and parcel of that body for which Dukes, Earls, and Barons, Archbishops and Bishops, are ready to put their all on a venture, but are themselves the most ignorant and violent Tories in England. The baser the origin of a clergyman, so much the more furiously does he rage in behalf of the Duke of Wellington, the Bishops, Don Miguel, and the royal stumptet of La Vendée.

On the behalf of the Dissenters, he says,—

If there were no other call for a strong remedy of the manifest abuses of this University, it would be sufficient to point out the fact that every person who takes his first degree there must be a *bonâ-fide* member of the Church of England as by law established. Under such a system as this, it is in vain to call Cambridge and Oxford Universities, for, in fact, they are *particular Universities* or *universities of particularities*; contradictions in term, which demand that they should henceforward not be styled Universities but Particularities. What, we would ask, could be more absurd and more becoming barbarians, than that a Priest should stand at the fountain-head of a science, and say, "No man shall drink of these waters unless he swear that he belongs to our sect?" What can be more profane than thus to tack a declaration of religion to matters totally unconnected with religion? What connexion is there between astronomy and believing in Bishops? Where is the point of union between hydrostatics and the thirty-nine Articles? What have optics to do with "the ordaining of Priests and Deacons?" Why should they, who have passed three years in

preparing for the examinations, such as they are, be met at the end of their pilgrimage with the dead wall of a test : That this should be the end of their labours is the most unexpected of all events : " to be a *bona-fide* member of the Church of England," after the moral and intellectual preparation of the University, is the last transformation which a philosopher could have anticipated. It is a most shameful insult on the faith of Christians, and renders complete that system of deception and force which marks the genius of the Church of England. That this contrivance of kidnapping young men into the Establishment is an utter failure *in foro conscientie*, and that it only produces dissimulation and encourages lying, where people think at all, or profuseness and reckless indifference where they do not choose to think, is a very small matter with the Rulers of the Universities. These considerations are far beneath their attention ; they would gladly people all England with liars, sooner than give a degree to one conscientious Dissenter : the question is not who shall be admitted, but who shall be excluded. All the villains in England that have been baptized, and do not go to a Dissenter's chapel, are "*bona-fide* members of the Church ;" why then, they argue, should any inquiries be made about the candidates for Degrees, farther than by making them subscribe a test ? To be a Member of the Church of Christ and a Member of the Church of England, are as opposite as East and West. But, in truth, the young men have, in the course of their University education, been so used to a mechanical and prostitute religion ; have been so accustomed to be driven to chapel, and to act the hypocrite, as a part of collegiate duty ; have so long seen the faith of Christians disfigured and abused for rural and secular purposes ; have been so long trained themselves to take a part in the masquerade and mimicry of a ceremonious imposture, that it never gives them a moment's uneasiness to take any test when they receive their degree. The Senate House is not a temple dedicated to conscience ; the greater part think not about what they are doing ; they would swear any number of oaths that " the generous and immaculate University " might require. It is only to the serious and conscientious that it is a stumbling-block : tender consciences either wound themselves by telling lies, or keep away from the Universities to avoid the snare. The careless, the profane, the dissolute, leap as easily over these barriers as they will do the five-barred gates, when they shall have entered the Brahminical caste, and shall begin to preach the gospel of peace through lithographed sermons.

But the real secret of the system of subscriptions is, "*to insult and exclude the Dissenters.*" All other reasons are mere pretences ; this is the object and the only object of a custom unknown even in the dark ages, and invented only by the modern Church of England, which in all her short history has ever been framing " mischief by a law."

In fine, he observes of Cambridge, which we believe is not a whit more debauched than its sister, Oxford :—

It has a religion of rituals joined to a debased standard of morals, which legitimates impurity to preserve wealth, and oppresses with ceremonies those whom it deprives of consolation. Learning here is an accumulation of refined trifles ; science, the acquisition of profitless abstractions, speedily smothered by emoluments, or rarely quickened into active life. Tithes and salaries are the extent of a Professor's wishes, and the whole extent of his achievements. Mental exertion is rewarded with sloth, and gifts to the belly oppress the ardour of talent. Young men who come for instruction are too often infected with the general depravity, and go away with a load of debt and the empty honour of a degree. Men of prayer are in imminent peril of backsliding, and repentant debauchees lapse into heresy. Fellowships are a temptation to a sinful celibacy, and religious tests encourage deceit and foster dissimulation. In one word, the University seems to be a slaughter-house of consciences and a kingdom of evil.

THE STAGE AND THE DRAMA.

A GREAT deal has been said by the press, of the impertinence of an illustrious obscure, named Rutch, who, last session, damned himself to everlasting fame, by alluding, in the House, to the player-men, as men who were fit for nothing but actors ; just as the renowned Horace T. was crowned himself with hyssop, during the Reform Bill debate, by appre-

hending that the representation of the country might fall into the hands of the "small attorneys," himself being an attorney "something of the smallest, Master Stephen." Nevertheless, we are inclined to think, (with all due reprobation of Mr. Rotch,) that the temper of the actors of modern times forms a considerable bar to the resuscitation of the Drama. Were an honest sketch to be given of the performers of the present day, by any person unfortunate enough to have been at the mercy of their caprices,—managers, authors, dressers, or prompters,—it would be seen, that the concentrated *morgue* of the House of Peers, including even the Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of Winchelsea, is more than equalled in the green-room of either patent theatre. Not one of them but seems to think his chief importance lies in the power of thwarting his employer, disappointing the public, and professing superiority to his profession. The unlucky dramatist, whose piece has overcome the reluctance of reader, manager, and stage-manager, and been read in the green-room amid the sneers of the company, finds that his greatest difficulty of all lies in propitiating the cavilling spirit of a set of men, for the most part grossly ignorant, and for the whole part misjudging. Green-room damnation invariably foreshows the triumph of a play; unless, as is often the case, a manager is weak enough to condemn his author to truckle to the criticisms of his actors. One of them, being "fat, and scant of breath," insists on having no particles in his lengths—away go conjunctions and disjunctions, "ifs," "buts," "ands," and "fors." Another is "genteel," like Goldsmith's bear-leader. "You have given me the expression of 'a bone to pick,' Mr. Vapid. I beg to tell you that the pit won't stand anything low-lived. I shall give the passage 'a nut to crack, or a pill to swallow.' I shan't commit my reputation by such vulgarity as 'a bone to pick!'"* Another insists upon a pocket handkerchief passage; and, blest with a peculiar grace in unfolding his cantoric, requires "a little bit of pathos" in all his comic parts. These, nevertheless, are the gentlemen so factious, and so courteous at a Theatrical Fund Dinner, and so gentlemanly in their breeding at any other. But plant their foot upon the boards, and the transition in the manners of a naval captain between the boudoir and the quarter-deck, is not more remarkable. No dramatist dares complain; his mouth is sealed by the interests of his next piece. No manager dares condemn or punish, or he would be attacked in the Sunday newspapers, and calumniated at "tavern meetings." But the knowledge of the spirit of offence prevented Scott from applying his great talents to the stage, and will confine the dramatic authorship of the times, either to actors themselves, who understand the secrets of the prison-house, or to men hardened to the vocation, who meet the heroes of the sack and buskin in their own style, and bully or cajole them into good humour. It is not, however, such as these who will regenerate the stage; it is not such as these to whom the dramatic art is a matter of worship as well as of cultivation; and Charles Kemble may almost be forgiven the sacrifice of the profession which forms the pedestal of his family, expressed in the reluctance he avowed and almost boasted, to his daughter's appearance on the stage.

At this very moment,—a moment so critical to the interests of the drama,—what is the line of conduct pursued by the chief actors of the metropolis, with regard to the patent theatres,—on the success of which

* Fact! meo periculo.

depends the permanency of their calling? A lessee, backed as they admit, to such an extent as to secure the fulfilment of his engagements, pledges himself to devote Drury Lane Theatre to the support of the legitimate Drama, Comedy, Tragedy, and Farce, on which these ladies and gentlemen affect to lean, for the support of their professional reputation; and which they petition Parliament for a third theatre to cultivate after their own fashion. But instead of adhering to a cause which is, and which they admit to be their own, not one of them but flies to any gimcrack mountebank stage, by which he can secure half-a-crown per week more than at Covent Garden or Drury Lane. Even Farren, the most finished and most successful comedian on the boards, refuses an engagement of £35 per week for himself and his wife, Mrs. Faucit, in the expectation of making a trifle more elsewhere. We appeal to those who are aware at what rate literary labour is rewarded in the present day, whether thirty guineas a week be not a fair remuneration for a performer whose line of characters is so very limited, that last year, (during the success of the "Rent Day," in which he refused a capital part,) he did not appear more than twice a week. Farren is an admirable actor; but his "Hunchback" was inferior to that of Knowles,—*infinitely* inferior to that of Ward. He must not forfeit the favour of the public by undue arrogance, or by turning his back on the temple of his art. Again, Sheridan Knowles has refused from the new lessee the sum of £500 for a play, on commission; and this circumstance, it is said, tended considerably to secure the King's rejection of the petition for a third playhouse. The refusal of such terms was, in fact, preposterous!

In defiance of the attacks to which we expose ourselves by the assertion, we do not hesitate to confess our opinion, that his Majesty's servants ministered more to the satisfaction of the public, and their own renown, before they quitted their station as Comedians, and affected that of men of wit and pleasure about town. A man who looks to his profession for his reputation, honours it, studies it, and makes it the end and aim of his existence. "Apollo's venal son," who puts up with the dishonour of delivering a certain number of phrases in the public ear, on Mondays and Thursdays, for the satisfaction of receiving a certain portion of current coin on Saturday morning, and appearing at supper parties, clubs, operas, and in the Park, the intervening days, will never find his way into Westminster Abbey. He may consider it a fine thing to harass his manager, thwart his author, perplex his prompter, damn his scene-shifter, and shirk rehearsal; but he will never rise to historical eminence in his profession. Instead of passing his time over the punch-bowl with dissipated young lords, whom he has a right to despise, and who resort to the green-room, not as to the portico, but as to a harum, he ought to be engaged in study, or in such bodily recreation as tends to fortify his health, and relax, without brutalizing, his mind.

How different the system of things in France; where, in spite of the march of intellect and the influence of Moliere and Talma, a player is still the Paria of society!—Denied the empty distinction of a funeral ceremony, and the pernicious fellowship of the great, the French actor applies himself to unremitting cultivation of his art, as a rock on which he elevates himself in superiority to the prejudices of the world. He spares neither his time nor trouble; goes hand in hand with his author. Instead of reading over his part, like the English mime, to ascertain what he can "cut out," he studies it in the hope of discovering some additional effect beyond the reach of a writer's inexperience. Whenever

a new piece of merit appeared at the Français, during his time, *Talma committed the whole to memory*; and was in the habit of prompting the other actors at rehearsal, and aiding the young performers, male or female, in the study of their parts. After Talma had said, "It should be given *thus*," no one dreamed of giving the passage otherwise; for his brethren were aware that he had applied his whole attention to every syllable of the piece. Nor did he ever appear on the stage in his most familiar parts, Nero, Sylla, Hamlet, without a diligent rehearsal in the course of the morning! He was seen to sit poring over Oreste, within six months of his retirement from the stage, ascertaining whether experience suggested any new interpretations of the text. And what was the result?—That he lived wealthy and died immortal. The name of Talma is honoured in France beyond that of any histrion in England. The writer of these rambling observations was conversing one evening, last summer, with one of the guardians of the Père la Chaise cemetery; when a simple country lad, of about twenty years of age, came up, with his garland of laurel and everlasting in his hand, to inquire the way to the grave of "*le grand Talma*," that he might deposit his offering on the tomb! In the same way, the monument of Mademoiselle Raucourt, (whose bust presents, and whose acting presented a striking resemblance to our own Siddons,) is frequently covered with fresh flowers.

At the present moment, most of the great poets of France are writing for the stage; Victor Hugo, Delavigne, De Vigny, and others. Nor do the peculiar advantages connected with dramatic copyright afford their sole inducement. Nothing can be more courteous and satisfactory than their connexion with the players; who are not taught to look upon authors as poor devils, infinitely worse remunerated than themselves. By the wisdom of managers, too, the scenery, decorations, and costuming of the piece of his invention, are left to the suggestion of the author; so that the actors are not allowed to make buffoons of themselves, according to their own sense of the becoming, and their want of any other sense.* A five act piece is carefully rehearsed, for six or seven weeks, previous to representation; no performer presumes to absent himself on idle pretexts: and, at length, the play is given with a dress rehearsal to a select critical audience,—an advantage only accorded in London to the Christmas pantomimes. Ten days, and even a week, are usually given at our patent theatres to the preparation of five act pieces; and it is rare, indeed, that more than two-thirds of the actors appear at rehearsal;—the costumes are never even *seen* by the author (unless in some favoured instance) till they appear on the stage before the public.

One of the cleverest and most amusing specimens of the histrionic art, ever imposed on an audience, lies in the humility, the deprecation, the reverence of the actor's bow to the applause of the house, and audience, one second before, in the slips, he has been treating with a contumely of scorn, seldom expressed against any portion of the public, except in Parliamentary language. A survey of the house is generally taken through the curtain, for the information of the green-room; and pronounced to be a "box audience," or a "gallery audience," or a "minor-theatre audience;" and the actor plays Othello black or white,

* An exclamation of one of our leading English actresses, (now highly married,) may be cited in evidence:—"La! Mr. Elliston!—there's Mr. — going to act the Black Prince, and I declare he hasn't got his face blacked."

and the manager snows white or brown, accordingly. Behind the scenes Macbeth may be seen tapping one of the prettiest of the witches under the chin; and Richard Crookback flirting with the soubrette who plays the elder nephew he is about to smother. Talma would never allow a syllable to be uttered in the part of the slips where he stood apart, immersed in contemplation, summoning around him the images and associations preparatory to the emotions of the coming scene. In the memorable urn scene in the French Hamlet, (rendered ludicrous by Matthews' imitation,) so real was the passion of the tragedian, that the tears often rolled down his cheeks upon the funeral urn; and nervous attacks, almost epileptic, often followed his performance of his more energetic parts. With the exception of Macready, Farren, Harley, and Ward, there is scarcely a performer now on the English stage who is ever perfect, even in the words of his part; and their carelessness is, we must admit, fully sanctioned by the indifference of the public. Kean has often been known to introduce into one of Shakspeare's plays long passages from another, without any token of detection or disapproval from the house. . . .

Instead, therefore, of sneering (with Mr. Benjamin Rotch) at actors for being only actors, we own it will give us great pleasure when we find them aspiring to be nothing else. As actors, we admire them, we respect them,—we hear of their ailings with regret, and their deaths with affliction. But a fine actor makes a very poor gentleman, and can make something far nobler in the eyes of his contemporaries. While they boast, at tavern dinners, of their parts and education, nine in ten are capable, like old Fawcett, of reproaching a brother actor with talking of *imminent* danger. "Why, Sir, there's not a grammar-school boy, but would teach ye the word is *eminent*. Eminent danger! Sir. Let me hear no more *imminents* where I am stage manager. Pray, Sir, are you from Ireland?" Yet Fawcett could draw tears, or produce roars of laughter, where Gibbon, or Johnson, or Rogers would not so much as have dictated a source of passion.

We wish the Drama well. We care nothing for Mr. Bunn, except as the present steward of its fortunes. But whenever or wherever circumstances come to our knowledge connected with the secret obstacles laid in the way of the progress and prosperity of the dramatic art, we shall unscrupulously expose them. The interests of the Drama are now under the attention of the legislature. And it is fitting that the green curtain should be fully drawn up; and the whole mysteries of the modern stage exposed to examination.

NOTES ON PARIS;

Or Correspondence of the Grimm of the Cockneys with the King of Cockatoo.

NOTE II.—FRENCH POLITICS.

WHAT traveller in Switzerland neglects to visit the site of the village of Goldau, near the lake of Lanerz, overwhelmed, some years ago, with all its inhabitants, by the fall of a mountain? Or who, when an earthquake has "toppled down high towers and moss-grown steeples,"—throwing up new soil and new productions in their place,—but hastens to the scene of convulsion, to investigate the fruits brought forth by

the renovated earth? In Sicily, the wine (*Terra mota*) is estimated the finest, where the vineyard has been shaken with an earthquake!

So is it after a revolution! The moral mineralogist proceeds to the spot, with his hammer in his hand, to scrutinize what novelties the creation has unfolded through those fissures of the earth, which enable us to pry into her mysteries. The agriculturist busily compares the growth of the new stratum brought to the surface, with the harvests reared upon that old alluvial soil deposited by the floods of time,—shakes his head on observing the abundant crop of weeds, which have sprung up from the rankness of its redundant and unpurified strength; and regrets that the shortness of human life will, during his day, afford no estimate of the influence of the new stratification on forest trees of nobler growth. It is something, however, to watch their slow progress towards maturity; and the lapse of three years since the Three Glorious Days of July, 1830, enables us, in some measure, to conjecture whether posterity will confirm, in their honour, the decree of contemporary enthusiasm; and to decide whether, although the French nation have got something *better* in place of what was *bad*, they may not aspire, at some future epoch, to achieve the *best*?

The quality of the “better” is that which first imports us to determine. There has been time for the new ground to settle into some degree of stability; and we have a right to look to the progress of the legislative and correctional tribunals, to the state of public worship, to the prospects of art and science, to the tone of literature and of the Drama, to the moral regeneration of the people, and the re-establishment of social institutions, in evidence of the advantages secured.

Investigations of this comprehensive nature have recently been attempted in France; but by partisans either of the monarchical or republican factions. The facts of one side have consequently been the lies of the other; and it will probably be a foreigner who sets the question in a fair and equitable light. Meanwhile, conscious of our inadequacy to a task which demands a prolonged residence on the spot, and an intimate familiarity with the customs and characteristics of the people, we are willing to contribute our quota of information, in the shape of a nosegay, of such weeds as may be culled by any idle passenger over the new territory; or a handful of the pebbles which lie upon the surface, too trivial for the attention of the scientific mineralogist. Paris, in October, 1833, compared with Paris in June, 1830, will be an amusing, as well as an edifying

The first question we are inclined to ask is, “What has become of the Carlists or Holy Alliance party?”

“Have they sunk in earth, or melted in air?”

“We know not,—we care not,—but nothing is there.”

The Carlists, like the Tories, deal vengeance upon the offending people, by withdrawing the light of their countenance; a light which, after all, was only darkness visible! The Tories take to their travelling carriages, and quit England for the Continent. The Carlists,—creatures of office,—possessed of little besides their hotels in the Faubourg St. Germain, and their dilapidated chateaux in the provinces, having no money for travelling expenses, either exile themselves to the latter, or bastille themselves within the former, unmissed, unmourned, unwept! Eighteen of the most considerable private hotels in Paris have been shut up for the last three years; but who cares for their desertion, unless the unfortunate tradesmen, in whose books the names and debts of the illustrious owners

are inscribed as on a monument? Who suffers by their emigration but themselves? The Carlist mansions, still inhabited, afford, meanwhile, a focus of sullen disaffection, such as that which affixed a perpetual blister on the side of the First Consul. In the circles of the Faubourg St. Germain, the Court and habits of the Citizen Monarch are subjected to the same severe satire, which his administration and policy meet with from the liberals; but; whereas,—

“It is the slaver kills, and not the bite,”—

the drivelling of the creeping things of the Faubourg, is said to inflict severer suffering upon the Bourbon King, (regenerated, but still a Bourbon,) who holds possession of the throne, than the boa-constrictor grasp of more fearful enemies. Yet who can do ought but laugh at the puny malice of a party, of which the Duchesse de Berri is the *Jeanne d'Arc*, and Monsieur Dufougerais, the editor of “*The Mode*,” or “*World of Fashion*,” newspaper, the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*? What a Bayard for *la jeune France*! What a brave *Dunois* for the chivalry of legitimacy!

But if the Faubourg St. Germain, of October, 1833, may be said to resemble a huge mausoleum, whose music is the dirge of priests, and whose light is seen as through (painted) glass, darkly, the *Chaussée d'Antin* has lost something of its pert prosperity. The ascendancy of money brokerage, necessitated by the temporary emergencies of the state, has subsided to its proper level; and the money-spinner has become secondary and adjunctive to the interests of national industry. The monarchy, as now by the will of the people established, has been judiciously called the reign of property and labour. Bankers are only men of other people's property and their own idleness. In the infancy of a savage tribe, implements become divinities, and a hammer is worshipped as a god. In the infancy of a regenerated government, every instrument of power becomes important; the man with a strong box no less than the man with a strong head. But the day of the *Chaussée d'Antin* was a brief one. The boughs of a sappling incline towards the earth which nourishes its roots. The full-grown oak flings aloft its boughs to the winds and the light of heaven, forgetful of the source which supplied its earliest vigour. The golden crop sowed by the *Laffittes* and their kind, having brought forth plentiful harvests, the reapers have now seed-corn of their own, to fertilize new-ground, and feed the general demand.

Other remarkable transitions of opinion have taken place. The military fervour which for a moment possessed a nation which, since the downfall of Napoleon, had been shorn of its mustachios, has gradually disappeared. For a moment the sight of an epaulet served to revive long-repressed associations of national glory. During the invasion-part in England, every local militia-man fancied himself a Marlborough. During the convalescence from the *ordonnance* fever, every national guard fancied himself a Lannes or a Désaix. But the illusion was temporary. The inconveniences arising to their business of private life, from the duties of civic guardianship, soon stirred up the egotism of the trading classes. Great difficulty was experienced by government in gathering together the legions of National Guards, which graced the puppet-show review of last July. The prisons of Paris are constantly filled with the refractory; and its public institutions guarded by citizens too proud to don the national uniform, who mount guard at the very gates of the Tuileries, with their military belts buckled over their every-day clothes, grumbling away their day with a musket on their shoulder, and ex-

changing chit-chat and pinches of snuff with their passing acquaintances. The new monarchy has, therefore, no longer a military surface. Just as it was found impossible to naturalize the British Constitution, in a country where hereditary peerage was abolished, and the hereditary aristocracy of wealth suppressed, with the suppression of the *droit d'aînesse*, or *majorat*, and where consequently no efficient Upper House could be established to form the balance of the state; it has proved absurd to renew the military system of Napoleon, now that the country is at peace, and its armies at leisure to defend the hearths of the citizens.

The agitators, or movement party, must be accepted as a very inadequate representation of the Republicans of France. The Republicans, or regenerative party, have, for the most part, retired into obscurity; satisfied that the Revolution of the Three Days was only a storm, that did its part to purify an overcharged atmosphere, and not a moral deluge, creating a new order of the earth and a new race of inhabitants. Many of these men lent their aid to establish the present form of government; nay, without their aid, its establishment would have been more than problematical. "It is necessary," said they, "that every form of monarchy should be tried and condemned, in France, before a republic can be permanently instituted. The descent to the general level must be rendered as smooth and progressive as possible. The fewer interests sacrificed, and classes extinguished, the better. If it be possible to engraft a king upon a system of general equality, (Salisbury steeple on Salisbury plain!) be it so! The system of equality is in process of establishment; the hereditary Peerage having been extinguished by the very Peers themselves. Let us try whether we can amalgamate a monarch with the mass. Louis Philippe is an active and conscientious man. Let him reign his best, while we retire to concoct a new form of republican government for the benefit of our grandsons. History affords no precedent on which to ground our projects. The position of America, both physical and moral, is totally at variance with that of France. Experience will teach us nothing, except in those general lessons derived from the destinies of nations, which point out what to shun, rather than on what rock to build our trust." Such are the views of the philosophical Republicans, who, having lent their influence to the Revolution, have retired from all participation in its results. They "bide their time!"

Whether Louis Philippe be, in truth, *reigning his best*, is the next matter to consider,—in what degree the policy of the *Doctrinaires* has influenced his judgment,—and how far he has been de-Bourbonized by the influence of *circumstances*. It was the fashion to call Napoleon, "*un enfant de la Révolution*;"—Louis Philippe is the "*enfant trouvé*" of the last Revolution. It is now admitted that the present *chef de l'état* had no more share in cooking the dish, than any other king in the preparation of any other dish of which he partakes. Lafayette and the Duke of Orleans, the supposed chiefs of the conspiracy of 1830, had not met for thirty years, till they confronted each other at the Hotel de Ville, on the third of the three days! The Revolution of July was, in fact, a sort of spontaneous combustion,—there existed no plot, but the conspiracy of public opinion! A positive and pressing evil was to be remedied; no one had time to think of consequences; and the energy of enthusiasm in a good cause, for a time, repressed even the evil propensities of the worst of agents. The great event was consequently unstained by excess; and, for three days, the moral regeneration of the people seemed effected. It was not till the hurricane subsided, that the

same noxious vapours and obscure reptiles were seen to defile the earth! Meanwhile the State, which, like nature, abhors a vacuum, began, like the frogs of old, to cry aloud for a king—a king to satisfy the prejudices of foreign powers, as well as their own desires; and Louis Philippe was accepted,—not like a wife, “for better for worse,” but because no worse or no better was to be had. A happy accident supplied the throne of the new monarchy with an honest* and intelligent man. Since his accession, his activity in public life has not relaxed. The meanness of courtiership, which not ten revolutions could extinguish, has occasionally prompted him into the folly of fancying he owes his elevation to his own deserts, and of causing him to maunder over his prowess of Valney and Jemmappes. But the man is a good man.* It was too much to expect intimate skill from his charioteership, so long as his seat upon it was insecure, and his reins imperfectly affixed to the bits of his leaders; but he is now bowling smoothly along the road. The system of national education has been improved and extended; the commerce of the interior still looks forward with confidence to his protection and his railroads; the international commercial alliance with Great Britain is strengthened; and, in spite of the political intolerance suggested by his present ministry, and the prosecutions directed against a few hot-headed demagogues, we augur good thing for his reign.* It will do nothing to accelerate, with injurious abruptness, the progress of republicanization whose security evidently rests upon the calmness and sobriety of its march.

The family of the Citizen King, meanwhile, exhibits a most unobjectionable character. The Queen is a virtuous wife, a good mother, an inoffensive Princess. Her children, who are well educated, are possessed of tolerable abilities; with the exception of the Prince Royal, Duke of Orleans, a good-looking, well-mannered, well-dressed young man, without a grain of talent. But as no one looks forward to the permanence of the present dynasty, his deficiency is considered unimportant; and the higher and middling classes are well satisfied with a Prince who rides such good horses *à l'écuyer Anglais*, and wears his Hussar uniform so gallantly. The Duke of Orleans has, however, no more chance of being King of the French than of becoming Cacique of Poyais!

On arriving in France, nothing strikes the traveller more than the sort of *pro tempore* character attached to all its public monuments. The handful of coin which warns us on the quay at Calais that, within the last twenty years, three races, (those of Napoleon, Louis XVIII., and Louis Philippe,) have had possession of the throne, becomes verified as we advance. Nay, so often have the conservators of the public works been taxed to alter or remove the insignia of the varying dynasties, that, at the palace of St. Cloud and others, trophies of arms have been substituted in the frescoes, and architectural ornaments for the Ns, Ls, and Cs, which have successfully distinguished the proprietorship of the Royal domains. On the esplanade of the Invalides, a plaster cast of the *Citoyen des deux mondes*, painted over in bronze, was so scorched by the sun during the summer, that the surface blistered off; and the only image bearing the superscription of the new Cæsar in his new capital, presents the aspect of a piebald nigger! The splendid edifice of the Madeleine, which is re-christened and dedicated to a different object at every political change, after being intended as a church, a Temple of

* We demur to this character of Louis Philippe.—E. T. M.

Glory, an Opera House, and an expiatory chapel, is now once more a Temple of Glory. The seminaries, erected for the Jesuits by Charles X., are now Normal Schools; and the monastery on the ci-devant Mont Calvaire has become a barrack, "on the Valerian Mount." But if the old institutions are travestied, and the St. Genevieve, which first became a Pantheon, next St. Genevieve again, has risen again into the Pantheon, new monuments and new institutions are not wanting. The improvements of the Louvre proceed; the foundations of a new bridge, new entrepôts, and a new museum of natural history, are laid. Two correctional prisons are completed; and the triumphal arch of the Etoile has advanced by a story.—Our next note upon Paris will concern the state of Literature, the Drama, and the Fine Arts—including the Art of Cookery—one of the finest in France.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

1. *The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction.*

WRITING for children, like writing for the people, has always been considered a very easy office, and, therefore, far below the notice of philosophers. The one and the other have thus fallen into inefficient hands, and have hitherto been inadequately performed. The truth is, however, that the task, in both cases, is one of extraordinary difficulty; requiring a very intimate knowledge of human nature, and an exceedingly nice and discriminating judgment. For the present, we shall confine ourselves to the writing for children; and shall hazard a few remarks on this interesting subject, in the hope of awakening attention to it, and also of bringing into notice the very excellent work, the title of which we have prefixed to this article.

In all writings for children, we should keep distinctly in view two very distinct objects—the one the training of the moral character, the other the training of the mind. We can gain our objects in a twofold manner,—first, by strengthening and informing the understanding; and, secondly, by so strengthening the associations that habits may be created. While conveying knowledge, we ought so to convey it as to invigorate the mental faculties, to make the mind a good instrument for the further acquirement of knowledge; and we ought so to manage our whole teaching as to produce trains of association of a gentle and virtuous nature. In infancy the actual knowledge acquired is of a very small and insignificant amount; but the habits that are then framed, and the mental power, in fact, with the moral and mental character then created, are indelible. It is this latter fact which renders the season of infancy so all important in the business of education.

It should ever be remembered that the mind in infancy is like the body at that period; it is not that it is simply inexpert, but it is also incapable—it wants force. For example, the reason why the infant cannot walk, is not merely because it does not *know* how; if it knew ever so well, it has not the force sufficient for the purpose. By training he acquires both the knowledge and the physical force that are needed. This is precisely analogous to the situation of his mind. It is not merely without knowledge: it is also incapable of seizing and grasping certain

sorts of knowledge ; and exactly, as overworking the body in infancy, or giving it too heavy work, injures the body, so does every attempt to force upon the mind matters above its capacity impair and weaken the understanding.

Any one who will take the trouble to investigate, will quickly learn, that the mind of a child can seldom comprehend general, or, as they are sometimes termed, abstract propositions. The words in which such propositions are expressed, may be retained by the memory ; but the ideas which these words are intended to embody never enter the understanding of the child. This circumstance is of unspeakable import, and should modify every lesson which the child receives. He should be taught by illustrations, by individual cases ; and his mind, by degrees, should be led from the several cases to the general expression, in which the fact common to all the cases is, as it were, embodied. Let us take as an example, what is called the principle of gravitation. Let a child of five or six years of age read the following passage, relating to one of the incidents of what is termed gravity, and we feel certain that a complete incapacity on the part of the child to understand it will be immediately apparent.* "Owing to the *inertia* of matter, any force continuing to act on a mass which is free to obey, it produces in the mass a quickening or accelerated motion ; for as the motion given in the first instant continues afterwards without any further force, merely on account of the *inertia*, it follows that as much more is added during the second instant, and as much again during the third, and so on." (Elements of Physics, p. 88.)

Now the incapacity of the child to understand this, arises from the *generality* of the expression ; and there are few children, who could not be made to comprehend the various instances that may be given of this general expression, and who in time would come to see wherein all these instances were alike, and to attach ideas to the expressions which we have just quoted.

A case in illustration has been here selected from the physical world, in order to render the error apparent. In this department of science, however, the error, when committed, is not so mischievous in its results as when the subject of instruction falls within the limits of the moral sciences ; and, unfortunately, it is precisely in this latter case, that this mode of instruction is attempted. Any one who has visited an infant-school must have seen the walls covered with the widest and most abstruse generalities of ethical and religious science : any one who has opened a book of instruction for children must have met with wise sayings of the same nature. These, which are the ends of science, are first submitted to the infant understanding, which cannot comprehend what is intended by them, or for what purpose they are brought before its notice. We have now lying before us, a collection of books, published by the Sunday School Union ; and, on opening the first one that chance presented to us, we find the following questions and answers. The little work from which we extract them is called, "The Second Catechism, without Proofs."

1. Q.—Dear child, do you know what you are ?

A—I am a creature of God ; for he made me, both body and soul.

* Let no one imagine that we intend to find fault with the work from which this extract is made. We know of none who has done so much to render science attainable by the common reader as Dr. Arnott. Could he be induced to write for children, our present complaints would have been uncalled for.

2. Q.—How do you know you have a soul?

A.—Because I find something within me that can think and know, can wish and desire, can rejoice and be sorry, *which my body cannot do.*

3. Q.—Wherein doth your soul differ from your body?

A. My body is made of flesh and blood, and it will die; but my soul is a spirit, and it will live after my body is dead.

We beseech the reader to picture to himself a child endeavouring to understand these questions. To learn the words is easy; but to attach to them any ideas of which the child could be made cognizant, we believe utterly impossible. Body and soul, spirit and dying, think and know, wish and desire—which my body cannot do. Where is the man, to say nothing of children, who does not feel all these the most difficult subjects of thought? How is it possible for a child to say what his body does, as separate from what is here called his soul? When the child says, "*I am hungry,—I have lost my doll, and I am sorry,*" does he, can he fancy *I*, any thing beyond and different from his body? In fact, had we not seen the book, and had we not personal experience that it is actually used in the schools of this country, so preposterous is the whole affair, that we should have found it impossible to believe that such a thing was in existence, and turned to such a purpose. Oh, but we must teach the poor religion, it is said. Very well, we answer, teach them; but, in the name of all that is reasonable, do not call this teaching. This is destroying the understanding: doing more harm than if you left the child to itself. Putting the child's body into a factory, and working it twelve hours a-day, is absolute beneficence, when compared with this torturing of its understanding. The business of the mill would be play, in comparison with attempting to learn and comprehend this wretched farrago.

What, then, is desired? That which is desired is to present such ideas to the child as he can grasp; and to present them in individual, and general expressions. We use the term individual for want of a better. Let there be no wide generalizations—no merely verbal obstructions,—but let the child learn everything that he can from things. What we ought to be solicitous about, is the character which his understanding takes; not of the knowledge it acquires. Once make the instrument a good one, and knowledge will be easily attained. Exercise his sympathies—present to him subjects with which his young mind can feel sympathy;—these subjects must be human beings like himself, and animals with which he is familiar. Let us hear no telling about spirits, and soul and body, and dying. You might as well speak Greek to the child, and expect him to understand it as English.

It is on this plan we see that the authors of the Parent's Cabinet are proceeding. The work comes out in monthly numbers, at the small price of sixpence each. The various articles are adapted to different ages; and plates, illustrative and explanatory, are scattered through the volumes. The chief aim of the writers appears to be to make themselves not merely intelligible to children, but interesting to them,—and while interesting, in the best sense of the word, instructive: habituating their little readers to think, and think with profit; not tasking them *beyond*, but *according* to their understandings; preparing them, by gentle and gradual steps, to face all the great difficulties of science. Rearing the tender minds, as they would the tender bodies of children; and making both vigorous and healthy.

Some of the articles are tales—and the effect of these upon children we have been careful to watch. Of all that has yet appeared, the tale

that most interested us, and without shame we confess to this interest, even though they be children's books, was "Harry the Shrimper;" but we have not found our little friends of the same opinion. The reason soon became obvious. The interest in Harry the Shrimper, was an interest in the situation of the father and mother of the child. It was with these that we naturally sympathized. We could understand what their emotions were,—could enter into and show them. Children, however, cannot so readily, or completely do this,—their interest is consequently far more excited by matters entirely connected with children. The story of Ruth, the American girl, has excited an intense and overpowering interest in children, who read almost coldly the tale of Harry the Shrimper. This circumstance is an important one, serving as a guide to the means of seizing and retaining the attention of children. We must learn, in each stage of infancy, what are the classes of ideas most within their grasp, most likely to excite their interest; and then we should make the instruments to cultivate the understanding. We shall find, for example, that all children are peculiarly interested in the works of nature immediately before them;—as flowers, insects, birds, animals. These, then, and the various matters connected with them, may be turned to excellent use, both as regards the understanding and the moral habits. Through the knowledge respecting them, we can, by degrees, accustom the mind to correct ideas by classification, to the habit of following out and weighing evidence, and so on; while the morality of the child may be equally influenced through the various classes of emotions which can be elicited by these subjects.

Variety is also another requisite in the education of children. Long continued attention is impossible in their case; the state of their nervous sensibility requiring constant change. As in the case of the body, so in that of the mind. A child, while awake, must be in constant activity; an activity not of one kind, but of several. In the mental training, this is attained by submitting to the mind various subjects for consideration; passing from one topic to another, before lassitude is felt by application to any one. It is for this reason that a work of a miscellaneous nature is desirable for children,—it is for this reason, that attempting to instruct children, merely by giving them knowledge respecting one subject only, no matter how important, is in the highest degree ridiculous, and even dangerous.

We sincerely hope that the benevolent authors of this little work will continue their labours, and extend their usefulness, by taking in a still wider range of subjects, and writing for children of a more advanced age.

J. A. R.

RESISTANCE TO THE ASSESSED TAXES, &c.

THE middle and lower classes feel that they are aggrieved by some of our existing institutions; but they do not see the cause of the wrong, they suffer, nor the effectual mode of obtaining redress. While the middle classes are combining to resist the Assessed Taxes, Tithes, and Church Rates, the working classes are forming Trades' Unions, to resist the tendency of our system of Corn Laws, restrictions, and unequal taxation, to depress their condition to a pitch of extreme wretchedness. In all these struggles, the middle and working classes are like men who aim at the bludgeon with which they are struck, instead of at the as-

sailant who wields it. The remedy is real representation. Did the legislature truly represent the wishes of the people, every bad law would be abolished the instant its badness should be generally felt. But the pretended representatives do not feel as the people they nominally represent. They retain the iniquitous Corn Laws, and taxes on the necessaries of life, which press upon the working classes, and drive them into combinations against their masters; and they retain the Assessed Taxes, and drive the middle classes to a resistance almost amounting to rebellion. There is both wickedness and folly, on the part of the legislature, in thus clinging to abuses which they cannot, after all, long maintain. But, although all the wickedness is on the side of the legislature, the middle and working classes do not permit their superiors in rank to monopolize the folly. If, instead of resisting, to the verge of rebellion, one or two unequal taxes, the middle classes would insist upon such a farther reform of the representation as would enable them to elect men who would honestly represent their wishes in Parliament; and if the working classes would direct their powerful Trades' Unions to the breaking down of that exclusive system of election which denies them any voice in the appointment of the men who are to have the power of taxing them, and compelling them to do military service; the force of these two classes united would be irresistible. The representatives would be in unison with their constituents; and the King and House of Lords would have no power to prevent a patriotic Ministry and House of Commons from acting, in every instance, conformably to the wishes of the people they represent. Then Trades' Unions and resistance to the Laws would be things as unknown as useless. Whatever the people willed to do, they would be enabled to do quietly and constitutionally, through their representatives in the House of Commons. A low franchise, vote by ballot, and an annual rendering of account by the representative to the represented, would animate the House of Commons with all the people's feelings, and invest it with all their power. And this reformation of our representative system would destroy none of the proper influence of rank and property. The Duke would still have more influence than the Squire, the Squire than the Farmer, and the Farmer than the Labourer; supposing their moral and intellectual characters equally good. Besides, superior education, and greater leisure to cultivate the mental faculties, would give the man of rank and wealth a great advantage over the industrious classes, in the beneficial influence of intelligence and moral worth. A man of high station, if not of inferior character, will always be preferred by the industrious classes to one of their own order. There is only too much tendency to respect adventitious distinctions.

It is impossible to blame the movements against the Assessed Taxes in England, and the Tithes in Ireland. The abolition of both was promised; the promises were broken; and no course left to the people, but to submit to what they regard as legal plunder, or to resist the laws. It is only matter of regret that the same energetic popular movement is not brought to bear upon that system which upholds so many bad laws, and which, while it lasts, will require the movement to be repeated before any other grievance will be redressed. After the Assessed Taxes have fallen, and Tithes been abolished, the Corn Laws will cause another semi-rebellion before they are repealed. The taxes on Malt, Sugar, Tea, News and Political Knowledge, &c. &c., will each stir up the people to resistance in their turn—resistance, perhaps, of a worse kind than the present, as passive resistance cannot operate effectually on

indirect taxes. The foundations of social order may be shaken by these repeated irregular movements of the people, and by the growing conviction that only by resistance to bad laws can the Legislature be wrought upon to repeal them.

In the importance of maintaining social order, all parties are agreed ; but the three political parties mean different things by the same expression. Each adds something to the simple idea which the word *order* suggests. By order, the Tories, and their friends of the Holy Alliance, mean order, with the aristocracy governing, and the people suffering in peace. By order, the Whigs mean the same thing, with the *appearance* of the people having a share in the government, and something to do with the laws besides obeying them. By order, Radical or real Reformers mean order, with the people governing—that is, *they themselves*, through real representatives, making the laws which they are to obey, and altering and improving these laws at their pleasure. The Tory idea of order, is the vigorous and efficient government of the aristocracy by force ; the Whig notion is the peaceful* government of the aristocracy by manœuvre and influence, and by concession, when absolutely necessary to prevent revolt. Tory order is what this country will never be cursed with again !† and Whig order has been tried, and found to lead to most admired disorder. It has been found that the shadow of Reform will not satisfy the people without the substance ; that although they may be wheedled to retain a House of promise-breaking Whigs for seven years, they will not submit to be pillaged under form of law. The Whig sort of order having failed, and the Tory sort being banished for ever from this country, (from the British Island that is : Ireland still has it, green as ever,) the obviously proper course is to try Radical order, or the government of the people by themselves. Surely even the aristocracy would rather have an orderly popular government, than see the laws resisted, and falling into contempt, as at present. The people are learning dangerous lessons. Resistance to authority is becoming too familiar to their minds. The only remedy is good government ; and the only means of obtaining good government, is a cordial union of the middle and working classes to obtain a farther improvement of the representative system. It is notorious that the present House of Commons is the mere creature of Ministers. The people were resolved on obtaining the abolition of the Assessed Taxes ; and the members of Parliament knew it, nay, were, in most instances, pledged to vote for the abolition. But the Minister chose to retain these taxes, and the people's representatives obeyed the Ministerial will with lackey-like obsequiousness. They have acted in the same way with regard to the Bread Tax, and will do the same when that most abominable of all imposts shall be again brought before Parliament. The old borough-mongering Parliaments could do no worse. Reform has still to be obtained. Let the men of Birmingham think of this ; and, instead of exposing themselves to contempt by their public meetings in favour of the currency nonsense, and the Equitable Exchange foolishness, repeat the part which once they acted so nobly.* That measure of reform which the nation obtained was mainly owing to the majestic attitude of Birmingham.

* Except in the case of Ireland, which they think not deserving of better than Tory treatment ; that is to say, force without any ceremony.

† Although the Tory party is not unlikely to regain power, through the imbecility and discovered hollowness of the Whigs, the Tories know that it is impossible that their favourite sort of order can be again established. It must give place to the Whig sort, with more attention to the popular will than the Whigs have shown.

THE DEBT ;—A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BY JOHN BULL.

AFTER THE MANNER OF T. H. BAYLEY.

AIR—" Oh no, we never mention her."

Oh yes, I often mention it,—
 It haunts me in my sleep ;
 And when I cast the *night-mare* off,
 I only wake—to weep !
 From war to war they hurried me,—
 I mean the Tory set,—
 And when they'd drain'd my pocket dry,
 They left me deep in debt !
 'Twas said Reform a *change* would bring,
 And me from burdens free ;
 But as they've taken *all my cash*,
 They've left *no change* for me. •
 'Tis true, that I am curs'd no more
 With Croker and his set,—
 I do not feel Old Bags and Peel,
 But still am I—in debt !
 They say that I am happy now,—
 The highest of the high,—
 They hint that I forget the past,
 But ah !—'tis all a lie !
 The bailiffs in their *sponging-house* •
 My body soon may get ;
 And nothing *but a sponge*, I'm sure,
 Can wipe away my debt !

ITALIAN SINGERS, DANCERS, AND FIDDLERS.

" Monsieur le Comte, on vous demande,
 Si vous ne mettez le hola,
 Le peuple se revoltera !"
 " Dites au peuple, qu'il attende :
 Il faut que j'aille a l'Opera."

Who would believe that this satire addressed itself to Monsieur de Maurepas, before the first revolution ! Certainly not those who have an opportunity of watching the grey heads, and wrinkled foreheads, which at this present writing adorn three times a week the royal, and the diplomatic boxes of the French opera ;—to witness the feats of Perrot, (whose " vaulting ambition" more than rivals their own ;) or the *ronds de jambe* of Brocard, (a girouette still more rapid in her evolutions than themselves, or their kind.) The moment Taglioni appears on the stage, up go the glasses ! and some two dozen reverend heads, in which the destinies of the kingdom are locked, as in Portia's leaden casket, lay themselves together in breathless attention, to watch every gesture, every glance, every smile of the Bayadère !—You have seen the same men that very morning, taking snuff to keep themselves awake, during one of the Count de Montlosier's erudite speeches from the tri-

bune of the House of Peers ; or you have heard them gubbling into silence one of the animated orations of Garnier Pages, in the Lower Chamber. Now, they are all ear ;—" *on voit l'éloquence de la Chambre des Débats,—ou écoute le ballet !*—Ye Conscript Fathers ! who, untaught by the march of events, still bid the people wait, that ye may go to the opera, why does not a Bossuet arise to teach you that there is a pit in preparation, whose losses are not to be bought off, and whose condemnation is eternal !

But is the thing more discreetly done in London ? We know that in Paris, the daughter-in-law of an English Marquis still figures in the ballet ; while a late manager of the King's Theatre, expressly, and indignantly declared that his stage was "*Le sérail des Milords*,"—the haram of the House of Peers ! Which be the men by whom its rehearsals, and its dark nooks are infested ;—who loiter behind the scenes, or, more impudently still, parade their gross admiration before the eyes of the public, in those lower stage-boxes, named (after the dust raised by the chalked feet of the figurantes,) "Chalk Farm ?" Who, but the hereditary legislators of the land ! We will not name them. There is no occasion. Five hundred persons behold their demeanour two nights on every week of the season ; on one of which, the Tuesday, debates are carrying on in another, and, as it would seem, less important House, where their wisdom is supposed to offer an essential adjunct to the acts of government. Next to Newmarket, in fact, the souls of these men are infatuated by the opera. When Zinganez or Greenmantle are not running, Mademoiselles Julie and Augusta are dancing :—"The favourite Taghion against the field !—" "To-night little Pauline broke down, and Perrot was dead lame."—"Ten to one that Proche takes Pauline's part before the season is over ?"—"Done !"

In Petrarch's noble essay, "*De contemptu mundi*," in treating of vessels of bronze or Corinthian brass, (supposed to be formed by the fusion of divers metals at the burning of the city of Corinth, and passionately prized by the Romans,) "Corinth," says the philosopher, "is avenged ! She razes the walls of your mind, she overthrows the temple of your reason, by this vain and frivolous coveting. Whenever you languish over your statues of bronze, Corinth, from her ruins, triumphs over you !" And has not Italy, the "Niche of nations," her revenge upon the Goths ? Do not her singers, her dancers, go forth to enervate mankind ? Even Napoleon was tickled in the ear by the soprano Crescentini, the Velluti of his day, into the folly of bestowing upon him the order of the Iron Crown—the guerdon of chivalry—the meed of heroism. Farinelli, like David of old, sang the evil spirit out of a royal Saul, and contrived to make himself Prime Minister in return ! And what names are more eminent in Europe, at the present moment, than those of Pasta, Paganini, and Taglioni ? Wilberforce died the other day—(Wilberforce the moral Howard of the century ?) and the necrologists of the public press gave him each their half column of lamentation. What would they not have done for the loss of the first singer, dancer, or fiddler of modern Italy ! It may be even doubted whether the public would care so much for the amputation of a statesman's right arm, as for the loss of Taglioni's toe ;—and whether, sooner than submit to the banishment of Pasta, they would not cheerfully sacrifice half-a-dozen pains-taking members of Parliament.

"Dites au peuple qu'il attende :
Nous ne pouvons perdre l'Opéra !"

We remember seeing the late Lord Liverpool lounging at Almacks during his Premiership, with his garter buckled in slovenly style over a pair of shambling black pantaloons ; a sort of demi-semi court-dress of the most ludicrous kind. We remember, too, seeing the late Lord Londonderry there,—his pale, and stony brow, striving to unbend itself under the smiles of beauty, like an iceberg, rendered slippery, but not soft, by the sunshine. At Almacks, however, these ministerial noblemen sought the society of their Peers ; and Wednesday nights are sacred to ministerial leisure. There was decency in *their* source of pleasure, as well as in their mode of its enjoyment. But look at Lords A., B., C., and D., and the rest of their Silenus crew, in their haram at the King's Theatre ; or admire the Duc de B. or the Comte de M., in their tiger's den in the Rue Pelletier ! Yes ! Italy is triumphant ! Montesquieu might still find a last chapter to add to his treatise upon the Decadence of the Romans !

MONODY.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF EARL FITZWILLIAM.

By the Author of Corn-Law Rhymes.

THE steward of the trampled poor is gone !
 The prince of charity hath bowed to fate !
 The godlike friend of wo, that wanteth one,
 Finds good deeds done on earth, his best estate !
 How long for him God bade his angel wait !
 Oh, reverend brow ! thou conquerest Envy's frown,
 And dead, half humanizest Faction's hate ;
 As when a minstrel, of time-tried renown,
 Cast o'er his deathless page the light of suns gone down !

Oh, ye who died, trampled at Peterloo,
 By England's Juggernaut ! Ye, too, who drank
 Slowly life's bitterest cup, not drugged with rue,
 But brimm'd with hopeless pain ; and ye who sank
 In blood at Wexford, rolling rank o'er rank,
 Like storm-swept waves ! the golden door throw wide,
 That needs no golden key, and hail and thank
 The meek, the merciful, who ne'er denied
 His aid to want and grief, when they for succour cried.

But ye, who plough the flint with curses ! ye,
 Who scalding tears o'er wrongs inflicted weep,
 And drink them from your eyes of misery,
 To quench with fire the burning soul, or creep
 To cold discomfort's bed, and dreaming steep
 Your straw in agonies ! keep—pallid slaves,
 Who still wear chains ! your worm that dies not, keep !
 And kneeling, in your hearts, on tyrants' graves,
 Swear deathless hate to them, their gods, their fools, and knaves.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

I KNEW the late Mrs. Hannah More tolerably well, perhaps as well as it was possible that any man *should* know her who had not won her confidence by enrolling himself amongst her admirers. In these last words I mean no offence: for I respect her memory, and I respect the feelings of the many and excellent friends who survive her. But it cannot reasonably offend the warmest of Mrs. More's friends, if I say that she, in common with most other female writers, required some homage—expected, in fact, to have some court paid to her, before she would divest herself of that reserve which clings more or less to all thoughtful people in England. There was nothing to complain of in this; on the contrary it is not easy to think well of a woman who has so little self-respect as to extend her confidence to one who has taken no pains to win it, nor manifested, by any signs, that he would value it if offered. For my part, I had no title to any peculiar or confidential mark of Mrs. More's regard. I had shown no disposition to conciliate her friendship; I had never paid her a compliment; I had expressed no interest in her works; I had not so much as appeared to know that she was an author; and even, when calling upon her, to acquit myself of those customary attentions which were challenged by her sex, age, and station in society, I had never travelled one hair's-breadth beyond the line of distant and frigid politeness. Indeed, on looking back from this distance of time, I am afraid that I must even have appeared churlish in my too punctilious care to have it understood how little I participated in the blind feelings of admiration which congregated so many strangers in her house. I am far from defending my own conduct. I now begin to fear that it was almost atrocious. I ought to have allowed a great deal more weight than I did to her many excellent qualities; and with respect to some of her opinions, which disgusted me, I might certainly have considered that they arose naturally from the constitution of her own mind, and from the sort of company which she had always kept; and, at all events, I ought to have exercised, in behalf of so amiable a woman, and a woman so clever as she certainly was, a little more of that catholic toleration which one learns in passing through this world, and which she possibly, on her part, might sometimes feel called on to exercise towards myself. But I was young in those days. I had strong opinions; I had profound feelings: and the subjects which to me appeared important above all others were exactly those on which Mrs. H. More knew absolutely nothing at all, and some of which she affected to despise. Indeed, considering Mrs. More's early history, it must have been surprising if she had formed any opinions at all upon subjects which do not enter the range of ordinary conversation. Whatever opinions she had, I am fully persuaded, were pure, mirror-like reflections from the conversation of the people with whom she associated in her youth; and her own ability was shown chiefly in illustrating their tendencies, or delivering their substance in a graceful manner. But I am anticipating.

The occasion which drew me within Mrs. H. More's circle was this:—In the year 1808, or 1809, a lady, with whose family I maintained a very intimate acquaintance, had then recently begun to build a villa in the beautiful valley of Wrington; and in this valley, not above a mile and a half from my friend's rising house, stood the pretty cottage of Mrs. H. More and her sisters. The valley of Wrington lies in the county of Somerset,

which is still an interesting district of England ; but was then much more so on account of one romantic feature which it possessed, if not exclusively, (for Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and other counties of the south, shared in that distinction,) yet in pre-eminent beauty—I mean the *Downs*, which have now, I fear, one and all,* disappeared under Local Enclosure Bills. The vale of Wrington was generally approached from Bristol, leaving that city by the high-road to Plymouth. About the ninth mile-stone you begin to descend into a richly wooded vale stretching westward for about ten or twelve miles, until it meets a boundary in the shores of the Bristol Channel. The high-road winds along the base of the hills which guard the valley on the left, and, after a course of some miles, gradually wheels away to the south, by crossing over this range of hills to Axbridge and Cross, in the long champagne of Bridgewater. But, a little below the point at which this great road from Bristol first enters the valley, another road, in appearance a mere lane, diverges to the right, widening its distance continually from the main road, as the valley expands in width ; this rustic lane steals along the foot of the steep pastoral hills which form the right barrier of the valley. Within a mile and a-half, perhaps, from its first commencement, it passes under the shrubbery wall of what was then Mrs. More's cottage ; half-a-mile further, it connects itself, by a cross road to the left, with the little town of Wrington, which stands out in the open area of the vale, aloof from either range of hills ; three miles further, it passes through the little town of Congresbury (pronounced Coombsbury) ; somewhere in the neighbourhood of which, it divides into two branches, one pursuing the same direction as before to *Weston-super-mare*, a little sequestered bathing-place on the Bristol channel, whilst the other winds round the base of the hills, at the point where the range terminates, into the collateral valley of Brockley, upon the other side of the hills to the right. On the summit of these hills, and overhanging Mrs. More's cottage, together with the whole line of the sequestered road which I have been describing, ran a most beautiful series of downs, upon which you might roam for miles, without the slightest interruption of hedge, ditch, or fence of any kind. They presented the appearance of vast lawns, eaten close by sheep, except only where they were traversed by large breadths of fern, intersected, however, by smooth grassy sheep-tracks in every direction. Over these downs it was possible to travel by private paths to the very suburbs of Bristol. Guide-posts, or houses, there were none ; but, as a more conspicuous means of directing the perplexed traveller, especially in snowy weather, at intervals of half-a-mile or so were planted, in a continued series, belts of Scotch fir, whose gloomy masses, at so short a distance, could be discovered by the eye almost in any state of the atmosphere. Rarely can a highly cultured, and densely peopled land, like England, have offered such ample facilities for solitary walks and rides as these particular downs. The ascent to them was usually steep, but not above half-a-mile in length. And once at the summit, so animating were the breezes, so elastic the turf, that few horses were dull and spiritless enough to resist the inspiration of so many genial influences. The first

* If any specimen of these most beautiful pastoral lawns is still to be found, I presume that it must be the small down at Clifton, on the hills immediately above the Hot-wells of Bristol. This, I imagine, will be spared on account of its contiguity to a place so much the resort of invalids. But it is ill fitted for transmitting to the next generation any representative picture of a *down*.

step upon the soft springy turf, operated as a summons to a gallop, or to restless caprices of animal delight. Approaching to either side of these downs, you looked down into valleys of exuberant wealth and beauty, and inevitably presenting to view almost in every village some specimen of that rich ecclesiastical architecture, for which, next after the county of Lincoln, Somersetshire is, I believe, the most advantageously distinguished of any province in the island. At a distance of eight or a dozen miles, you saw the Bristol Channel, glancing restlessly, and throwing up white sails every moment to the sun ; whilst, in the midst of all this life and splendour, gleaming upwards from the whole wide circumference of the horizon, your own immediate *plateau* or terrace was, even at noon-day, as silent as the grave : no sound, except the sweet-toned tinkling of the sheep-bell, or the murmur of a passing bee, ever occurring to break the silence upon those aerial solitudes. Such was the character of an English down ; and I have described it because it is now extinct,—all has been extinguished by Act of Parliament. The spacious lawns have been cut up into potato-fields ; the Scotch firs have been burned for fuel ; the sheep have gone the way of ail mutton,—their bells have been long since wrought up into men-traps and spring-guns ; and neither Bristol Channel, nor shipping, valley, nor churches, could be seen when I was last there, in consequence of walls, ten feet high, which bounded each side of the very strait and formal road now traversing these once romantic grounds.

No such changes, however, had then been made ; and the character of the scenery, amidst which Mrs. More had, in old age, taken up her residence, wore as yet those features I have described, of primitive and under-peopled England. She had previously occupied a house detached from the hills on either side, and not far, I think, from the centre of the vale. This place was called by the somewhat vulgar and sentimental name of *Cowslip Green*. But her present dwelling, standing under the shelter of the hills, bore the incoherent one of *Barley Wood*. What had been the course of her previous life I know only in the most general outline. Originally, I have understood, she and her sisters conducted a boarding-school for young ladies in Bristol. There can be no doubt that it was well managed ; for all the sisters, five in number when I first knew them, were, in different ways, women of some talent. The ample fortune which they were supposed to have made, must have been founded on the success of their school, though doubtless increased afterwards by Mrs. H. More's literary emoluments. But it was not as an author that Mrs. H. More had originally forced her way either to fortune or to notoriety. She was one of those persons who owed her reputation *partly*, it is true, to literary talent, and that talent such that, cultivated and directed as it afterwards was, and allied with religious principles of peculiar strictness, it *might* have fought its own road to distinction, but which, in fact, was not, nor could be, from circumstances of position, exposed to that severe trial. From her earliest efforts to her latest, Mrs. H. More was never suffered to swim alone ; but was held above water by such powerful hands as made it impossible that she should sink. I know not how soon in her career, but certainly whilst yet considered a young woman, she had been introduced to the domestic society of the Duchess of Beaufort, and of that Mrs. Montagu, so famous at one period for her Essay on Shakspeare, (against the cavils and laughable mistranslations of Voltaire,)—for her literary parties, and for her generous patronage of the London chimney-sweepers. Of these ladies I

had myself occasion to hear a good deal in conversation with Mrs. More: and of Mrs. Montagu, in particular, I remember that she told me, more than once, and with an emphasis very unusual to her, that in the whole course of her long life, which, either at Bath or London, had placed her in contact, through nearly half a century, with almost every celebrated person of her own country, whether political or literary, and with a large proportion of the distinguished foreigners who had visited this country during that period, she had never met with one person of either sex who made the smallest approach to Mrs. Montagu in genuine wit, or in felicity of conversation. She did not even make an exception in favour of Madame de Staël. This report of Mrs. Montagu's brilliancy, I confess, surprised me; but, of course, it did not become me, who had never so much as seen that lady, to dispute Mrs. More's opinion: which, after all, may have been true; for we all know how little proportion there sometimes is between the same person's talents for talking, and for writing.

Beginning life, then, in her character of author, under such patronage, we can easily understand how very little merit would suffice, less indeed by a great deal than she really had, to push the young and agreeable Miss Hannah More into a vast deal of notoriety. Not merely noticed, but caressed by two potent leaders of society in London, she could not fail of commanding at once a pretty extensive popularity. It is true, that forced reputations usually decline faster even than they have risen. And there can be no doubt that some such re-action will operate powerfully upon the posthumous fame of Mrs. More; and I counsel every man who has funded money in her works, to sell now: for assuredly five years will bring them down to a heavy discount. But in her life-time it was scarcely possible that any revolution of that nature could affect her; for the same artificial forces, which had originally been put in motion to elevate her unduly, were continually at work to sustain their own creation. And, very naturally, they acted with increasing advantage at every step, and with accelerated power. For Mrs. More was prudent and vigilant in the management of her interest. An old friend she never lost, except by death: and she was continually strengthening her influence by new friends, in the same sphere of life. Her letters and her attentions, she planted judiciously: nor did she ever forget to be pointedly encouraging in her manners, or to make her society and her house as agreeable as possible to the rising generation of noble families. Her epistolary correspondence was extensive: and there, again, the learned in such branches of petty politics, know well the refinements of art by which adroit tacticians vary and masquerade the modes of winning a powerful person to their aid, by giving him a motive for reading passages from their letters, or for appending to their opinions, and thus eventually for giving currency to their names, and sustaining their authority. One letter, we may suppose, expresses some forcible opinions upon a great question, or an eminent person, just at that moment occupying the public mind. Every body is eager to deliver his opinion upon it: and it secures an attentive audience, to say,—I will tell you what Mrs. Hannah More says about it: even people, not particularly under the influence of her name, are apt to listen, under the belief that they will at least hear a natural and unbiassed judgment, as from one who is a mere looker-on, living in retirement, and not warped, it may be presumed, by any disturbing forces of partisanship. Then another letter accompanies the present of a new work, just fresh from the press: and this perhaps con-

tains thanks for valuable hints which, doubtless, really *had* been given, but only are prodigiously over-rated in value. A third letter, again, is not directly addressed to the person at whom it is mainly levelled; to this person is sent, circuitously, a message, which form of address makes it possible to say far more complimentary things than could decently be said to his face, with this farther advantage to his vanity, that a message being communicated at the next rencontre, which is probably at a party, ensures to the flattering expressions something like a *publication*. But all this, it will be said, is absolutely intrigue, or manœuvring chicanery; and can I mean to tax Mrs. Hannah More with anything so mean and worldly-minded as this? *Intrigue* is an ugly word. What I mean to describe, and in a certain degree to charge upon Mrs. More, is not liable to any harsher name than that of *finessing*. It is that sort of diplomacy which, practised for public ends, and upon a broader scale, would be held strictly honourable, and looks mean, only because it is practised for a somewhat selfish, and, by comparison, a trivial purpose,—that of sustaining a name, or a certain amount of notoriety, by furnishing people of eminent stations with motives for talking about one's self, and by engaging their kind feelings in one's behalf. After all, I contend that the fault lies in the *degré*: Had Mrs. More dedicated extraordinary pains, and much of her time to these artifices, or had she employed a very complex and elaborate machinery for the purpose, in that case she would have stood open to deep moral censure. As it was, and considering what powerful *conductors* there had arisen latterly for calling off public attention from herself, considering what perilous rivals she had in Bonaparte, in Lord Byron, in Mr. Canning, and a thousand other overstimulating themes, all tending to reduce less agitating names and memorials to one common level of insipidity, Mrs. More was warranted in sustaining so much talk about herself in the London influential circles as might just serve to apprise people that she belonged to the living generation. Otherwise, as Mrs. Hannah More had known Dr. Johnson, and as that fact happened to have been well advertised by Boswell, many people were apt to think of her as “the late Mrs. Hannah More,” who had been buried perhaps with all her works before the French Revolution. But apart from this excuse, and supposing that she really had been under no prudential obligation for refreshing the world's remembrance of herself, I must confess that even flattery the most direct, has always appeared to me a far more venial offence, and meriting far more indulgence than it usually receives, except from its objects. This much at least I can say with truth, that in every case of flattery which it has ever happened to me personally to witness, nine-tenths of it, to say the least, have been pure overflowings of courtesy, or perhaps of benignity. And I am convinced, that where people decline to express, on a proper occasion arising, the just esteem which they entertain for a person's meritorious qualities, merely because that person is present, we may rely upon it, that this forbearance is to be set down either to downright *mauvaise honte*, or at the least, to natural reserve; very often to coldness of heart, or to sullen moroseness of temper. Recurring to my own experience in this matter, I may say that Miss Seward was the only person within my knowledge whose flattery did not seem to be the involuntary overflow of generous sympathy with its object. That lady seemed to flatter, so far as respected her motive, merely upon a previous calculation of its expedience or its necessity; either because she believed that it was expected, or guessed that it might be profitable: and,

as respected the scale or measure of her flattery, apparently she had not guide at all but a tentative approach by degrees, (and not very slow ones) to the *maximum* of what she imagined that the party would bear. Thus, for instance, her public meetings with Lord (then Mr.) Erskine at Buxton, were as good as a comedy to the assembled public. Each particular assault she prefaced with a look of doubt and distress, thrown round the circle, which seemed to say, "He has stood much: will he stand this?" He, although he had, from a habit of complimenting himself, gained the name of Mr. Counsellor Ego, so little relished the quality of Miss Seward's adulation, that at length he was seen to hide himself behind a broad-backed man, and when the back failed, behind a pillar, in order to elude his pursuer. But, with this single exception, all the flattery which it has been my fortune to witness, might fairly be set down to the account of genuine sympathy with real and undoubted merit. The merit might be overrated, and the sympathy itself might be exaggerated as to degree in the expression of it; but generally there was some real foundation for both the one and the other. And the true principle at work, after all, was pure goodness of heart, or (at the very least) courtesy seeking to deliver itself of a debt, by acknowledging those claims to which the public voice seemed to give the right of challenging acknowledgment. These opinions of mine with regard to flattery, make it less offensive to avow an overruling belief that Mrs. More's reputation as an author had first commenced in a reciprocal intercourse of flattery, and that in some degree it was kept alive by means of the same quality. And, therefore, when it is said to me, "Do you mean to tax Mrs. More with worldly-mindedness?" I answer, "Certainly I do: in spite of her sincere piety, and her earnest wish to attain a higher standard of religious practice, I believe her to have been, in some considerable degree, though not immoderately, a woman of a worldly mind; that is, involuntarily laying too much stress on rank, public honours, and, above all, on public opinion; and, what is more, I believe her to have been conscious of this infirmity, and to have struggled meritoriously against it as against 'the sin which did too easily beset her.'"

However, to revert to her early life, I suppose that nobody at this time of day will think her early efforts in literature adequate of themselves to account for her early reputation. The way in which her position amongst people of rank was made to assist her, is not exactly understood, even when it is made known as a fact. People will object that no countenance from the aristocracy could avail to warp or disturb either the public or the critical appreciation of her works. But the way in which a large body of fashionable supporters can be made to assist an author, is this: A woman of rank goes about canvassing for subscribers or for purchasers, as the case may be: "an interesting young friend of mine," she says, "has written a sweet little thing called *Bas Bleu*; and positively I must have your name down on my list of patronizers to her genius." Now, with as much influence as belonged either to Mrs. Montagu, or to the Duchess of Beaufort, it was easy to collect names enough to carry off three or four impressions. Then mark what follows. The fact, the naked fact, without comment or explanation, that three or four editions of a book, have been carried off in three or four days, being reported in every newspaper, travels with the speed of light all over the kingdom. People in the provinces are naturally anxious to see what is reported to have made so deep an impression on the metropolis; and very often, doubtless, they create for themselves all that

they have been taught to expect. I myself, within my own narrow experience, have known many instances where a book was bought, (as in particular Mrs. More's *Cosebs*,) for no other reason than because some startling amount of editions had already been sold in London; and this I have known done by people who, had they happened to be in the secret, and to have been aware that the first three editions, which operated, by their rapid sale, as the *decoy editions* to the public, had been really bought almost exclusively by distinguished friends of the author, prepared for months before its appearance to expect the book, and who had in fact bespoke their copies, would undoubtedly have allowed no weight at all to the startling phenomenon of the sudden sale.

To return to Mrs. Hannah More's history;—by means as artificial as I have here described, she had first emerged from obscurity. But in the progress of her life, at what point of it I cannot pretend to say, she had greatly strengthened her pretensions to public notice, by stepping forward as the organizer of Sunday schools, upon a scale of unusual extent with relation to the means at her disposal. This chapter in her life was afterwards dwelt upon, I suspect, by herself, with more inward self-satisfaction than all the rest put together; for her motives were pure, originating, as I heartily believe, in no love of power, but in a conscientious sense of public duty: her purpose was noble—being that of elevating the condition of human nature amongst the poorest and the humblest of her fellow creatures. The means which she adopted were, perhaps, as good as could be had; and, finally, her success, both directly within her own peculiar field, and remotely as a precedent which rapidly diffused and multiplied itself, was so great as to attain almost a national value. When I speak doubtfully upon the single head of the means which she employed, I do so with a reference to the Blagdon controversy, which (according to my slight remembrance of it) turned entirely upon the quality of Mrs. More's machinery in setting forward her new institution, and not at all upon the final causes of their establishment, or upon the objects which they proposed to realize. Blagdon is a village, about four miles, I think, from Wrington, lying amongst the beautiful hills on the left of that vale in going westwards: and either the incumbent of that parish, or (as I rather think) the curate, starting from some personal grievance of mortified pride, or of professional influence unuly disturbed, attacked Mrs. More and her proceedings with a virulence which ultimately, I believe, recoiled upon himself. The merits of that dispute I am quite unable to state. But I remember that it raged so long and so loudly that all England became aware of its existence and progress. What surprises me, at this moment, in recurring to it, is, that Mrs. More should have left any opening for ill will, springing originally, without a doubt, under whatever public disguises, from some sense of personal slight. For in her policy the wisdom of the serpent did certainly prevail, to say the least, as much as the simplicity of the dove. She could not but be sensible of the prudential obligation under which her whole purpose laid her of conciliating the spiritual leader of the parish. The public character, and the authority with which the English parochial clergy are invested by their official stations, make their favour, at least, if not their absolute co-operation, almost a *sine qua non* towards any tolerable success in schemes of education like those of Mrs. Hannah More. And with her known interest, in this point, exactly coincided her natural courtesy of disposition.

Such was the whole amount of Hannah More's history as known to myself, except as to one incident, perhaps to herself the most interesting in her life. This was her marriage disappointment. What were the exact circumstances under which it took place, I have never been able to ascertain. A scandalous report prevailed for many years, and it was even adopted into printed books and pamphlets, that she had born an illegitimate child to some gentleman, under a solemn assurance of marriage, and that the gentleman had afterwards retreated from his engagements; and I remember well that a celebrated poet of our day expressed his grievous disappointment upon my discrediting to him the whole of that story as a fiction of malignity. I did so upon my general knowledge of Mrs. More's character, and of the malice which had propagated the story. The poet, however, was inconsolable, on finding this pretty tale treated as a falsehood. He protested, whenever I met him, that he would rather have paid L.1000 than have lost so choice a piece of scandal. That Holy Hannah should have had a bastard, he vowed, was positively the best story of our times; and he growled and grumbled for years afterwards, and complained that I had injured his happiness, and disturbed his peace of mind, by robbing him of so precious an anecdote. However, there certainly *was* some story of a delicate nature, (in the belief of Mrs. More's best friends,) connected with the rupture of her marriage engagement. And I have received the following as the true fact from a clergyman of great respectability, and a fervent friend of Mrs. H. More's:—The morning was fixed for the marriage; Miss More's friends were all in attendance; and, after breakfasting together, had actually proceeded to the church, where, by appointment, they were to meet the bridegroom. They actually waited above an hour in the porch, looking out for his arrival, and, as yet, with no suspicion of his dishonourable intentions. At length a single horseman was seen approaching; he advanced to the steps, dismounted, and presented to Miss More a letter, in which the gentleman pleaded simply, as a reason for receding from his engagements, that he could not bring his mind, at the hour of crisis, to so solemn and so irrevocable a contract. He offered, however, to make such reparation as could be made, in a pecuniary sense, to Miss More; but this intention, if he really had it at the time, would, no doubt, have died away as soon as the immediate difficulty was overcome. The friends of Miss More, aware of that, pressed him vigorously, and would grant no delay. The sequel was, that, rather than stand a prosecution, he settled on Miss More a handsome provision, my informant believed, not less, but rather more than L.400 per annum for life.

I now return to my own personal acquaintance with Mrs. H. More. My first introduction to her was under the following circumstances:—In the year 1809, I had come down to Westhay, (the villa of my friend Mrs. ———,) on a visit of some months. The time of year might be May, or early in June; and the particular morning was one of peculiar splendour. Sitting by accident at a window of my dressing-room, which looked out upon the approach to the house, I observed a plain-looking carriage coming up the grounds, at the rate of about four miles an hour. In those days the eye was familiar enough with the image of languid motion under all possible varieties; even the Bristol mail, the swiftest in the kingdom, did not then perform much above seven miles an hour; but a pace so *very* cautious indicated the presence of ladies; probably of *old* ladies: and a sudden recollection that it was yet scarcely twelve o'clock, argued that the party must be a privileged one; how else venture to

present itself on a morning call at an hour so antediluvian? Antediluvian, indeed, were all things inside and outside the equipage. "Castor and Pollux!" exclaimed a young Oxonian of the Westhay family, "what a set out!" yet, at least, it wore an air of harmony in its self-consistency. The horses were manifestly pets, sleek and dull, crammed up to the throats; and apparently worked at the rate of thirty miles a-month. The coachman seemed, after *his* kind, a pet also; consequently, sleek and dull, crammed up to the throat; and worked on the same severe scale. He wore a look of demure solemnity, which it was his intention to pass off for the expression of exceeding religious devotion. Unfortunately, it conveyed rather an opposite impression of exceeding knavery; and, a knave he was, of the first water—a *fourbe fourbissime*, in the language of Moliere; or *rascal rascalissimus*, as I had afterwards occasion to know. The carriage itself had the air of being also a pet; it was hung low, was sad-coloured, roomy and considerate in its dimensions, allowing ample scope and verge enough for the most Dutch proportions, and seemed so well furnished with cushions or squabs, to speak technically, and those squabs, again, so luxuriously plump and downy, that one could not figure to one's self for such a carriage any harsher destiny than that of carrying forth some podagrous bishop upon his gentle matutinal airings, in seasons when all the zephyrs were abroad. Bishop, however, it was not, but the friend of bishops, whom it now conveyed. We had continued speculating upon its probable contents, as the lazy equipage moved towards the house; and at last my young Oxonian friend, exclaiming suddenly to me, "By the powers, it is Holy Hannah coming to look at your premises," shot downwards to present his arm to the ladies in executing the very difficult manoeuvre of alighting. Imagine, then, at length, the portly carriagesolemnly anchored alongside the main entrance of the house, the carriage door opened, and the steps duly unfolded to the very last, which grazed the surface of the ground, in preparation for discharging its jolly freightage of dames. Jolly they were, in every acceptation of that word; ample and roomy as their carriage; and absolutely noisy in their expressions of gaiety and good humour. Such, at least, was the description of the two sisters, who on that morning accompanied Mrs. Hannah More, but not of Mrs. Hannah herself: she was neither large in person nor joyous in her manner. Her deportment was lady-like and pleasing; but marked with thoughtfulness, and sometimes, perhaps, with a shade of sadness; or, to express both traits by a single word, at least of pensiveness. People who are consciously the objects of much notice and curiosity, wherever they appear, rarely obtain so complete a mastery over their feelings as to disembarass themselves entirely of that constraint and awkward reserve which accompany such a situation when continually forced upon the consciousness. Certainly, for a woman who had mixed so largely in the world, Mrs. H. More seemed to have made as small advances towards such a state of callous self-possession as any one person whom it has been my fortune to know. She had even a tremour in her manner, and at times, upon first presenting herself, a *mauvaise honte*, which almost amounted to agitation. But I am anticipating.—The visit, as it appeared, really was to myself, none being due at that time to the family whom I was visiting. In saying this, I arrogate no particular importance beyond what Mrs. More's courtesy allowed to every scholar; and such I was reputed. My fame had been somewhat increased also, as I am ashamed to say, by a report current at that time, which imputed to me, most truly, some shape or other—I know not exactly what—of infidel philosophy.

My curiosity was, at any rate, sufficiently strong to have carried me down to the drawing-room; and, as it appeared that the visit was really to myself, it became my duty to descend. Of course, I did not keep the ladies waiting; and I had presented myself before they—so leisurely in their movements—had completed the process of seating themselves. All eyes directed me to the lion, or rather lioness, of the occasion;—the lady of the house did me the favour to present me in form to her favourable notice. She received me with most gracious and winning smiles; and I took my seat upon a sofa by her side. I had previously seen almost everybody in England who enjoyed any great reputation for conversational talent; and I expected little in that way, which could dazzle me, from Mrs. H. More. In justice, I must say, that I found no more than I expected. Madame de Staël I had seen, but that was all. *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I could, through more channels than one, have commanded an introduction; but this my pride prevented me from seeking. Backed by no book of my own composition, I should have appeared to her a mere boy, and could not have interested her vanity in making a display before one so obscure. She, however, when she chose, or when she was adequately excited, could really perform with effect and execution; and, at times, she executed *bravuras*, or passages of colloquial effect, which electrified all who heard. Mrs. H. More was the most opposite creature in the world. She was modest, feminine, and, by nature, retiring. Her manners, which were those of a well-bred woman, accustomed to good society, and therefore free from all bustle, hurry, and excitement, supported the natural expression of her mind. It was only by a most unnatural and transient effort that she ever attempted to shine. On the other hand, to the eye, she was a far more pleasing woman than the masculine De Staël. That most pretending of God's women was a hideous-looking creature, with a huge structure of bones about the shoulders, fitter for a Mammoth or a Megatherium than a reasonable woman. Her chest, especially when viewed *en profile*, was, as a London wit remarked, like a chest of drawers. And her black hair, floating in masses about her temples, her fierce eyes, and her impassioned gestures, gave her, when declaiming, the air of a Pythoness upon her tripod, or of some dark sybil thirsting for the blood of Œdipus. Add whiskers and mustachios, and, without a doubt, she would have frightened and put to flight the advanced posts of an army. But Mrs. H. More was soft, delicate, and agreeable; and, in youth, must have been pretty. Her eyes only were too bright for absolute repose of countenance, else hers would have been nearly quiescent. Her sisters were, if not more interesting, at least more entertaining; especially Mrs. Sally, who had exuberant spirits, mirth, and good nature; and Mrs. Patty, who was distinguished for humour, or at least drollery; and from her pen had proceeded many of the most lively amongst the Repository Tracts.

The times in which I had thus become acquainted with Mrs. H. More, were times of profound political interest,—I may truly say, describing my own feelings, times of awful agitation. A power had arisen in France, which, going on through stages of transmigration, from one horrid birth to another, was at length settled, as might seem, in its final development, having obtained an organization more potent than ever this world had seen for evil, and for the propagation of evil. Until the era of the Consulate, the French Revolution had passed through many forms—all bad, and some weak. But when the ever-memorable 18th Brumaire, 1799, had raised Napoleon to the supreme station, the

opinion, which prevailed through France at least, was, that here at length was an end achieved, both for weakness and for evil. That was a natural judgment for a nation intensely vain, who looked with some right to a man so favourably known to them in his military character, for a speedy retrieval of their honour, then tarnished on the Rhine, no less than on the Adige or the Po. It was also a natural judgment for a nation gasping under the exhaustion of civil convulsions,—still quaking under the panics of terrorism,—still jealous of some possible re-action, by which the anarchy of bloodshed and proscription might be reinstated in meridian power; and in any case dissatisfied as to the security of property so recently acquired, and under so dubious a title, unless guaranteed by some man with energy and hardihood enough to create a strong government. Immediate and selfish interests made it natural that France should look with confidence to the new-born Consulate. But, in England, few indeed were they who had showed this feeling. The prospect was regarded as dark and doubtful; and, long before the period of my earliest acquaintance with Mrs. H. More, it had become evident to all Europe, that France had purchased her external strength, and her internal repose, by a long sacrifice of every one capital object, for which she had ever hazarded the certain evils of her Revolution; and that a million of her children had thrown away their lives for a word; and, according to an ancient phrase, for the shadow of a dream. In that, however, lay some retribution; and with the crime of France in so base an apostacy, and in thus breaking faith with her martyrs in the grave, went hand in hand its punishment. Thus far Europe might have looked on complacently. But it was soon discovered that the same hand which had armed France, and strengthened her against her own noblest interests, had armed her also, and had strengthened her as with the strength of spasm and of frenzy against the corresponding interests in all the states of Christendom. That discovery came too late:—one after one they fell upon her. And in the further progress of Napoleon's purposes, led on as he was by circumstances and events, from object to object, until he came to need engines, which once he would himself have revolted from as monstrous impossibilities, it had already become evident to many thoughtful persons, that unless it should soon meet some mighty overthrow, the power of France, under this intense military government, and military absorption of its energies, tended rapidly to some mighty eclipse of civilization for all Europe. Re-barbarization, and the most extensive demoralization, seemed at hand for Christendom, if it were possible that two generations of so hideous a tyranny could subsist. Under circumstances like these, and at a crisis so appalling, those who felt the interest appropriate to the times, had leisure for no other interest; and the first question which arose with regard to any person on whom much attention was fixed, concerned the nature and quality of their views upon foreign politics. Accordingly, my own first impulse, as regarded Mrs. H. More, was to apply some mete-wand to the state of her sentiments upon all that regarded Napoleon Bonaparte. I knew already, by the general tone of her *Cheap Repository Tracts*, and particularly by her *Will. Chip, or Village Politics*,*—that she was loyal, and well-affected to the Government,—that she was an Antigallican,—that she was an Antijacobin. I judged, besides, from the quality of her connexions, that she was, of course, a Pittite. But these were points which, at that time, of day,

* For which tract, I have heard, but I will not vouch for the fact, that Mrs. H. More received the thanks of Messrs. Pitt and Dundas.

might have been safely assumed of any and every person in Mrs. More's situation. Modern Reformers,*—those amongst them, I mean, whose aims are really noble, whether otherwise prudent and practicable or not,—must not do themselves so vast a wrong as to affiliate their own generation upon any class or modification of the Jacobins who grew out of the French Revolution. These were, to a man, scoundrels; and no race of sincere Reformers, having noble purposes, ever *could* arise from that corrupt stock. I say not this with levity or inconsideration. Two elements there were in the analysis of a Jacobin, which applied to them universally: they were virulently anti-national; haters of the land which gave them birth; bitter calumniators of its character; disparagers of its glories; vehement well-wishers to its enemies, simply *as* enemies. Secondly, They were generally anti-social in their plans upon the largest scale; but, universally, they were so as regarded the institution of property. All Jacobins hated England. All Jacobins lusted and neighed after rich men's possessions. Simply, therefore, to be a person of *respectability*, as the phrase is, gave a pledge for any man in those days that he could not be a brother of that order: and as to women, mere feminine characteristics of gentleness and sexual decorum, effectually forbade *their* accession, no matter in what rank, to a fraternity so sanguinary and ferocious. Hence it was, that never in any land, so entirely as in England at that time, could it have been said that the whole nation were of one mind in foreign politics.† And this unanimity was absolute, insomuch that it never happened to myself, from the opening of that war until its close, to meet with one man of any class or station, who did not view our hostility to France as a matter of mere necessity; though I have met with visionaries who objected to a belligerent state as the best means of giving expression to our hostility. Under such an aspect of public affairs, I could not fail to know the general outline of Mrs. H. More's politics. But that outline, being so entirely derived from public opinion, and rather resembling a creed inherited from the accidents of

* It is scarcely necessary to point out, that the contributor who ventures to question the infallibility of "the friend of Bishops," is himself a Tory of the purest strain. This only renders his opinion of Hannah More more curious and important, and his strictures, altogether, what, in modern slang, is called "a psychological curiosity." Against some of the above doctrines, we must, however, protest; not for their integral heresies so much as the false deductions that may be drawn from them; not from what is advanced, but from what may be inferred. If there are still witches or persons like those the writer describes as Jacobins, we renounce them as we would the devil, and all his works. But if many of the best men in Britain were, for sinister party-purposes, thus designated by *Anti-Jacobins*, we claim to file a bill of exceptions. There is little doubt that at the time specified, had any one ventured to assert that Hannah More was a worldly-minded woman, a *finesser*, and hunter of patrons for lucre, this would have been held pregnant proof of, at least, Jacobinical and infidel tendencies. For aught we know, the distinguishing characteristic of the Jacobins, in the beginning of the century, might be "lusting and neighing after the property of their neighbours." If, in the thirty-third year of the century's age, the proof were made to rest on the question of who, by *finessing* and other means, had, meanwhile, contrived to obtain and amass the best share of their neighbours' property, the question of who are the Jacobins, would be wonderfully simplified and easily settled. But it was "the possessions of rich men" these early Jacobins lusted after; now it is from the possessions of *poor men* that the contemporary Jacobins have amassed,—if the actual possession of the goods is to be held as proof of the robbery. This unhinges us again; and places one at disadvantage, whether to believe the Jacobins were really the Godwins, Helcrofts, Hunts, and Shelleys, or the loan-jobbers, contractors, and sinecurists.—E. T. M.

† In saying this, it is meant, that the nation were of one mind from the date of the second Revolutionary war, beginning in the spring of 1803; for, in the previous war (1793—1800) there had been a respectable party of Protesters.

or local position than one which has been formed upon personal
 try, still left the *individual* propensities unexpounded. Many are
 the rogues and hounds in this world whom one meets professing noble
 opinions, simply because the current of public sentiment allows them no
 opening for their real thoughts, unless with more courage than might be-
 long to their own eurrish nature. On this particular theme there was one
 test question, or Shibboleth, for ascertaining whether the popular faith
 were adopted in a corresponding spirit of heart, or merely professed by
 the lips. It was this,—“*Will you fight?*” That is to say, “Are you so
 base of soul as to hold, that opposition to Napoleon Bonaparte is a vain
 and hopeless speculation?” A party there was, it must be remembered,
 at that day in our national councils, who resolutely maintained the hope-
 lessness of such a contest,—assured us that no Englishman would be
 found on the Spanish Peninsula after a certain assigned date, unless as
 a captive to the enemy; and adjured us, whilst there was yet room for
 pardon, or hope of mercy, to propitiate Napoleon by the humility of our
 pacific overtures. Fortunately, that party found no support or counte-
 nance out of the House. Yet, doubtless, there was, as always in a popu-
 lous and luxurious nation there must be, much baseness of heart sown up
 and down in society, which would gladly have echoed such words, had it
 durst, had it found sufficient sympathy, or had it seen any probable tolera-
 tion for its *miscreancy* [that word I use in its etymological sense] in the
 public mind. Tried by the test I have assigned, it is but justice to Mrs. H.
 More to say that she was sound. Thus far she was loyal-hearted to the great
 principles at stake—that hardly, in any case, would she have been found
 dallying with the thoughts of peace; far less, despairing of the final
 issue. Yet, having said this, I have said all that does credit to her
 political firmness or sagacity; for, in other respects, she was deeply
 enslaved to the meanest superstitions of the day. There was at that
 time, and ever since the year 1796, there had been a most ridiculous
 prostration of the English mind to the *prestige* of French generalship.
 People had a notion that French strategics differed, not only as to degree,
 but also by some special privilege of kind, from all other; and that,
 somehow or other, without ever being able to tell how, generals of any
 school but that of Paris, would inevitably, in contact with a French
 commander, find themselves pretty much in the relation of a fly to a
 spider; sooner or later, they would be enmeshed in his fine-spun webs,
 without a chance of evading them by skill, or breaking them by force.
 This was an abject and pitiable superstition; and often had I occasion
 to combat it in conversation, without finding a single ally, until the
 triumphs of the Peninsular war beginning to dawn, in 1808, first gave
 me some vantage-ground. With Mrs. H. More I argued in the same
 key, but absolutely without effect. “I grant,” she would often say,
 “everything you can urge for British courage; but——” and then came
 the old story of courage matched against the magic of talent, &c.; the
 whole amount of which was this, when put into plainer language, as I
 repeatedly told her, that we British were in effect a race of brainless
 bull-dogs, with animal courage enough and to spare, but without sense
 or sagacity to guide it: whilst the French had credit, not merely for all
 the talent, but absolutely for a sort of magic, and of supernatural art, by
 which effects were produced, beyond the reach of ordinary tactics to ex-
 plain. Those days were the days of my fervid youth. I was then *con-
 dus juvenis, Console Planco*; at which period of life a man’s patience is
 not his most shining virtue. And very often, I confess, absolutely I

shivered with wrath, when I heard, by insinuation, such disparagement offered to the mighty nation, amongst whom I gloried to have been born. Brute force ! animal qualities of facing peril, or enduring pain ! Were these, then, the highest attributes of that "*princeps populus*," who had been hailed, from the Orient to the setting sun, as the great leading nation in arts and arms, the tutor and forerunner of men's race in civilization ? Such characteristics might aptly delineate the Russian or Scythian boor ; but for that thrice-famous island, whose sons had so long shone as the vanward host in the army of nations ; whose colonies possessed, by circles of longitude and latitude, the supreme section of the New World ; under the shadow of whose mighty sceptre the hundred millions of Hindostan reposed ; the people whom, when cited up ideally before the true and mirror-like sensibility of Goldsmith, that poet had beheld sweeping by, over the stage of life, in such majestic pomp of precedency, as to challenge tears from Dr. Johnson, whensoever he read the lines——

"Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by."

Contrasting the mighty object thus insulted with the trivial insulter, (a blue-stocking manufacturer of sentiment,) I acknowledge that I gradually became more careless of Mrs. H. More's acquaintance than I had even originally been, and still more insensible of any merit which she possessed. However, I determined that she should not mistake me for a mere John Bull, fierce upon his imagined superiority, without knowing anything of the grounds which sustain it. Not enduring to talk much with her upon such a theme, I threw into what I meant for my parting colloquies some hits which, I was well assured, she could not parry ; and I was truly delighted to see that I stung her beyond all power of dissembling. I observed to her, as coolly and as sneeringly as I could, that *Malbrouk*, as the French songs call him, viz. Marlborough, notwithstanding he had the misfortune (as she was pleased to consider it) of being an Englishman, yet contrived to trample as mire all the French generals opposed to him, whether pupils of Turenne or of Catinat ; which two leaders, however, as being much more systematically educated than the officers of republican France, who, generally speaking, had risen from the ranks, I was bold to consider as probably more accomplished leaders than the best of the new school. And *apropos* of accomplishments, said I, what military leader throughout history, if we except the first Cæsar, could stand a competition as to those with the all-brilliant Englishman, whether in extent, compass, or variety ? Certainly, Mrs. Hannah More, you will find it difficult to produce a French General fit, in this respect, to hold a candle to him ; and I give you a large latitude of selection ; I will give you the three centuries from Francis I., and the stirring age of his daughter-in-law, Catherine de Medicis, to the æra of the Revolution. To begin with little things, Marlborough was the most finished statue of a man for the eye ; next, as to manners and deportment, he was the most polished and high-bred ; at once captivating by his suavity and commanding by his dignity. He was the most insinuating courtier in the circles of princes ; in diplomacy he was second to no man in his own age ; and in his peculiar art of strategics he shone so resplendently, that no man ever thought of Marlborough as a possible subject for rivalry, notwithstanding he had constantly for his assessor in the prætorian dignity that illustrious Prince Eugene, who would have been, to any merit lower than his own, a rival of even fatal pretensions. Doubtless, I added, the Brutish Charles III. interpreted the courtly homage of Marlborough

during their famous interview, as no more than a just acknowledgment of what he conceived his own superiority. The amenity and high-breeding of the English Captain doubtless passed with him for effeminacies incompatible with any high standard of martial qualities. And yet the booby—for such he was—might have reflected that Marlborough was even more above him in the scientific practice of his art, in the vast compass of his combination, and in the throne-shattering extent of his chief victories, than he was in his knowledge of men and courts. As to victories, indeed, what comparison could there be between a petty defeat of Finland peasants and perfectly undisciplined Russians on the one hand, and the immortal Blenheim on the other? Leaving this theme of Marlborough, however, as soon as I had worked it sufficiently for Mrs. More's annoyance, I passed to our modern *Expeditions*. No topic has furnished more occasion for the misrepresentations of fiction; and it had gradually become a received and unquestioned doctrine,—almost a proverb,—that our English were *always* unfortunate in expeditions. Now, said I, Mrs. H. More, allow me to remind you, that, putting entirely out of the question our many anti-colonial expeditions, every one of which, without a solitary exception, has succeeded, and confining ourselves to those on a grander scale, which of them, in a military sense, has failed? The two most conspicuous to after ages will be the Egyptian, and the Portuguese of last year, (1808) under Sir Arthur Wellesley. In both these we found the enemy in possession, nine-tenths of the process, as, in every language, the proverb teaches us; but here it was *military* possession, which implies the occupation of forts, citadels, towns, magazines, rivers, natural positions. We find him also, to use a neologism, acclimatized, while we had to season our northern bodies by first of all dying a little. Meantime, what were the relations of force, valued numerically? In Egypt we might have a little the advantage, but in Portugal the balance was, in a far greater degree, against us. And, such being the premises, now, then, what was the result? You know, Mrs. Hannah More, in both cases, we kicked them out of the land which they had polluted and desolated: yes, Mrs. Hannah More, we kicked your French generals, with all their tactics and their ticktacs, their “manœuvrings” on the right bank and the left bank, their “combinations” and their combidevils; or, if you please, we handed them politely out of the country almost without an effort. In Egypt the business was done, in effect, by the first two or three days, all the rest being occupied merely by the extent of ground interposed between ourselves and Cairo, as afterwards between Cairo and Alexandria. In Portugal, again, all was finished by the two actions of Roleia and Vimiera; and but for the unhappy intervention of the two old dotards who superseded Sir Arthur in the command, all would have been finished much more decisively, and with ampler degradation for France. I alleged, also, the brilliant descent on Calabria, under Sir John Stuart—an expedition much smaller, indeed, in its scale, but not less absolute and comprehensive in its success. And in that instance, said I, we had the pleasure of catching one of your French manœuvrers—the rascal Regnier, who in his book upon Egypt had libelled our army. Never was retribution more perfect. Here was the hound, who had insinuated the vilest things against ourselves, generally, as a nation victorious by its representative army over his own, under the attesting eyes of Turks, Mamelukes, Arabs, Fellahs—and had uttered equal villanies against individual regiments: here we had him, and an army which he could not deny to be an *army d'élite*, face to face marshalled against our own: the

French mustered in greater strength than ourselves : that made the result even more illustrious, which, however, was, in every circumstance, arranged as if by the hands of the dread Nemesis herself. Regnier, the libeller, was here supreme and uncontrolled : he had no longer any Menou or other superior on whom to transfer his disgraces. It had been, moreover, a Scottish regiment against whom his insults were hurled : and behold ! it was a Scottish regiment to whom, chiefly on this occasion, accident had assigned the task of chastisement. This Scottish regiment was composed of young men, not one of whom had ever before been engaged : and to sharpen the points of contrast, it happened that the particular regiment to which it was now confronted bore the reputation of being the crack regiment in the French service : it was the *Première légère*. The two regiments advanced against each other : they met : and the order ran along the line to cross bayonets. In that very operation a little indication transpired of French trepidation : the Scottish bayonet was firm : but all along the line was heard the tinkle of the hostile bayonet as it rattled, for a moment, against the British weapon, under the uncontrollable tremours of anticipation. Frenchman ! even by that sign thou art decyphered and read—weighed and found wanting. The next moment proclaimed the triumph of Scotland : the bayonet was sent home : the regiment—the army was broken, pursued, smashed : and Regnier, the slanderous Regnier, was made chief in that ignominy which previously he had only shared with others.—Finally, having multiplied my cases of this nature against Mrs. Hannah More, and mortified her—on public grounds, observe—to the utmost extent of my opportunities, I took leave of the subject with this remark. The admiration for military talent was built, I contended, upon a psychological delusion. No sort of talent is more vulgar in itself, or of more plentiful growth ; in fact it is produced to order in any quantity required. Witness the Thirty Years' war,—witness the age of Republican France. In both periods there was a great market for the sale of such talent : and, accordingly, in both periods there was a large supply immediately sown, reaped, and brought to market. In reality, the mere art—or knack rather—of strategic movements, if it could be detached and altogether abstracted from the great consequences dependant on such movements, would be viewed as one of the meanest amongst the mechanic arts : not much, if at all, above carpentry. But it happens that great events, thrones raised and dynasties dissolved, are often the direct results of military operations. Hence, by a natural psychological process [*vitium subreptionis*] we transfer upon the mind achieving, the splendour which really belongs to the things achieved. But, at all events, it is fatal to all ideas of rarity or intrinsic value in the talent itself—that as much of it is produced, and as rapidly, and as certainly, at any era of particular demand for such qualities as of any one assignable product of manufacturing industry. Mrs. Hannah More never professed any talents for disputation : still less upon a philosophic question. And such a dogma as this last, simply, because it contradicted the commonplace current on the subject, she would, at any rate, have shrunk from as a paradox. However, there was now a near prospect that I should be justified and avenged by unimpeachable facts and by trophies that would not be gainsaid. For England was now launched upon the Spanish war ; and the case was, at length, realized which, so often, for eight years running, I had supposed in conversation as a basis for my arguments :—Hitherto, said I, every English general during our time has been starved in his supplies of men. Once only let

us see an Englishman of good health and active habits at the head of eighty thousand men, fifty being his own countrymen, the rest, suppose Portuguese peasants, (not Lisboners,) but officered and trained by Englishmen; and then shall we again see victories worthy of Marlborough. I ask no marvels of talent in the supreme commander [although I am well aware that those would soon be imagined by the moon-struck *genus attornitorum*:] all I postulate is—honest intentions, good health, and reasonable activity. It pleased Heaven to grant all that my arguments supposed,—and more; accordingly, all followed that I anticipated, and more; the Crécy, the Agincourt, the Blenheim, of our forefathers, were virtually repeated for us, their children. And thus, it may be imagined, that at length, by mere dint of facts, hard-headed facts, I had my triumph; and that, concurrently with the vengeance thus signalized for nations, I also, in another sense, had my vengeance, as the champion in so many disputes of our national character. [It is worth while recording, that I had *not*; for the philosophy of the matter, it is worth while explaining *why*.] Happening again to be engaged in political conversation with Mrs. H. More, after an interval of some years, during which the national ear had been stunned and deafened by the rapid succession of our victories, suddenly it recurred to me that I had never claimed or enjoyed my just triumph, and that I could have it now. Powers of justice! conceive my astonishment, when I heard Mrs. H. More disown all the sentiments I ascribed to her, and the whole part which she had really borne in our disputes. Nay, I did not entirely satisfy her that our separate parts and relations in these disputes were not (to speak mathematically) the mere *reciprocal* or absolute inversion of what I represented. “Surely it must have been herself who stood up for England:—Oh! yes: on recollection it must be so; she had always been for England; and, on further recollection, she fancied, (though in that she *might* be mistaken) that I had shocked her much, or at least, somebody had, and surely it must be myself, by the keenness of my anti-national principles, and the excess of my admiration for French tactics.” Oh! Goddess Rhamnusia! had I lived to hear *that*? And was this my retribution? I dropped the subject, and for that day I was silent. Two days after, I called upon her with a passage of my own composition, *printed*, fortunately, and early in 1809. That passage settled the complexion of my politics beyond all dispute; and, “of course it must have been somebody else whom she had confounded with myself.” Thus far she was compelled to do justice. But, as respected herself, she was inexorably positive in her convictions that I wronged her, and that the opinions, which had in effect been won from her as from millions besides, at the cannon’s mouth, were simply those which she had always held. Let it not be imagined that in this self-delusion there was any conscious fraud. No: under the philosophic law of continuity all was explained. However rapid the transition of the English army from its state of obscurity and *inertia* to its state of triumphant lustre, still of necessity this transition had revolved through all the stages of growth and increase. It had not been absolutely *per saltum*. If it had, then there *must* have been a corresponding abruptness in the transformation of the sentiments with which that army was contemplated; and, in that case, the change could not have escaped the consciousness. As it was, there had been room and leisure for the public mind to conform its new way of thinking to the new state of things by a corresponding graduation of movements: each month the army had risen in their opinion, and yet by steps so equal.

ly advancing, that the change had travelled through all the "moments" of increase, without having once challenged a conscious notice. *Tempora mutantur* was then a true saying; but the fact was not perceived, because *Nos et mutamur in illis*. Our minds and sense of things had adjusted themselves to this new position of the objects as imperceptibly as those objects had reached the new position. Mrs. H. More was not singular in her delusion: more than half the nation had shared it; and all, like her, backed out of their old opinions, when it had become impossible to maintain them, except only the unhappy Whigs; and they would have done so too, but for the records of Parliament.

This strange, but still natural mode of traversing a whole hemisphere of opinion, by which the very opposite point of the circle *e diametro* is attained, without a solitary act of consciousness accompanying the change, I have dwelt upon, because in no way so easily, or so frequently, do men practise upon themselves a most extensive delusion. Repentance is thus reckoned upon, vengeance is anticipated, which this world never sees realized. How often has a young aspirant, quitting his village obscurity for London, promised himself, under the consciousness of his own powers, a luxury of revenge upon those who have insulted him, which yet is never fulfilled? And why not? Are the men dead who insulted him? Or has he himself failed to attain the elevation by which he was to inflict the avenging mortification upon them? Perhaps neither one nor the other: yet because his elevation could not be attained by a single, and a sudden act, but was prepared gradually, through many gradations of approach, his enemies were thus inevitably conformed to his new position—silently transfigured by the same process of stealthy change; and the last, or crowning act of his elevation, as no more than a sequel to all which had preceded it, bringing thus no surprise to them, could bring no vengeance to him. Napoleon had overheard a little knave of an attorney, in conversation with Madame Beauharnois, pointedly undervaluing an alliance with himself, a young general of artillery, as with one who had nothing in the world beyond a cloak and a sword. *Manet attâ mente repostum*; and six years afterwards, at the very moment when his Holiness already stood by the altar, his hand upon the ampulla, charged with the sacred oil for God's anointed, Josephine and himself then fully robed, —under these heart-searching circumstances, what was uppermost in his thoughts? "Call," said he, "that little knave, Raquideau." The little knave was at hand, and presented himself. "Now then," said he, "now, now, I say, have I nothing beyond a cloak and a sword?" Here, as Napoleon fancied, was consummated, by one thunderbolt, his long-suspended vengeance. And yet we have the best reason to think that it was a mere *brutum fulmen*. For doubtless this little scamp, Raquideau, had kept his knavish eye keenly fixed upon the public career of Napoleon: and though possibly enough he might sometimes suspect that his client's husband would make his last adieus to the public at "the little national window," still upon the whole he must have felt that his tendencies were upwards. And the several steps of this ascent were so gradual, that the final one could have affected him by no harsher sense of transition, than any other in the whole line of succession. That slight which Napoleon designed to punish by so theatrical an appeal, not only did not exist at this time, but had, been doubtless forgotten: inevitably it had perished long ago by the euthanasia of an unconscious transmigration into other and more suitable feelings.

Here, then, at the very outset of my intimacy with Mrs. H. More,

was laid a solid foundation for mutual dislike. We began our acquaint-
 ance with no great love; and, to use Mr. Slender's account of his pro-
 gress with fair Mistress Ann Page, "it pleased God to decrease it
 upon further acquaintance." But, upon the very second visit which I
 paid her, another indication was drawn forth of Mrs. More's intellect,
 which sealed my disgust. Having called at Barley Wood in the morning,
 I had received an invitation to spend the evening there; an invitation
 which I willingly accepted, as two or three of the sisters were conspicu-
 ous for their high spirits and amiable temper, always ready to amuse and
 to be amused; besides which, one might generally rely upon meeting
 some agreeable society from the neighbouring families of the vale. On
 such occasions it was usual to go early; for the ladies dined at four
 o'clock, and were glad to see their friends as soon as possible after five.
 On this particular occasion, I remember that I found a large party of young
 ladies assembled on the lawn. In the course of the evening, some con-
 versation had arisen, in which one of the company had built some argu-
 ment upon, or drawn some illustration from, poetry. Upon this Mrs.
 Hannah More, with the air of one who is delivering some brilliant pro-
 pos, had taken upon herself to say, "Poetry! oh! as to poetry, I for-
 swear that, and I think everybody else should forswear it, together with
 pink ribbons;" meaning, I suppose, in youth. Mr. Wordsworth has
 remarked, as one feature of a luxurious and feeble condition of society
 in an intellectual sense, that the grandest functions of the human mind
 are degraded into the mere ministers of stimulation or of trivial orna-
 ment; and that people talk of a "taste" for poetry as they would of
 a taste for Frontinus or for rope-dancing. I, however, had learned
 to think higher by far, and with mysterious reverence, of the genial
 art:—I had learned to view it as the science of human passion, in
 all its fluxes and refluxes—in its wondrous depths below depths, and its
 starry altitudes that ascended to the gates of heaven. Mrs. H. More
 would talk learnedly in her books upon the dignity of Human nature:
 she could not do otherwise; for, though she delighted also to talk of its
 degradation and corruption, yet unless originally and indefeasibly it
 possessed some unspeakable grandeur, how or with what propriety could
 its restoration have become the subject of a mysterious scheme in the
 councils of Heaven? Such, however, was her inconsistency, that the
 very art which kept the golden keys for unlocking the whole economy
 of the human heart,—that world of hopes and fears, of heights and
 shadowy depths, of laughter and of tears,—was dismissed to her *chiffonier*,
 or rag depot, together with old filigree, paste pearls, and obsolete
 bracelets. I burned to speak in reply; and to myself I murmured se-
 cretly,—“Oh! woman, that this were not thy house, or that our meet-
 ing could be adjourned to Salisbury Plain!” Something, indeed, as it
 was, without violating any restraints of politeness, I might have said.
 But I had this infirmity—that, whenever I spoke (if it were but a word)
 upon a theme which challenged any peculiar depth of sympathy from its
 importance, inevitably my voice trembled. This effect, which I could
 not dissemble, made a pause and a “sensation” in the conversation, by
 too pointedly arresting the attention of the company; which was not in
 the right key of well-bred society. It made something too like a *sonnet*.
 On this account I was silent. But, just at the moment when it seemed
 certain that Mrs. H. More was to bear off her pretty remark, *perhaps*
 “noted,” nor “protested,” forth stepped a young lady, “severe to youth-
 ful beauty,” and, with a modest but yet not a timid air, put in this up-

answerable demurrer:—"Really, Mrs. Hannah More, I could never presume so far as to look upon anything in the light of a trifle, which Milton had not disdained to spend his life in cultivating. Surely I ought not to rank the *Paradise Lost* with pink ribbons?" Here was a *duplie* [in the lawyers' phrase] to which it was vain for Mrs. More to attempt a *triplicie*. This was a smasher; and I could have kissed the lovely girl, if I durst, for so seasonable a service. As to Mrs. Hannah More, I am sorry to say that she took the reproof with no very charitable expression of eye; she was silent *per force*; for what *could* she have said? But her eye said for her as plainly as possible,—“You are a very impertinent young woman!” However, Milton *v.* the Author of the *Search after Happiness*, was a case admitting of no reply.

Pretty much about the same time I learned another feature of Mrs. Hannah More's character, which was peculiarly revolting to my mind; or rather, I ought to say, that I now learned a peculiarly revolting case, illustrating a weakness which I was already aware of. There was in Bristol an author, of very estimable private character; and, judging by the sale of his works, not altogether without claims to be considered as a favourite of the public. Indeed I have heard the most original poet of modern times acknowledge that his works were rich in gleams of native genius, though he was disposed to pronounce them heavy as a whole. Some class, however, there must have been among the reading public, to whom his writings were acceptable; for, without much favour amongst the professional critics, and with no private partisanship, assuredly, at work on his behalf, repeated impressions had been called for of those amongst his works, which were at all fitted for popularity by their subject. This author had originally been a bookseller and a publisher; and, I have understood, that having been in some way or other unfortunate, he had retired—but with no loss of character—at an early period of life, from all his speculations as a tradesman. I called upon him, whenever I passed through Bristol, simply as a man of letters; and I thought him a very agreeable companion; for he wore upon the face of his manners an air of integrity: he was kind and courteous; and about his literary pursuits and plans, he was communicative, or not, according to the interest, more or less, which his visiter manifested in such topics. This gentleman, and his sisters, with whom he lived, were uniformly in the habit of professing great esteem for Mrs. H. More, and admiration—more by a good deal than I could see any ground for—of her writings. In birth, they were very probably on a level with that lady; and, as to professional pursuits, there could be no difference of rank, seeing that the sisters presided over a large and brilliant establishment for educating young ladies, exactly as Mrs. Hannah More and her sisters had done many years before. Not understanding, therefore, what barrier it was which could divide people so united as they were in religious opinions, and with so much reverence on the one side towards the other,—I said, one day, when paying my respects at this house, “Pray, Mr. X. Z. what is the reason that, thinking, as I know you think, about Mrs. H. More, you do not cultivate her acquaintance? How is it, that, amongst all the legions of gay people whom I meet at Barley Wood, never yet, by any accident, have I seen there either you or your sisters?”—He smiled, and answered thus: “My answer is partly anticipated in your question; it is precisely on account of those legions of gay people that I do not go to Barley Wood. I will own to you, very frankly, that I am not quite at home in such society. Some people of the very highest rank,

in whose way I have sometimes fallen casually, have treated me with great affability: but, generally speaking, the fashionable mob, whom one is liable to find at Barley Wood on a fine morning—those, I mean, who come over from Bath—look strangely upon me; and, doubtless, I suit them as little as they suit me. Meantime, you are to understand that, in former times, I *did* visit Mrs. Hannah More; and, whether I gave up that practice on a sufficient reason, speaking in my own case, I will not take upon me to say: you shall judge. One day I was sitting alone with Mrs. Hannah More; and I believe that, on that particular morning, she did not expect any visitors. Suddenly I saw the heads of the leaders to a travelling carriage, fairly looking in at the drawing-room windows before any noise of approach had reached us, and, in the next moment, a servant announced their Royal Highnesses the Princess A——, Prince W. of G——, and some Lady of rank in attendance upon the Princess. Great was my perplexity as to what I ought to do. It appeared to me that Mrs. H. More, by a little decent exertion of firmness and self respect, might have delivered both herself and me from all embarrassment. She, however, appeared flurried; not, as I fancied, from any trepidation about facing people of this distinguished rank, but at being here detected in a *tête-à-tête* with a man of my unfashionable air. She looked at me, then at the window, then at the fire-place, until, really, a strange fancy came over me that she wished me to jump out of the window, or to get up the chimney. Up the chimney, to say the truth, I would have been too happy to go, both for her sake and for my own. But the weather was cold; there was a hot fire, my dear Sir, and under those circumstances, ——” “Say no more, my friend: under no circumstances ought the most good-natured of men to go up a chimney, not though it were to oblige the Pope and the Dalai Lama. But did Mrs. H. More take it ill, then, that you blinked the question as to the chimney?” — “Really it would be hard to say what she wished at that moment; but, doubtless, she wished fervently that Providence had called me on any other road that morning. Meantime, as Damien observed, no agony lasts for ever. I was attempting an exit by the door, when I saw the royal party advancing through the passage. To pass them was impossible, without absolute rudeness. I waited until they had entered. The ladies advanced up to Mrs. H. More, and did not seem at all to observe me; but the Prince, who was in the rear, very courteously bowed to me as he advanced up the room. I made my acknowledgments by gestures: and immediately after, making my way to the door, I opened it, and then turning round, without speaking, I bowed once or twice with an air of reverence to the whole party, and made my exit. Afterwards, I called, as usual, on Mrs. H. More; but she received me with coldness; and, though I could well perceive this, I did not resent it, but paid her my usual respectful attentions; until at length I found myself a second time in the very same dilemma. A large party came in suddenly: this time it was not a royal party; but I heard the sounds of ‘Your Ladyship,’ and ‘My Lord,’ hurried about; and from the number of outriders, &c. doubtless, they were some great people or other. I never staid to ask who: for, seeing, as before, a marked expression of vexation on Hannah More’s countenance, I took my hat without saying a word, satisfied that nobody would miss me, and quitted her house, never again to enter it. That vow I made at the moment: that vow I have kept; and keep it I shall. I esteem, value, and highly admire Mrs. H. More; but I have also some respect for myself; and I will go no more to a house

where I am tolerated only in a surreptitious way, and become a subject of scandal and offence, if, for one moment a collision occurs between myself and more privileged friends."

Such was my friend's statement, which explained everything, and shocked me exceedingly. Never yet could I tolerate this double countenance, and double tongue, by which a man is welcomed as a friend in one situation, and frowned upon or disowned in another. And, doubtless, Mrs. H. More would have found secretly, more respect, from her great friends, if she had protected her unassuming visitor, and had said firmly, "This gentleman, or that gentleman—for he would have absented himself, no doubt immediately—is a very respectable and old friend of mine."

I think it might be in 1811 or 1812, that Hannah More acquainted me with the fact of her having declined the place of sub-governess to the Princess Charlotte of Wales. When the offer had been made, and whether at the time it were Lady de Clifford, or Lady Elgin, who had the post of principal governess, I do not know. What were the reasons which induced Mrs. H. More to decline a situation which would have given her some power, and a great deal of distinction, I did not inquire. Most people found a sufficient justification of her refusal in the ample comforts of her present situation as a private woman, which could not have been increased by any public station however lucrative, whilst her liberty of action would have been greatly abridged, and a responsibility undertaken beyond the warrant of any powers conferred upon the place. I have said that I made no inquiries of Mrs. H. More, or her sisters, as to the motives which guided her,—in fact, the terms on which I stood with the family were not confidential enough to allow of my doing so. But Mrs. H. More herself related to me a little anecdote at this time, which might, I suspect, have had some share in sharpening her objections to the place. The opening made for Mrs. H. More had arisen out of the retirement, (whether resignation or dismissal, I cannot say,) of a Miss Hayes. This lady, as it happened, was acquainted with the family at Barley Wood, and had recently made them a visit. Naturally enough the conversation had fallen upon the nature of the vacant office, and the kind of duties attached to it. In the course of these communications it had come out, that a great deal of intriguing went on amongst the household of the young Princess; and that, in a recent instance, one very respectable man had fallen a victim to it. Dr. ——— officiated, under the then Bishop of Salisbury, (Dr. Fisher,) as the acting tutor of her Royal Highness, with regard to some particular portions of her studies. This gentleman, Miss Hayes described as an upright, honourable man, guileless in all respects, but too simple-minded and unpractised in the ways of courts. *He had neglected to plant his attentions and his deference in the right, that is, the influential quarter.* Hence, probably, what followed. One day, in conversing upon the history of England, and the gradual developments of English law, in concurrence with the continual increase in the expansion and variety of English property, the youthful Princess came upon the subject of donations, and testamentary dispositions of property. What were the various modes by which people could legally acquire or alienate property? What conditions were essential to the framing of a will? Particularly, at what age could a person of either sex make a will that should be binding in law? Upon all these points the learned Doctor gave such answers as were suitable: such, in short, as were in a manner extorted from him by his royal pupil. She had, at the same time, pressed her inquiries upon the nature of property and

upon the legal extent of her own. With respect to most of her instabilities, the Doctor had replied, that the property was hers only in a sense of courtesy. Were her trinkets then, were her books, in short, [speaking pettishly,] was anything hers? The Doctor replied, that such things, being too inconsiderable to come within the notice of her Royal Father, probably would be so considered; at least, that her own disposal of them would not be disturbed. Out of this conversation, which upon the tutor's part was a mere act of duty and submission to her Royal Highness's pleasure, arose his ruin. Within a few days it transpired that the Princess had made her will. The singularity of such a caprice attracted a good deal of attention; and much anxiety was testified, by different members of her establishment, to get a sight of it. In fact, it was justly regarded as a sort of index to her personal preferences, and a scale, regularly graduated, for expressing the exact place which each individual there mentioned held in her esteem. There might also, for anything I know, be satirical bequests to particular persons whom she disliked, upon the model of that celebrated metrical will, composed by Dr. Donne, in the time of James I. At all events, her sub-tutor, the worthy Dr. ———, was honoured by an especial notice—the whole of her library being bequeathed to him. This was immediately connected with the recent conversation; an occasion was thence derived for colouring the whole transaction as a jesuitical contrivance for interested purposes on the part of Dr. ———; the matter was reported to the Regent, who, without very much sifting, frowned, at any rate, upon so disproportionate a mark of attachment shown to an obscure person; and, briefly, the Doctor was dismissed. Such a story as this was not likely to recommend the office to Hannah More's ambition. To "put into circumscription and confine her free condition," could not, at her time of life, (sixty, or near it,) have been a prudent step, except on the excitement of intense ambition: and that was a dangerous passion, as it appeared, in the Princess Charlotte's household: if jealousy could operate so forcibly against a man upon female minds, *a fortiori* it would be fatal to the pretensions of a woman.

The office was, therefore, declined: but I believe it was by way of a peace-offering for having declined it, and in some imperfect way to supply the defect of her own personal superintendence, that Mrs. Hannah More now composed her "*Hints on the Education of a Princess.*" I dare say that this work may have been useful: because, however otherwise shallow and superficial, it appeals, as all Mrs. Hannah More's works do, to a higher standard of morals than usually is ever heard of in the courts of princes. Doubtless it must do good, and must influence favourably many a moment of sadness or of solitary meditation, and must have a chance for turning to a moral account many a heart-ache, such as palaces are heirs to no less than cottages; to know or to remember as even among real existences the fact of a Christian ideal in morals, loftier, purer, and more holy; whilst by the great machinery of the Christian scheme it is made, also, far more practically applicable to human necessities, than the aerial altitudes of Stoical ethics; though that scheme, also, was the grandest speculation of uninspired human nature. Else, and apart from this use in suggesting higher moral motives, I have often wondered at the shallowness of the soil which could be supposed capable of receiving much culture or much manuring from instructions so slight and so unsustained, even by extensive reading; as Mrs. Hannah More's. The whole stream of her illustrations was naturally derived from History: and yet on how narrow a basis reposed her acquaintance with that

prodigious body of records, and in the choice of her reading how little had she shown of research or of desire to visit the fountain heads! One day I happened, in conversation with her, to mention Coligni, the well-known Protestant leader in the times of Charles IX. To my great surprise she seemed perplexed, and quite at fault. "Coligni," I repeated, "the Admiral: he, you know, who became substantially the head of the Protestants after the assassination of Condé:" and then, seeing that she still looked confused, I added, "the very chief of those who suffered at Paris in the St. Bartholomew butchery." "Oh! yes," she replied, "the conspiracy of St. Bartholomew, I remember: that was a shocking affair." But though she remembered the name and designation of this great event, it was evident that she had no remembrance at all of the great persons who had figured in it, whether as actors or as sufferers. Yet, if a student of history may have licence to be ignorant of so conspicuous an *act* in the great drama of modern history, as the whole regency of Catherine de Medici, what is it that he is expected to know? Even in the times posterior to those of Charles IX., and with respect to persons whose names and memories are as familiar to the ear as any in our own day, I found Mrs. H. More a mere mirror of the common popular impressions, which, in no instance, she had taken any pains to correct, or to verify when that was possible. Out of many scores whom I could mention, the following eminent persons came under a passing review in our conversations; and, with regard to all of them, by simply telling the unwelcome truth, I so disturbed the previous romance which had settled on their characters, that Mrs. H. More complained of being in the condition of one who is made to stand on his head; and, I believe, after all, gave me credit for inventing my authorities. *Henri Quatre*, the gay, the gallant, the chivalrous! If any Frenchman could have credit for being a perfect gentleman, a possibility which even Mrs. H. More was disposed to doubt, (for the petulance and defect of moral dignity and reserve in the very temperament of France, makes that as difficult a feat as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle,) such a distinction she was inclined to claim for this famous apostate. "But," said I, "Henri Quatre, in spite of his feathers drooping to his saddle-bow, spite of his romantic amours, of his *coups-de-theatre* in matters of generosity, clemency, courage, &c., was a mere brute in private life." "Why, you know, Lord Chesterfield tells us, that no man is a hero to his valet; but surely you use too strong a word: amiable; at least, he was, in the French sense of that word." "Yes, on a fine day, surrounded by ladies. But I speak of his ordinary *week-day* life. Amongst the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, not merely his conversation, but his personal habits, were filthy, brutal, disgusting—worse than would be tolerated amongst draymen or scavengers." I gave my authority,—Sir George Carew, in his official report of what he witnessed in the French court to James I. "But was Sir George a sufficient historical evidence?" "Beyond all question the most impartial of all contemporary delineators of that court." But, to settle that point, by urging a modern authority, which I knew would weigh with Mrs. H. More, I assured her, that Gray, the poet, in his official character as Professor of Modern History, had relied entirely upon Sir George's work, which is to be found reprinted by Birch, in one of his many valuable contributions to history. Then came Sully, the *honest* Sully,—"*honest Iago!*" He, doubtless, was well-kicked by his chivalrous master on many an occasion. The royal toe was much better acquainted with his person than his own hand with the hilt of his sword.

That, however, was his own concern. What concerns us is, that the said Sully was a knave, beyond all other unhangd knaves in modern history. This it was easy to shew, even from his own memoirs, which, in this point, perfectly accorded with Sir George Carew; who, I remember, particularly notices his rapacity, his habit of scoffing at all principles of justice, and his infamous effrontery in building his very pride on the open avowal of his villainies. Clarendon naturally followed Sully. Mrs. H. More was surprised to hear that he had ever been charged with murder; a charge which it was easy to substantiate from Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson's Memoirs;* though it would have been equally easy to adduce a whole body of evidence to the same effect from other sources. But, waiving these hideous atrocities, look to his private memoirs, (not his History,) for the scene which ensued on the discovery, or pretended discovery, of his daughter's clandestine marriage with the Duke of York, then heir-presumptive to the crown. Whether we suppose the old knave a party to the plot, or one of its dupes, what extravagance of folly and injustice! What over-acted feminine fury! He would kill his daughter with his own hands; he would convict her of high treason; sentence her, execute her, *de plano*—summarily, without evidence as to the facts, without distinction as to the guilt, without deliberation as to the punishment. Is this an English judge that we are reading—is it the *supreme* English judge who acts in this spirit of demoniac frenzy? But he was overpowered by sudden surprise, and loyal indignation. Not at all; for he records all this scene deliberately, and leaves it as an avowed model of wise conduct to posterity. Just such had been the behaviour of Sully in England: a riot having occurred from the insolence of his train meeting with the hot blood of Englishmen, he seizes two of his own people; and, as a sort of libation to the popular storm, in a mixed spirit of cowardice the vilest, and tyranny the most devilish, resolves to throw them overboard. This noble resolution taken, he despatches a messenger to the Lord Mayor, insisting on his coming forthwith to hang his two servants; and greatly scandalized he is to hear, in reply, that it was not the English practice to hang men before trial. Who but must rejoice in the misfortunes of such ministers as these, who, by long courses of illegal violences and villainies, had so darkened the very ideas of equity, as originally imprinted on their minds by nature, that actually they do not scruple to record, as shining instances of political wisdom, actions which alternately demand the knout or the rope of the public hangman? The false characters of our William III., and of his Consort Mary, faded before the same impartial examinations.† And at length Mrs. H. More began to complain that all

* Colonel Hutchinson was one of the few regicides to whom mercy had been extended—*why*, is still somewhat mysterious. •My own belief is,—that he purchased his commutation of sentence by making revelations which he durst not avow to his noble-minded wife. Clarendon's crime was,—that he privately determined to intercept the royal indulgence, by making it nugatory. With this view, he had the Colonel confined in a castle, which, from its dampness, co-operating with his particular state of health, was certain to kill him, and *did* kill him. This purpose Lord C. did not disguise. There is good reason to believe, also, that Clarendon was a party to the base attempts, so often renewed, for assassinating Ludlow. Lisle, his brother in misfortune and exile, was assassinated.

† Never was there a more flagrant, not *tour d'adresse*, but *tour de force* than that by which Lord Orford attempts to throw off the weight of the Duchess of Marlborough's testimony as to the spirit of heartless levity exhibited by Mary on taking possession of her unhappy father's palace. Who but this Duchess, he imagines, would be at leisure, in so mighty, and to the new Queen personally so affecting, a revolution, to think about sheets and counterpanes? Doubtless that argued extreme

history would unsettle its foundations, and nothing be left to rely upon, if such a spirit of scrutiny were encouraged. But this was no better objection to the justice of such a course, than it would be in a magistrate to allege, that some great criminal investigation must be stifled, as likely to involve too many or too distinguished persons in its consequences. On the whole, however, I ascertained that she was neither well-read in history, (the only distinct branch of knowledge, excepting theology, which she professed,) nor willing to encounter the pains of steadily supplying her deficiencies. Often, indeed, I had occasion to remember the cynical remark of Swift—that, after all, as respects mere learning, the most accomplished woman is hardly on a level with a school-boy. In quoting this saying, I have restricted it so as to offer no offence to the female sex intellectually considered. Swift probably meant to undervalue women generally. Now I am well aware, that they have their peculiar province. But that province does not extend to *learning*, technically so called. No woman ever was, or will be a *Polyhistor*, like Salmasius, for example; nor a philosopher; nor in fact any thing whatsoever, called by what name you like, which demands either of these two qualifications which follow:—1. Great powers of combination, that is, of massing ~~of~~ grouping under large comprehensive principles; or, 2. Severe logic.*

The reason that Mrs. H. More had so slender an acquaintance with history was, in fact, that she had no philosophical principles; none of any sort; and from the very name and offices of all such knowledge she retreated with horror. Hence it was, and not from want of reading, that she knew little or nothing of the true steps by which Europe had attained her present state of civilization. There is no way for retaining the mere facts of history, and the prodigious succession of similar events, unless by attaching them as illustrations to previous theories of the forces, powers, and agencies, then operating and moulding the course both of things and persons, without any distinct consciousness on the part of those who forward the general process. Hannah More had no such theories, no general principles, I mean, of any kind, unless in theology; and upon that subject only, clothed in the wisdom of others, she did occasionally talk wisely.

Notwithstanding all this, it has been often remarked, that so essentially are the *final* difficulties in all great questions relating to man and his primary interests, fastened as it were to philosophy, and in many cases even to that abstruser branch of philosophy which is called metaphysics, that even amongst the most frivolous people, nay, even amongst people as little cultured as savages, questions of philosophy, and very often of pure metaphysics, will, and do continually force themselves on the attention. Witness, in *morals*, the questions of free will, fate, chance; in *theology*, the nature of God, and thousands of others. Hence it happened that even Mrs. H. More could not *always* repel the intrusions of such questions. And it happened, also, as a further occasion for provoking such discussions, that the adjacent little town of Wrington, (hardly one-half mile from her own gates,) had been the birth place of Locke. Him, in some sense, she venerated; having no better reason for

pettiness of mind: but it happens that the person who exhibited this monstrous levity, and practised this striking indecency, was not the Duchess of Marlborough, but Queen Mary. The Duchess merely recorded what she had seen or heard; and *that* the malicious Horace well knew.

* Hence by ~~the way~~, i. e. from this last postulate, the difficulty that a woman should be a Political Economist—that is, in a rigid sense.

doing so, then because, upon tentatively groping about to ascertain his public estimation, she found that he was (though declining in authority,) still classed amongst those who had done honour to their country. With regard to his religious opinions, I believe she was aware how lax and indulgent they were as compared with her own. As to myself, knowing that I was a philosophical student, she so far did violence to her own tastes (or possibly in those particular instances she might really feel some curiosity) as twice to seek my aid in metaphysical embarrassments. Once was with respect to the philosophic scheme of Immanuel Kant: without minute details, she wished for a general-rude outline of its purposes and its machinery. The other case regarded the Humian doctrine of cause and effect, which had accidentally been brought forward with a *practical* purpose of partisanship, on occasion of the late Professor Leslie's canvass amongst the electors to some one of the chairs in the University of Edinburgh. On that occasion the late Dr. Thomas Brown had written an anonymous pamphlet, which he afterwards expanded into a large volume. The same Dr. Brown had also written an anonymous paper, in a very early number of the *Edinburgh Review*, upon the other subject of Mrs. Hannah More's curiosity, Kant's philosophy. The task which Mrs. More had imposed over and above its general difficulties, had a special one as regarded my very fastidious pupil, who came already disgusted to the subject. However, I succeeded in realising the old proverb, and killing two birds with one stone; for I so dovetailed the two answers together, that the explanation of Kant was made to arise naturally and easily out of the mere statement of Hume's problem on the idea of necessary connexion; a problem which Mr. Coleridge has traced to Thomas Aquinas; but which, whether excogitated *proprio Marte* or not by Hume, is unquestionably the most remarkable contribution to philosophy ever made by man. And, I may add, in justification of my dovetailing process, that, as a matter of fact, Kant's whole philosophy did originally arise upon the suggestion of that famous discovery. My answer though short indeed for so vast a subject, was, however, too long to be inserted in this place. Probably I shall publish it in a separate form.

In another instance, Mrs. H. More paid a compliment to my philosophic pretensions which I could well have dispensed with. An Irish gentleman, reputed to be of brilliant talents, who had once filled the office of confidential secretary to the late Lord Londonderry, (then Castlereagh,) when Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. in Ireland, happened to be domesticated at Barley Wood, upon a visit of a week or two. I, in company with part of the family from Westhay, had the honour of being invited to meet him at dinner. Suppose, then, the *fude* process of introduction, of drinking wine with each other, of dining, in short,—all gone through, and the servants withdrawn; suddenly, as by a preconcerted movement, Mrs. H. More rose up from the chair which she occupied between the Irishman and myself, begged me to exchange seats with her,—and having by this movement brought the lion and myself into immediate contact, she laid her commands upon us to commence disputing—upon what? *De quolibet*—was manifestly her purpose. But as we were both shy of “coming to the scratch” upon so vague an invitation, she drew forward, from past remembrances, some proposition of mine, I know not what, upon the different attempts to demonstrate the existence of God. The glove being thus thrown down, to it we went like bull and bull-dog. One minute, however, sufficed to awaken me to the ridicule of a situation in which two persons were to exhibit as gladiators before a party chiefly

female, to the entire interruption of all general conversation, and of all social pleasure. Disputation of any kind, and on any subject, I had always held abominable in mixed parties, and in the very worst tone of underbred society. How, indeed, Mrs. H. More could trespass so far upon all the rules of social propriety—she who had so fine a tact for refinement in manners—I cannot guess. Perhaps she sought the stimulus of a sparring-match at any price. Be that as it might, my part was plain—to back out of the dispute by the first honourable evasion. But as none immediately offered, and I grew hotter and hotter in my purgatory, and thought with more and more horror of bestowing my tediousness upon the long line of amiable female faces which I saw ranged on the other side of the table, and listening, as it seemed, “in sad civility,” I adopted the following desperate expedient for hastening the catastrophe:—I mustered up all the hard words, from every quarter,—from the seraphic and the inexpugnable doctors, from Albertus Magnus, from Jacob Boehmen, and from Immanuel Kant,—and of these such a cataract did I precipitate upon my unhappy antagonist—such a Niagara—that under the pitiless drenching he scarcely ventured to lift up his head. It was a perfect hail-storm chorus. Then came his rejoinder, solemn and conscientious—that he did not altogether understand me. Miraculous indeed, and by divine assistance it must have been, if he had. “For instance,” said he, “in applying the term *pathologically considered* to the *réens*, what might be your precise meaning?” I replied that certainly it merited some deliberation to determine exactly what it was or might be—to consider the *réens* in its pathological relations; but that, as we seemed to be not quite agreed about the definition or use of our terms, perhaps it might be as well to adjourn our discussion to some future day, when we might have more leisure to arrange preliminaries. He was a good-natured man, and perhaps he saw through my stratagem and its purpose. For he smiled, and agreed with me that we had better define our terms more at leisure. We bowed to each other; and the contest being thus understood to be suspended, general conversation recommenced. This match, in the language of the ring, I believe that Mrs. H. More viewed as a *cross* :* for my part I can never help laughing when I think either of the original absurdity of my position, in being regularly pitted as a game cock, in single duel, with this distinguished guest of Mrs. H. More’s, or of that second tissue of absurdities by which I delivered myself from the first.

But I am insensibly wandering beyond the limits assigned me. I was on the point of sketching the principal figures in that polished society, which was generally met with at Barley Wood,—but I forbear. In saying so much, as I have already done upon the central figure in the group—Mrs. Hannah More herself—I should not disguise from myself one difficulty, which has met me at every turn. Inevitably I could not but place myself in somewhat of an advantageous position as regarded our conversations; for with all true humility, I affect none which is false. Mrs. H. More was not a woman to say brilliant things: if there were any novelties of opinion offered in conversation, assuredly they did not come from her. And being myself a perfect Talus,† or iron man, as to equity,—and as to logic, (which is in fact equity in the intellect,) I could not, without great affectation, feel any weakness or fears in the presence of one who had really no masculine power about her, and who conti-

* A *cross* is, when, by some collusion, either party evades the battle, either by making little resistance, or by any other stratagem.

† See Spenser’s fiction of Talus, in the *Fairy Queene*, derived however from an older fiction of Paganism.

nally laid herself open to attack, and to defeat—if a man had carried so foolish a purpose into her company. She was, in fact, to sum up her pretensions, an agreeable, an amiable, and a clever woman, who had been a little spoiled by flattery, and had been pushed forward by feeble-minded women of rank, to assume a station of authority which did not naturally belong to her, and which was never manifested without seeming particularly unbecoming, as associated with those retiring qualities of modesty and reserve which did really cling to her inmost nature. As a writer, how eminently artificial she was, notwithstanding some imaginary admiration which she always professed for simplicity, is evident from the very structure of her sentences; which are all turned as in a lathe, and are so entirely dependent for their effect upon antithesis, or direct contraposition in the words, even where there is little or none in the thoughts, that once a great poet, opening one of her works and reading a paragraph, made this remark to me: "These feeble thinkers dare not trust a single thought to its native powers: so afraid are they of seeming dull, and so conscious of no innate right to challenge or support attention, that each particular sentence is polished into a sparkling and independent whole; so that, open the book where you will, all has an exterior brilliancy, and will bear being detached without any injury to its effect, having no sort of natural cohesion with the context, or dependancy upon what goes before." Her *Cælebs*, again, shewed in another way her artificial way of thinking; for, assuredly, her natural delicacy would have made her revolt from the grossness implied in the whole plan of that novel, and expressed in its very title, "*Cælebs in search of a Wife*." Such a search would, in real life, cover any man with ridicule, and the woman on whom his preference settled with shame. But, with all these ineradicable disadvantages, Mrs. More's works have their value. The very dilution of their thoughts recommends them, and adapts them to those who would shrink from severer or profounder speculations, and who seek, in all they read, to see their own ordinary sentiments reflected. Still, even thus, Mrs. H. More is not destined to any long existence. The species, the class of such writers, it is true, will always be in demand; but the individual perishes, because each successive generation looks for specific adaptation to itself, for illustrations drawn from the objects moving upon its own peculiar field of experience, and possessing that sort of interest which is always attached pre-eminently to a living writer.

WINE SONG.

BACCHUS, god of purple wine,
Now upon thy voteries shine,
As o'er the flowing cup we raise
To thee a joyous hymn of praise.
Breathe upon our Rhenish hills,
In the greatness of thy power;
Give thy vines refreshing rills,
And the grateful summer shower.

Ivy crowns we'll weave for thee:
We'll strip Apollo's laurel tree;
The bright wreaths of the sacred Nine,
Bacchus, we will claim as thine!

Bacchus, god of every joy,
Hover o'er us while we sing;
'Give us mirth without alloy,
As to thee we sweep the string.
But oh, upon our vine-clad Rhine,
Pour the riches of thy hand;
Brighter, deeper, pour thy wine,
For our fatherland.
On the jocund hills of France
Let thy inspiring presences shine;
Smile on the gay vintage dance,
These glad orgies—they are thine.

Let the Spanish vintage glow
In the sunny autumn shine;
But oh, tend well the grapes that grow
On the smiling banks of Rhine!

PARTIES IN DUBLIN.

You shall see great difference between our Bohemia and your Sicilia."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE state of parties now in Dublin, their relative strength, and the nature of their feelings towards each other, are but the consequences of that long system of misrule, partial legislation, and unjust government, to which Ireland has been too long subject. When the sister country had an English King and no Parliament, she was cursed with a dominant English faction; when she possessed a Parliament of her own, she had a state-religion, for whose sake all were to be outlawed who refused to bow at its altar; and when she was deprived of her native legislature, those who had the administration, and those who wanted it, were left to battle as well as they could, for supremacy.

Until a very recent period, the Parliament of the empire was the aider and abetter of those who were the successors of the English party, and the representatives of the state-religion faction. The first shock communicated to them was the Catholic Relief Bill; the second, the passing of the Reform Bill, and the death-blow has been the Tithe Bill, which received the royal assent at the close of the first reformed session. Until that Bill became law, the dominant parties or, as they call themselves, "the Conservatives," did not know their weakness: they could not believe that England would have so utterly abandoned them. In consenting to the Union, they exchanged the privilege of making laws for the ready money given as the price of the boroughs—they sold their patronage for titles, honours! and places; but they stipulated for the integrity of the tithe-church, as the source of revenue to younger sons and brothers. The price of the boroughs is expended, the places are diminishing, the titles are dying off, and the honours are out of date. With the abolition of the Established Church, the Conservatives then have really been left nothing to fight for. The party is now prostrate; they no longer enjoy the power of doing good for themselves; but they retain enough of vitality for the infliction of injury upon others. They cannot defeat justice; but they can retard it. They have so long nestled in the high-places of the castle, that it will require months of unwearied patience and watching to banish them from their accustomed haunts. At present, the reformer who would at once attempt to extirpate them might perhaps be blinded with all the dirt and rubbish they could fling in his eyes.

The Conservative party in Dublin now feel their weakness; and, with their accustomed tact, they have perceived it much more speedily than their opponents have learned their own strength. They have still much of that wealth which their ancestors acquired by plunder, and themselves by peculation. They have the spoils of the robber, and the gains of the pickpocket to maintain them; and where money can be aptly applied, they are not niggardly in its expenditure. Although a Whig may hold a levee, Toryism is the mode; and that which gains admission into drawing and ball-rooms is the opposite of "Liberalism." There is no Almack's for popularity in Dublin. There the genius of fashion is a Bishop's lady; and no one will be admitted within the precincts of her temple, or to walk on her chalked floor, who does not avow his readiness to pay tithes. It is indicative of aristocracy to be a Tory: it is vulgar to affect political honesty. No bands of invitation to select parties

are ever received by Reformers. Fashion, riches, and the accustomed monopoly of place, constitute the bulwarks of the Conservative fortress.

The next class of society in Dublin to be regarded for their ~~stability~~, rank, and situation, are those known as "the Liberal Protestants;" of them, that excellent and charitable man, John David Latouche, the banker, is leader. To this party Ireland owes much; and if they had sufficient resolution, she might be indebted for all she could require. The boasting and vain-glorious vaunting of the Brunswickers roused the Liberal Protestants into activity in 1828-9, and they placed themselves in their natural position, at the head of the popular party. Emancipation was carried on, and they shrunk back into their accustomed quiescence. The question of repeal subsequently divided them; many of them unfortunately opposed themselves to the middle classes; others refused their alliance to one set of opinions or the other; and never since has this party been reunited, or cordially joined with its former friends. Twice, however, have two important epochs,—the Reform Bill and the Abdication of the Grey Ministry,—brought forward its leaders. The proposal of a Coercion Bill for the Irish induced the most honest of the party to exclaim against it; but, certainly, the great majority abstained from declaring against that unconstitutional measure. Such a defection in the discharge of a great political duty has destroyed the Liberal Protestants *as a party*. They were a Hercules in the combat with the Anteus of ascendancy; but they could not resist the charms and seductions of a Whig Dejanira. They still retain the distaff. It is for time, a great event, and a sufficient confidence in themselves, to restore them to that influence in the country, that for their own honour, and its advantages, they ought to hold.

Next to the liberal Protestants, in station, are the Catholics, possessors of small properties, members of the various professions, traders and shopkeepers. These subdivide themselves into the aristocrats and democrats—the former, few and insignificant, the latter, numerous and determined; gifted with great intelligence, an abundance of public spirit; and commanding by their votes (under the Reform Bill) the return of the city representatives. These are, including the Catholic clergy, to a man, O'Connellites. That mighty politician's word is obeyed by them with a willingness and strictness, which no decree of the Russian Autocrat can command within his empire. *These* are really **THE PEOPLE**. It is due to the forbearance of O'Connell alone, that tithes (the ministers' money) are now paid in the Irish metropolis. If he had willed it, the Catholics would have acted on his suggestion, and the rectors of Dublin would now be like their brethren of the country—mendicants at the Treasury. In a great crisis they would act, and at such a time, O'Connell would *rely on them alone*. Far as their lines extend, the popular camp is unassailable; yet it cannot be concealed, that it is weak in one point—it is that occupied by men identified with the Catholics in religion—those who enrol themselves as the "Tradesmen of Dublin."

The operatives of ~~London~~ and, especially of Edinburgh, have distinguished themselves not less by their intelligence than their spirit; and it must appear extraordinary, that there should be a marked contrast between the characters of the Scottish and the Irish tradesmen. The apparent anomaly is easy of explanation. In Scotland the law has protected the tradesman in the regulation of matters in which his interests as an artizan are concerned. In Ireland it has been the aim

and object of the law to discountenance the native manufactures. It deprived the operative of legal protection ; and forced him, for the guardianship of his private interests, into whisky-shop conspiracies to murder in the open streets ; and to assaults so brutal, that chance alone mitigated their criminality. The law has injured trade, and it has debased the characters of those dependent upon it. Never until the question of repeal was started, were the Dublin tradesmen known to take an active part in politics ; and then they were incited to its advocacy by the hope, that a resident legislature would re-impose those high protecting duties, the non-observance of which in former days disgraced the streets of Dublin by the "tarring and feathering" of the importers of English goods. It was repeal, so construed, and not reform, that rallied together the "Trades' Union" of Dublin. It was repeal, so understood, and the exertions of a most efficient Secretary, that put upon the rolls of the election registry numbers who, for many reasons, can never again exercise the franchise. And then, instead of attending to the voice of him, who is not only *the repealer*, but the benefactor of his country, they were willing to applaud as vehemently any one else as him. The Trades Union was the place of refuge to men, who, if not the avowed enemies, were the malignant and ill-concealed foes of O'Connell. As a body, the Trades' Unionists were not hostile to him ; but the instruments of those who were. The thorn in the side of O'Connell was the Trades' Unions, and to neutralize its deleterious influence, he was compelled to dissolve the Political Union, and organize the "Irish Volunteers,"—the great excuse of the Whigs for the Coercion Bill. When the Trades' Union could be so besotted, or so duped, as to act thus towards him, without whom repeal (their favourite measure) could not be carried, it is needless to add that the majority of those who so conducted themselves never could, in an important juncture, be relied upon. It is with regret these facts respecting the trades of Dublin are ventured. The statement may be controverted by those whose paltry local interests would urge them to deny the truth ; but it would be a gross delusion to say, that the Scottish and the Irish tradesmen are a similar class of men, or at all equal in intelligence, and political integrity. With few exceptions the Scottish artizan is a reader of books. With some exceptions, and those only of the regular and quiet tradesmen, the Irish operative never looks at a newspaper.*

It will be perceived from this account of the state of parties in Dublin, that "the Conservatives" are neutralized by the "liberal Protestants ;" and the "Catholics," in some degree by the "Trades." Discordant as the materials are, still there is one amongst them that cannot be deluded by the hope of being admitted amongst the aristocracy, and whose good feeling and consciousness of what is right, are too strong to be led astray by men inferior to them in station and intellect. Thus the Catholics, or as the Conservatives nick-name them, "the Shopocracy," is the party that would encounter peril, risk their persons, and endanger their property, to benefit their native land.

* The writer of this article was, upon one occasion, present at the Dublin Trades' Union, when a paper was "denounced" (a pet phrase in that body) for not giving a report of a former meeting. The journal was, after a fiery debate, called for, when, to the astonishment of "the denouncer," and his applauders, it was perceived that a full report had been published !!!

THE PROSPECTS OF THE PEOPLE DURING THE COMING SESSION.

Of the past enough seems to have been said. We know what has been done; we know also what has been left undone. The virtues, and the vices of the government, as displayed during the last Session of Parliament, can now be no secret to any portion of the people. Let us, therefore, cast our eyes onward, and endeavour to learn what destiny awaits us. Knowing what the past has been, it behoves us the more carefully to guard against the ills which the future may have in store.

We propose, then, to touch upon the most important of the great matters, which will necessarily be made the subject of legislation, in the coming Session of Parliament; and to endeavour to determine what will be done for the public in each separate particular. The questions, which we thus purpose to deal with, are, 1st, Corporation Reform. 2d, Church Reform. 3d, Education of the People. 4th, The Poor Laws. 5th, Economy; and 6th, The mode of conducting the business of the Session. It must be evident to all, that these matters cannot, with any advantage, be crowded into one paper. As briefly, however, as is consistent with usefulness, and in the order we have mentioned them, we shall discuss the prospects of the people on each of these great matters, in the various numbers of our magazine that will appear before the assembling of the Parliament.

Previous to any statement in detail of the hopes and fears we entertain, it may be well, in general terms, to describe our expectations respecting the conduct of the Ministers, and their Parliament. In other words, to describe what we believe to be their character; and what, consequently, will be the nature of their conduct generally. Our opinion on this matter has been formed from a contemplation of their past deeds. Whether we have judged them correctly, the future will determine. The world will be able in each particular case to learn, whether they have surpassed or fallen short of the hopes we here express respecting them.

Speaking of them, then, in general terms, we are driven to state, that we believe the present Ministers, and the House of Commons which supports them, to be unequal, both morally and intellectually, to the arduous office they have undertaken. Giving them credit, to a certain extent, for an honest desire to reform abuses, it must be evident to all who have watched the Ministers in their career of reform, that they have neither the knowledge nor the moral qualities needed to face and overcome the host of difficulties which present themselves on every part of the wide field of abuse. Reformation unfortunately does not simply mean to destroy. It is one thing to get rid of a bad institution, and another to place a good one in its place; but both of these proceedings, and not merely one of them, constitute reformation in most cases. For example, in the law, all is not done when we have abolished the present pernicious system of judicature; another system must be established in lieu of it. It is not enough merely to overturn the present corporations: we must have a municipal system, and therefore something new has to be created. It is in this work of rebuilding that the chief failures of the Ministry will take place; they are, one and all of them, without the knowledge which, as statesmen, they ought to possess. This assertion will startle many who are accustomed blindly to believe that high intellect necessarily

resides in high places, or who fancy that persons who meddle with great matters must be great themselves. There are many, too, who, when they see a certain cleverness or quickness in a Parliamentary debate, at once attribute to him who has evinced it all the great qualities of a statesman. Thus has Mr Stanley, for example, gained a reputation. The Lord Chancellor, endowed indeed with far greater powers than any of his present colleagues, has also thus attained a vast renown upon a very slender foundation. Undoubtedly possessing certain powers of debate, having an extensive command of expression, a sarcastic and biting manner, with a smattering of various sciences, he has led the world to believe that he possesses a sort of universal knowledge. There are many who, like Goldsmith's gaping rustics, do wonder

"How one small head could carry all he knew."

But these arts of debate, this power of angry vituperation or happy sarcasm, do not give to any one the capacity of legislating; and never, consequently, have there occurred more signal failures than when some flourishing debater has unwarily assumed the difficult task of the lawmaker. Witness, for example, Mr. Stanley's memorable West India scheme, and all and every one of the Lord Chancellor's plans of amelioration. We do, indeed, feel some compunction at thus joining these two persons in one sentence. For however much we may be inclined to criticise the acts of the Chancellor, we are not blind to his mental superiority. The whole class and tone of his mental character (though far over-rated) is immeasurably superior to that of the Right Honourable Secretary for the Colonies. This last, indeed, is a mere House of Commons debater, a sort of official prize-fighter, who stands ever ready to knock down any hardy wight who dares to throw his hat into the ministerial ring. Of any power beyond this, he is wholly deficient. The sum of his knowledge is made up of official routine; his topics are all commonplaces. Powers of original thought he has none; exalted conceptions are beyond the sphere of his cognizance; he is superficial, supercilious, flippant, troubled with a hasty temper,—having few enlarged ideas, and no generous emotions. He was born almost a century too late. The character of the Lord Chancellor is not of this stamp. He is below himself. There is in him materials for a high character, one fitted for a high destiny; but he has, fatally for himself, and, we must say, for his country, linked himself to a particular section of the aristocracy, and

"To party given up what was meant for mankind."

His failures—and they have been manifold—have arisen from two causes: he has pretended to too much, and he wants moral courage. By attempting everything, he is unable to deal with any subject effectually. He knows nothing to the bottom; and now, from the habit of years, of rambling from one subject to another, he is incapable of steady, consecutive, and long-applied thought. His incessant activity, as it is called, surprises the fools, but has ruined his own mind. Thought requires quiet. An intriguing statesman may have much upon his mind; he may be, and is, continually thinking; but this is not that systematic meditation, that following out a train of ideas, which constitutes useful thought. This last is the difficult task, however; this habit distinguishes the philosopher from all other men; and this the Lord Chancellor never acquired. Thus, with great capabilities, he has done little, and never acquired either the knowledge or the state of mind requisite for a legislator. But, in addition to all this, he has so long been trammelled with his party, has

so long been accustomed to suit his endeavours to their shifting policy, and attempted to reconcile things that are irreconcilable,—viz. truth, and the doctrines of Whig expediency,—that now he shrinks and quails from the steady application of a principle. In the early part of his life, prejudice and sinister interest ruled this country with an iron despotism: he was obliged, if he wished to occupy the station he held with his party, to bow down before this prejudice, and bend his purposes at the dictates of sinister interest; and now, in his maturity, when no such necessity exists, he still adheres to the habits of his youth. Witness his miserable truckling to the clergy of the Established Church; his fawning on the Bishops; and his incense and sacrifice to the Lords' House. There is one other peculiarity of his mind, that renders him especially the creature of circumstance: present approbation is the very breath of his nostrils. To obtain this approbation he will sacrifice anything, and everything. As an advocate, this passion seriously injured his advancement; for, in order to win the approving smiles of the jury, he would often turn round on his client, and make a speech against, in place of for him. Place him in a democratic assembly, and the ready orator revels in popular topics; place him in an aristocratic one, and he assumes at once the tone and character of his surrounding audience. He is full of reverence for the *optimati*. Cicero in the Senate was not more different from Cicero before the *Plebs*, than Lord Brougham before the Lords from Lord Brougham in a public meeting. Witness the late diaphany at York. In that assembly he well knew he should find no sympathy for the West India interests. What was the consequence? His habitual passion for applause led him into sarcasm against the ministerial measure. So, on the subject of education, for the same reason, he indulged in a sneer at the Reformed House of Commons. This passion, now, has a fatal influence on him. Placed amid the aristocratic body, having to make every effort within their House, and craving for support and applause, as he goes along; he bends to their influence, and cringes to their prejudices. He has not courage to face their frowns, or to despise their scorn. He has no hardihood of spirit; nor that exalted morality, which teaches a man to depend on his own conscience for approval and support; to wait for his reward; to leave his name to distant time for judgment, and be satisfied with the expectation of a due return. This is true courage; this patience is the true patriot's virtue; and this, alas! Lord Brougham does not possess.

If such be our opinion of the most powerful and instructed of the Ministry, viz. the Lord Chancellor, we need say little of the tribe that are conjoined with him. Of the Lord John Russells, the Spring Rices, the Stanleys, the Ellices, it were waste of time to speak.

But will not the Reformed House in part supply the deficiency of the Ministers? Our answer is, that we believe the House still more incapable. As at present constituted, it will do all the mischief which the Ministers may desire; whether it could be led to do any good, is a matter which the future alone can determine. The past offers us no evidence of their beneficial leanings.

We now proceed to the discussion of the separate matters we before enumerated. And first of

CORPORATION REFORMS.

It is well known to our readers that a commission has been issued, to inquire into the state of the corporations in this empire. What is the

precise object of these inquiries, it is difficult to ascertain ; so, also, is it not easy to learn why the inquiry has been made at all. It seems, however, that it is the business of the commissioners to discover the causes of abuse ; and not to seek after, or to expose any particular cases of improper conduct. They are also to learn the peculiar constitution of each corporation. There is, perhaps, no objection to such inquiries, beyond the unnecessary expense attending them. We cannot, however, but feel (supposing perfect good faith in the government) that they originate in a thorough misconception of the right mode of legislating. We assert that when the commissioners have finished their labours, and the whole of their reports have been published, the mass of information thus supposed to be collected together, will not, in the smallest degree assist the legislator in framing a new and comprehensive body of laws, for the governance of municipalities throughout the kingdom. He may be perplexed and confused by the vast farrago before him ; but from this source not one single item of useful information will he be able to derive. The difficulties the legislator will have to encounter in framing a body of laws, relating to municipal government, (and they are great and manifold,) will have to be solved by patient thought, and not by a reference to the varieties of corporation charters. These charters will not inform him of the mode in which the line *ought* to be drawn between the general and municipal governments. They will not teach him the terms in which such a division ought to be expressed. Neither from them will he learn, whether it would be more advantageous to allow the people to choose their own judges, or to confer the power on some great officer, appointed for the purpose of selecting them. He will not learn from them to what extent the popular control *ought* to be admitted into the municipal government ; what officers should be appointed, by whom, and for how long. They will not teach him the *right* extent of jurisdiction to be conferred on the municipal magistrates. They will not solve the difficult problem of Appeal. But these are the great difficulties. These are the matters which will perplex the really instructed ; and on these no light can be thrown by any inquiry into the nature and constitution of present corporations.

They who seek to prevent reform in this great department of government, will endeavour to turn the information acquired by the commissioners, against all change whatsoever. They will say, the variety of these constitutions renders it impossible for us to legislate for them as one whole. There must be a separate rule, or law, for each of them ; and, therefore, it would be well to leave undisturbed what time has sanctioned. We acknowledge, that this running after information, respecting the peculiar nature of each corporation, gives a strength and cugency to this answer, which otherwise does not belong to it. If we bring before our minds a distinct conception of the object for which a municipality *ought* to be established, we shall at once see the utter futility of this objection, as well as the uselessness of this class of inquiry.

In the same way, that the various individuals of a nation have a certain identity of interests, which renders it advisable that they should be united and governed by one governing authority ; so have the various individuals of a neighbourhood also a peculiar identity of interests, which renders it necessary that they should have a government peculiar to themselves. The general government cannot watch over all the interests of every individual ; it watches only over some ; the government of the neighbourhood, or say municipal government also, can only watch over a

part ; a certain portion is necessarily left to each individual. Experience teaches us that a classification can be made of the interests of the people : some to be intrusted to the general government—some to the municipal authority—the rest to each individual himself. The first inquiry, then, respecting municipal governments, is, What are those interests which may be, and ought to be intrusted to the municipal authority,—in what way shall the line be drawn between it and the general government, on the one hand, and between it and individuals on the other ? Now we say, that to this inquiry, the first, and probably the most difficult, that presents itself to the legislator in this matter, the commissioners' reports will not bring one particle of assistance. The inquiry must be made by the philosopher in his closet, not by commissioners wondering over the country.

For the preservation of good order, and facilitating the business common to the various members of the social union, it is found necessary to divide the country into various districts. The extent of these districts is dependent on various contingencies. In a given state of civilization, of physical and moral improvement, and a given description of country, it would not be difficult to determine this extent. If we suppose the districts determined on, we shall quickly find spring up various matters in which the inhabitants of this district are concerned, as distinct from those of the other districts : for example, the preservation of the peace within their precincts ; if it be a town, the lighting of that town, the roads, the various matters included under the head of police, and so on. These matters may be well confided to the inhabitants of each district ; and as these matters would necessarily be similar, as regards their kind, in all the various districts of the state, so one general law or rule, might be established, to regulate the whole of them.

Having determined what shall be the matters that shall be confided to the inhabitants of each separate district ; the next inquiry is, What are the officers needed to superintend these district interests, to compose, in fact, the district governments ? and in what way shall these officers be selected,—in other words, what shall be the *form* of these district governments ?

These then are the momentous questions in this matter ; and in these, in spite of all inquiries and professions of great liberality, we expect that a flagrant attempt will be made to cajole the people.

In the first place, we suspect, that a very inadequate power will be conferred on the corporation governments ; and this for various reasons. The first reason for curtailing the municipal governments, will be the democratic form which the present temper of the times claims for them. The people, now, universally feel the necessity of responsibility, on the part of their magistrates, to them the people. They understand, now, that without this immediate and complete responsibility, there is no hope of good government. They, therefore, demand that a very large share of popular control should enter into, and be a distinctive property of the municipal form of government. To oppose this feeling is impossible : the next point will be to evade it ; and one means of doing this, will be to render as small as possible the extent of the interests confided to the superintendence of the municipalities. The jealousy of the unpaid magistrates, of their worships the justices of the peace,—the worthies who act at the quarter sessions, on the grand jury, &c., will be a powerful obstacle in the way of the people. No regular and systematic division of the country will be attempted ; the rural districts will still be left to the fos-

tering care of the country gentlemen, while the towns only will be allowed to govern themselves. Any complete and really efficient plan, would, however, include every part of the country, the rural as well as the town districts; and until this systematic division do take place, until the whole of the present power of the unpaid magistrates is utterly destroyed, the whole of the county management be remodelled, no hope of anything like a good municipal government need be entertained. Years, however, must pass over before this be obtained. Our Parliamentary reform has not yet reached that point, when the mischievous influence of the landed aristocracy can be efficiently controlled.

Besides this cause of curtailing the extent of the physical and moral jurisdiction of the municipal governments, there is another; which results from the present form of our judicature, and the ignorance of our lawyers.

In any well regulated system, the whole administration of the law, in the first instance, whether of the civil or criminal jurisdiction, would be intrusted to the magistrates of the municipalities. The ordinary objection to this is, that there would spring up a variety in the administration of the law,—one district having one law, another, another. This objection is utterly futile. The difficulty might be completely obviated by a properly arranged Court of Appeal, to which the law only should be referred. One court of appeal existing, the law might, and would be kept uniform; while the advantages resulting from a saving of expense, of delay and vexation, would be incalculable. A competent magistrate sitting at all times within a reasonable distance of every suitor, would put an end to the well-founded complaints now so prevalent as to the evils of litigation. No man now who is poor, is secure. Whatever be his right, however just his claim, or his defence, we unto him if a rich man choose to deny or to attack his right. The Local Courts of the Lord Chancellor were intended, in part, to remedy this evil: but here also was there seen, that deference to the rich, which pervades everything in this country—the suits were only to be of a certain value. Why not of all values? Is not the same acumen required to determine the right to five pounds as that to five thousand? Is it not notorious, that almost all the great points of law have been decided in cases of trifling amount? Such however is the ruling feeling; and we feel confident that nothing like an adequate jurisdiction will be conferred on the municipal magistrates. The pride of our judges, the ignorance of our lawyers, and the prejudices of our aristocracy will all combine to render as small as possible the authority of these popular magistrates.

One great object, then, of the people's endeavours, while watching the conduct of Parliament in this matter of corporation reform, should be to force them to extend to the utmost the jurisdiction of the municipal government,—that is, both as regards territory, and the matters to be determined. They should endeavour to rescue the rural districts from the dominion of the country gentlemen; and to give to the municipal magistrates, who will be chosen by the people, all the administrative and judicial functions now enjoyed by the rich men of the counties, and the judges of the Courts of Westminster. A furious stand will be made by the landed aristocracy and the gentlemen of Westminster Hall against this; the Ministry will avail themselves of their support, and will attempt to gain approbation for liberal intentions and acts, while really doing nothing. The country should be instructed in the matter,—should learn their own interests, and steadily pursue them.

One objection to this demand for an extensive authority to be conferred on the municipal governments, may here be stated and answered. It may be said, that this extension of authority will really supersede the general government ; that, in fact, the business of the country will be done by these petty bodies, in place of being confided to the superior wisdom of the general government. We allow that this will be the case, and we rejoice that it should be so. The business now is not done, or if done, is performed in so slovenly and shameful a manner, as to make us heartily wish it were left undone. From the beginning to the end, every matter is a job, fostered and improved by the great mother of jobs, the Parliament. If local authorities, subject to the people, were intrusted with the management of the various matters which are now crowded on the general government, impeding all business, and rendering the government totally inefficient, these matters would be properly regulated. Local knowledge would be brought to bear on them ; great expense would be saved, and the strict surveillance of the people would ensure that justice was done to the public. Now the matter is wholly reversed ; and the party whose interests are invariably sacrificed is the community.

If we fear that the people will be cajoled in the extent of the power which they will obtain, much greater is our alarm respecting the *form* of the constitution which will be chosen for the municipal bodies. Every artifice will here be resorted to, in order to exclude the popular control ; every attempt will be made to elude responsibility.

The officers of the municipal bodies are of two descriptions, *judicial* and *administrative* : they need none that can be properly considered *legislative*. The business of these local bodies will be to carry the existing law into effect, and not to make fresh laws. All the rules and regulations they will have to establish, will subserve the carrying into effect some command of the general legislature.

There is a marked difference between the functions of the judicial officers, and those which we have termed administrative. The latter class of officers are called upon, for the most part, to act upon instructions,—to carry into effect some simple order—to obey some well-defined regulation. To the performance of their functions generally no distinct and precise education is necessary ; general habits of business, probity and activity, are all that is usually required. This is not the case with the judicial officer. He must be a person instructed in the law. His education needs to be of a very elaborate and specific description, and he ought to possess mental qualifications of the highest order. This difference in the qualifications needed has led to a belief that a difference in the mode of their election ought also to follow. Let us understand the argument which is used on this occasion, and the extent to which it ought to be carried.

In the case of every officer, the judicial one alone excepted, it is not even pretended that the people are incompetent to choose them. When we say the people, let us not be misunderstood. For the present argument, we need not extend the term beyond those who pay rates. If all persons who are called upon to furnish some portion to the funds by which the government is carried on, be also permitted to have a voice in the election of those who have to expend this money, we shall be satisfied. We should indeed be better pleased if all were admitted ; but if that cannot be conceded, we shall be content with the rate payers,—their interests being in fact identical with that of the community at large.

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The people, then, in this acceptation of the term, are nearly all now deemed competent to the selection of a representative ; and there can be no reason adduced to shew them incompetent to choose all the officers of the municipality : (for the present we except the judge.) If they be considered morally and intellectually capable of properly selecting a functionary requiring the high qualifications of a legislator, it will not, we suppose, be asserted that, at the same time, they are not fit to choose a constable, or overseer of the poor. We will then suppose it conceded, that all the officers (judges for the present excepted) should be chosen by the people. In this matter, the following very material points have to be determined ; and on these we assert that attempts will be made to deceive and cajole the people :—

1st, Who shall be the persons to choose—who shall be deemed electors ?

2d, Who shall be considered eligible to be elected ?

3d, For what time shall the officers be elected ?

4th, In what mode shall they be elected ?

5th, In what way shall they be rendered responsible for the due fulfilment of their offices ?

Now, in each of these particulars the present Government will attempt the following things :—

They will endeavour to make the numbers of the electors as small as possible. They will require some high qualification ; and will raise up obstacles to the attainment of the elective franchise,—such as a necessity of paying rates before a certain day, of registering one's name in a peculiar manner, and within a certain time : thus making the right dependent upon a large number of contingencies, some of which will, in many cases, not occur. On this point they will be most strenuous, active, and artful ; every possible effort will be made to strike at this the root of the democratic influence. On this point, then, it behoves the people to be more than ordinarily watchful and steadfast.

In the same way, and to the same end, will attempts be made to render the persons eligible to office as few as possible. In a representative government, however, the people's choice ought to render null all objections. And the people ought here, as in the preceding case, to be prepared for deceit, and ready to defeat it.

But the time of holding office will be the point on which the grand deceit will be attempted. “ If the people will choose, if they determine to choose whom they like, still possibly they may be persuaded to choose them for a long period,—and if so the game is still in our hands ; give a man a long lease of office, and the influences may be soon brought to bear upon him, while all feeling of responsibility will be destroyed.” Thus will they reason who wish to uphold abuse, *and the result will be, that it will be proposed to elect the governing body in the corporations, for life.* We conjure the people to keep their attention steadily fixed on this point, and to mark down as their enemy every man who votes for such a provision. Annual, these offices ought to be. Three years would be a long term. Beyond three years, mischievous and absurd ; but for life is mere mockery. As well leave the matter where it is, as to make this arrangement. The close corporations would be renewed under a new law, and every abuse rendered vigorous by the new sanction. We understand that this idea has emanated from the fertile brain of the Lord Chancellor. We can easily believe it. The trick is worthy of his shifting and Edward policy. He has not courage to face the people ; he, therefore, employs the cunning which his nature gave, and his pro-

session fostered, to cheat them. He has always flattered, cajoled, fawned upon the people; and invariably ended by betraying them. So in the present case he has sagacity enough to discover that the form must be conceded. That the substance should be as minute as possible is, therefore, his chief endeavour; and to this end he has proposed, to make the officers of the corporations hold their places for life. He must be taught, however, that the people's acumen equals his own; that though he be quick to deceive, they are equally quick to discover deceit; that though he be artful in glossing over his malignity, they are instructed in the means of detecting it. We sincerely hope that the reign of his cajolery is at end.

To destroy responsibility on the part of the officers to the people, will also be another object of those who seek to maintain abuse; and this they will chiefly effect through the instrumentality of the tribunals of the country. Hitherto perfect impunity has been enjoyed by almost all the various public functionaries of this country; and for none has this impunity been so sedulously guarded as the unpaid magistrates. We trust that this impunity is about to cease, and that effectual steps will be taken by the real friends of the popular cause to introduce a thorough responsibility on the part of all public servants. Let this all-important reform commence with the municipal magistrates.

Having then discussed and dismissed the material matters relating to the municipal officers, we now come to the consideration of the judges, and have to inquire into the mode of their election.*

It is said, that the people are not able to determine whether a given individual possess the right sort of knowledge; and that even if they were thus able, they would not permit their judgments to be determined by the right qualifications of the candidate: That they would let passion and interest intervene, and would select not him whom they would consider the best judge; but some would be determined by motives of compassion, some by party feelings, some by personal interest, and so on. We admit the whole of this last portion of the argument, and only partially deny the first; but all this notwithstanding, we incline to the popular election.

It should be remembered, that we are not to select a perfect mode of election, but the best we can find. They may be, and are all faulty,—we must choose that which is least so. Now, allowing the mode by popular election to be as faulty as is stated, we ask if there be any that is less so. In answer, it is asserted, that a single officer appointed to select, may easily be found, who shall, at least, possess the requisite knowledge to determine; and being alone, and having all the eyes of the world upon him, he would be strongly impelled to make a right choice; and that, furthermore, if to the people there be allowed the power of removing,

* We dare to say, that few of our readers have seen an admirable work of Mr. Bentham's, which touches on this point,—we mean his work on judicial establishments. In this, one of his earliest productions, he supports the election of the judges by the people. In after life he changed his opinion, and came to believe that good judges would most likely be obtained, if they were selected by some one officer appointed purposely to select them. We must say, that we incline to his first opinion; though we find few of those whose opinions on this matter are worth considering coinciding with us. But we have alluded to Mr. Bentham's work here, not to quote it as an authority, but in the hope that some person may be induced to republish it. The work is out of print and cannot be purchased. It is exquisitely written, in his first simple and yet rich, vigorous style.

of *amotion*, as Mr. Bentham termed it, little injury could arise from an accidental bad choice. If we could have *all* these safeguards, we should indeed have little fear of mischief; simply, because, the great element of safety is allowed to us,—viz, the popular determination; only a rather roundabout mode is adopted of getting at it. But to give the people the power of removing, is more at variance with established notions than it would be, were the power of election given to them, and the office made to determine at a certain stated period. But we are inclined to think, that a long period must elapse before public opinion would be an efficient control over the officer selected to choose judges. They who have sinister interests, are so numerous among us, that they form a society, and support and countenance one another. Therefore the good expected from the influence of public opinion on the single officer, we believe to be overruled. He, as much as the people, would be swayed by motives other than the wish to choose an efficient judge; and in his case, the influencing causes would not be as worthy as those which would lead the people. Private views, of the narrowest description, would too often interfere. On the other hand, the assertion that the people are not able to determine on the intellectual fitness of the judge, is far too warmly insisted on. Of one thing we may be certain, the people, as a body, would soon learn whether a judge administered the law impartially and with judgment. The more instructed of the people are quite competent to decide on this; and their opinion would govern that of the remainder. In answer to this, however, the selection hitherto made by the people, when possessed of the power of choosing judges, as in the case of recorders, is pointed to, as shewing how unwisely they have acted when using this privilege. This, however, is no sufficient answer. The choosing of judges has not been made a portion of the public duty of every citizen: therefore the morality on the matter has been left totally unsettled. The right has been exercised at rare intervals, and little importance has been attached to it. When, however, the people shall at stated short intervals have to elect their judges, the matter will immediately rise into importance, the morality respecting it will be established, and we shall have electors of judges, acting under the same feeling of deep responsibility as that which now presses on jurymen. This circumstance, we believe, of itself, sufficient to change the whole state of the question, and utterly to invalidate the argument drawn from the conduct hitherto pursued by small bodies of the people. It may also be safely asserted, that the people, as such, have never yet possessed the power here spoken of. Some few of them, acting as members of corporations, possessing a peculiar and supposed private privilege, have alone been endowed with it.

We have taken pains thus to separate the consideration of the election of the judges from that of the election of the other officers, because we feel confident that great efforts will be made to confound and mix them up together. The old constitutions have never definitely divided the two classes of officers. The administrative is often a judicial officer, and has been chosen without reference to his efficiency for the latter office. Take, as an example, the Lord Mayor of London. Now, certain it is, that this circumstance will be made a means of deception. The incapacity of the people to choose fit judges will be constantly insisted on; and many of the enlightened friends of the people will acquiesce in the statement. Then an attempt will follow to confound the two offices, and popular election will be discarded. This has already been attempted.

The Lord Chancellor proposes to have *Aldermen* elected for life, and chosen, not by the people but by a select body. The following excellent remarks of a correspondent of the *Examiner* on this matter, we are compelled to lay before our readers.

The Chancellor having to frame a new municipal constitution, what does he? Place before himself the *ends* to be attained, and look out for the simplest and straightest *means* by which to reach them? No; he never applies the force of his intellect to the matter at all; never, it is obvious, puts the subject distinctly before his own mind. But he turns, perhaps, to the most philosophical writers on the subject, and takes their views for the guidance of his own? Just as little. What, then, does he? Servilely copies the constitution of the corporation of London; instead of thought, contents himself with mere mimicry. The city of London has a common council and aldermen; therefore the new corporations must also have a common council and aldermen! Not even tart enough to change the names; names so loaded with associations of vulgarity and imbecility, that, as a correspondent of the *Times* well remarked, nothing more than that one circumstance is wanted to prevent persons of education and refinement from seeking or accepting the office. But aldermen! why aldermen? This from the author and enthusiastic promoter of the Local Courts' Bill! What need of aldermen, when we have Local Courts? and if we have them not yet, shall we not have them next year, or, at farthest, the year after? Why not insert them in this very bill? Why build up what we must immediately pull down? Aldermen! Have we not had a long enough trial of unpaid judicature? of amateur judges, whose first business is their shop, and the bench only their second? If there is an occupation upon the earth which requires the devotion of the entire faculties, it is the function of judicature; and men who would not allow their clerks or their footmen to have any second employment, will allow their judges to make judging the mere *délassement* of their leisure hours. But so it was in the old corporations; so, therefore, the reformer of our laws wills that it shall be in the new.

Nevertheless, the anti-popular instinct has guided him most surly to the abridging of whatever privileges the old constitution conferred upon the democracy. For annual, he has substituted triennial elections; and the aldermen are not to be elected by the inhabitants at all. In the latter of these two points, we think him right by accident; but not in the mode of nomination which he has instituted. The aldermen are to be elected by the common council: and (to put the *comble* to all the rest) they are to be elected by the common council from their own body. And mark this: the *whole* magistracy of each of the new boroughs will have to be selected *for life* from among the few persons who will be chosen *the first time* to form the common council. We stand appalled at the bare imagination of the jobbing, the intriguing, the backbiting, the undermining, the low tricks of all sorts, and the ill blood that will spring out of the contest, first to be elected *into* these primitive common councils, and afterwards to be elected *by* them. What a scheme for *starting* the new municipal constitution—for giving it that prosperous commencement which is of such inestimable importance to all new institutions, and the want of which it takes so many years to repair! But this is the smullest part of the evil of the absurdity. No qualifications whatever being required, apparently, to make a good judicial officer; anybody, who is not absolutely unfit for anything, being supposed to be fit for a magistrate; the choosers of aldermen are to be limited in their choice to the few persons whom the people have selected for a quite other sort of function: just as if the fifteen judges were required to be selected from the House of Commons. Because a man has been deemed fit for vestry business, he is fit to decide the most delicate question of evidence affecting the liberties and fortunes of the people!

From what has been above stated, the reader may easily learn our estimate of the worth of the corporation reforms to be proposed by the Ministry, and effected by the Parliament. They will be miserably imperfect—good only as a breaking-up of the old system—mischievous in re-establishing much that is bad—and thereby destroying the confidence of the people in the advantages of attempts at reform. The new system will be little better than the old; and this the people will quickly discover: the failure they will be inclined to attribute, not to the inefficiency of those who attempted the reform, but to the inherent nature of things; and they will then be induced rather to “bear those ills they

have, than fly to others which they know not of." It may seem ungracious to some thus to criticise acts professedly brought forward for our especial benefit. There are many proverbs respecting the impropriety of too closely weighing favours; and, unfortunately, doing what is right, by the community, is but too commonly believed a thing of grace. In the first place, we by no means assent to this doctrine; but believe, that the people should enforce, as their due, all that contributes to their welfare; that they should consider the withholding it a crime—not the conferring it a favour. In the second place, however, we deem this ignorant meddling with reform, a great, a serious offence against society. The unblushing impudence which impels the ignorant to assume the office of a statesman, deserves signal punishment. If a quack presumes to prescribe for our bodies and injures us, he stands a chance of the tread-mill. The ignorant and hardened quacks who administer to the body politic are far more mischievous and dangerous, and deserve a much severer punishment. It is in this spirit that we have spoken of the intentions of the existing ministry. For ourselves, we do not believe them honest; but supposing that they are so, giving them credit for good intentions, their utter inefficiency, their reckless haste, their blundering, and daring assumption of the delicate business of reforming the complicated institutions of a great nation,—all these things render it impossible that we should look upon their conduct as other than a serious calamity to the people at large. We, therefore, strive our utmost to make the people believe so also; and to this end, employ the most straight-forward, outspoken expressions, the most severe and unsparing criticism.

THE CHURCH.

The next matter for consideration is the proposed reforms in our Church establishment. This said Church establishment is the stronghold of abuse; all evils will be reformed before this, so powerful is the array of sinister interest by which it is defended.

Let us understand the nature of the abuse, and then endeavour to ascertain the sort and extent of remedy that will be applied to it.

The objections to the Church establishment are twofold:—

1st, It is an abuse, because it is an establishment.

2^d, It is an abuse, because, as an establishment, it is a bad one.

The second of these is the favourite objection. Allowing all its force to this latter charge, however, we incline to press the first one. That goes to the very root of the matter. There is no need to yield a single point; we come to the discussion with no saving exceptions; our avowed object is to rid the country of what we deem a nuisance; this we openly profess to be the end of our endeavours, and on this ground we take our stand.

We assert at once, and without reservation, that religion is not maintained by the existence of an establishment; but that, on the contrary, in place of good, evil of almost every description is fostered by it. It engenders ill-will, strife, pride, bigotry, ostentation, extravagance, idleness, ignorance. It unnecessarily coerces men's wills; and, besides all these things, the service which it pretends to render is grievously overpaid.

Assuming that it does not promote piety, we ask why there should be any compulsion on anybody to maintain this Church establishment? If, however, our assumption be denied, we take leave to put the following

questions :—Are the Dissenters of this country pious? And, if they be so, in what way does the Church establishment contribute to their piety? In what way does paying the Church parson, in addition to their own, induce a religious frame of mind? We also should be desirous of learning why the congregations of the Established Church would not provide voluntarily for their parsons, just as the dissenters now do? We wish also to know how it is, that, while many very large congregations of the Established Church do voluntarily pay their pastors, voluntary payment should be assumed as impossible? Throughout all the large towns of this country, throughout the metropolis, this voluntary payment is common; in fact, in the towns, by far the larger portion of the congregations of the Established Church thus maintain their pastors. With this striking evidence before us, why should we believe that parsons would starve, unless provided for by law? Again, we would ask, if piety flourishes more in England than in Scotland, and the United States of America? We should be also glad to know if the voluntary obedience of the Catholics of Ireland to their priesthood is not as complete as that of the English flocks to the established clergy? And, lastly, we ask, if these things be, what pretence remains for an Established Church?

But it is constantly asked, Do you intend to destroy *the Church*, God's Church? Our answer is, by no means. Our object is simply to overturn the establishment; that is, to annul the law which compels the people to maintain it. We draw a wide distinction between *the Church* and the *priesthood*, although it be the fashion to confound them. The Church is the body of professing Christians,—the priesthood are the servants of that church; and the property which is called church property does not belong to the priesthood, but to the Church, viz. the people. They may do with it what they list; and we are seeking to persuade them to take it away from the priests. The time will come, must come, and is not far off, when this grand point will be carried; when we shall see the parsons, like other persons who offer their services to the public, dependent on their good behaviour for the reward which they will obtain. At present, however, no such vital reform need be expected. By the present Parliament the establishment, as such, will be maintained in all its integrity. A far more sweeping Parliamentary Reform is needed, in order to obtain a House of Commons holding opinions on this matter identical with those of the nation at large. We sincerely believe that the nation at large deem the compelling dissenters to pay for the maintenance of the Established Church a crying injustice; and that when the House of Commons really represents the people, this iniquitous law will be abrogated, but not before.

But now comes the question, what reforms will be attempted in the establishment, as an establishment. ~~We~~ answer, none that will be worth a straw. Some of the Lords may attempt to expel the bishops from the Upper House: this, however, will not succeed; and if it did, it would not be a Church Reform. The measure might possibly improve the nature of that House; (though we vehemently doubt if that be possible,) but will not in the slightest degree *ameliorate* the condition of the clergy. In the next place, nothing like a serious attempt will be made to equalize the salaries of the various parsons; neither will any effort be made to reduce the sum now paid to the whole body. But something will be done respecting the mode of payment, viz. respecting the tithe. This last, we are far from believing an unmixed benefit to the people; and, unless great vigilance be exercised, the whole advantage of the measure

will accrue to the landlords. Of these matters we will now speak in the order in which we have adverted to them.

There is a pretence set up, that the inequality of the benefices is an incentive to exertion among clergymen. What sort of exertion, however, it may be fairly asked? Are the chief livings, and the fat bishoprics, conferred on the worthy, the pious, the instructed clergyman? on him who has made his ministry a service to the people, who has humbled himself before God and before man, and followed in the steps of the founder of Christianity? Not so. He is made a bishop, who happens to have been a great man's tutor, or who has pleased by his fawning and flattering some great man, or some great man's minion. The incentive is, to make the clergy as base as possible; to make them hunters after favour, depending on patronage, not on their individual worth. This is the work of the incentive. But in the majority of cases, interest, simple family interest, decides the whole matter; and the inequality of the various benefices thus becomes a farce, when considered as of public utility. If the inequality act as an incentive, it is as an incentive to evil ways; if it do not, then all notion of usefulness is at an end. And this we assert to be the present state of the case.

We seek to render these benefices equal. But not after the fashion usually proposed, which fashion is to throw all the property called church property into one heap, and then more equally divide it among the body of the clergy. To this mode we have serious objections. The plan, therefore, we recommend is of a very different description. The first matter to be ascertained is, the money value of the service rendered—that is, to what point in the present state of society would open competition reduce the salary of a clergyman. We have evidence respecting this matter at present, since a very complete competition exists, and is carried on by the majority of the clergy. The highly-paid rector requires a curate, and, like a thrifty, wise man, he seeks to obtain him at the lowest possible rate; and, be it observed, he actually succeeds, and usually pays his curate a sum which a congregation would be ashamed to offer. We propose to be somewhat more liberal than the clergy amongst themselves, and would actually give to as many as are really wanted a competent and decent maintenance; but beyond this not a farthing. This our idea of decent maintenance does not include those particulars which seem to have been contemplated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, when he considered £5,000, per annum, the lowest possible stipend for a bishop. One clergy should not have anything like £5,000 per annum. If their separate congregations chose, of their own mere motion, to add to the established salary, they should be completely at liberty so to do; but the salary which should be insured to the clergyman by the state, (that is, supposing any ought to be insured, which we do not admit,) should never exceed the sum to which open competition would reduce it. And we would undertake to find fit and accomplished clergymen for all England, at an average far less than three hundred a-year. If the property now dedicated to religious purposes were more than sufficient for this, the surplus ought to be applied to the other exigencies of the state. We will not condescend to argue with those interest-led fanatics, who deny the right of the people to this property.

Two sets of observations will be made upon this plan (often by the same persons) of very opposing substance. It will first be roundly asserted, that the whole property now dedicated to the payment of the clergy would not provide for all that are needed, and actually exist, at

the rate here proposed ; and so it is maintained that our plan would effect no reduction. The other class of observations will be very vehement abuse of us for thus attempting to degrade the clergy, and to condemn them to live on a stipend wholly unequal to the wants of gentlemen and scholars. But if three hundred pounds, per annum, be insufficient to maintain a gentleman, how much more insufficient must be those small sums, which are, by the existing system, set apart for the working clergy ; while enormous revenues are conferred on the dignitaries of the Church ? The bishoprick of Durham, if properly divided, would maintain above a hundred clergymen ; but, instead of this equitable mode of proceeding, a large, a scandalously large income is heaped together, and given to one idle person, and a large body of industrious ones are condemned to live on the very lowest sum to which the present competition has reduced the salary of clergymen. Cases, many too, may be found of gentlemen and scholars living upon £50, £70, and £80, per annum. Let the objectors reconcile these discrepancies. We strenuously assert that three hundred a-year is amply sufficient ; well knowing that if cases should occur in which more should really be needed and deserved, the congregations of the respective parties would liberally supply all that was wanting.

But need the people anticipate any such reform as we have here proposed ? No such thing. Let them expect nothing, and they will then not be disappointed. There will be much talk, amazing pretence—a taking up of the subject, to prevent any one proposing a really efficient reform ; but there will be nothing done to relieve the burdens of the people. Our churchmen, as a body, will still be enormously overpaid ; and the distinctions, invidious as they are, which exist, will all remain. There may be some slight peddling with some minute abuse ; but the great and crying ones will all be untouched. But will not something be done about tithes ? Yes, indeed ; but that something will probably be mischievous. So much of the tithe as falls upon the landlord will be given up to him ; but as the churchmen are not to be deprived of what is their due, this loss must be made up. And by whom ? By the people. We will indulge in a prophecy, that some scheme, having this object in view, will really be attempted during the coming Session of Parliament.

Here some honest and confiding friend of the Ministry may be led to exclaim—Is this, then, the sum of your expectancies on the great subject of Church reform ! Do you really believe that the enormity of the Bishops' incomes will be permitted to remain ? We answer—Assuredly they will. But do you believe that an equalization of benefices will not be attempted ? Answer—Certainly not : Nothing deserving one moment's consideration will ever be hazarded. But will all the vast host of church sinecures remain untouched ? Answer—Certainly they will, for any good purpose. If they be touched, all that will follow will be that the same thing will exist under a different name.—In short, then, we shall be as badly off as before ? Exactly so.

Such, gentle reader, is our opinion respecting the prospects of the people in the matter of Church reform, during the coming Session of Parliament.

J. A. R.

A TALE OF SYRACUSE.

Non humo jacentem tolleres.—VALERIUS.

THE feast is on the table spread ;
The vaulted roofs high lustre shed ;
The molten ruby rolls along ;
And lightly sound the lyre and song :
While to and fro this regal hall
Move chamberlain and seneschal.

But where is Syracuse's lord ?—
His seat is vacant at the board ;
And empty that tyrannic throne,
Whose state was destined but for one.
Behold him—where, in simplest guise,
Disrobed of all his royalties,
Sceptre, mantle, orb, and ring,
Stands the self-deposed king !
Underneath its proud pavilion
He leads a richly-garbed Sicilian ;
And bids him sit and banquet there—
The servant in the master's chair.
In syndon and symar arrayed—
His brow with laurel garlanded
And myrtle, as at feast-time use
Chieftains and dames of Syracuse,—
With proudly blended state and ease
Sits the servant Damocles ;
Monarch of the hour, to vaunt
His sway in that proud pageant.

The feast is near its joyous height ;
It reaches now the noon of night ;
Guitar and timbrel strike the ear ;
The maidens of the dance draw near,
In the sportive choir advancing,
Their slippered-feet like silver glancing,
Their hair like clouds of twilight darkling,
Their eyes like suns of ocean sparkling.

And Dionysius—lord of all—
Stands silent at this festival ;
His arms upon his bosom crossed,
And veiled brow—as if the cost
And glory of its hour were shewn
For his servant's state alone.

Again the regal health goes round,
Again the lyre and song resound,
Again the many-twinkling feet,
Where voice and soul have seemed to meet,
Answer the alternate strain ;
While the mimic sovereign

Beholds the homage of his pride,
In spirit almost deified.
He smiles—and every tongue doth frame
Its prompt assent and loud acclaim :
He speaks—and all is silence, till
The vassal throng have heard his will ;
Then every hand starts forth to please
The fancy of King DAMOCLES.

A narrow shade—a wavering line—
Crosses the lamps : again they shine ;
Again it trembles on the board—
Upward he casts his eye— . .

A SWORD,

Suspended by a single hair,
Hangs naked o'er the regal chair ;
A moment—and the massive blade
Drops on his brow, so lightly stayed ;
A moment—and—with sudden start
Back ran the blood from lip to heart ;
Shook every nerve, and pulse, and joint,
Beneath the near descending point.
When thus the King——“ In that dread steel
Behold the fate which monarchs feel :
The daily doubt, the nightly fear,
Which quell their pomp, and mar their cheer !
Could DIONYSIUS cast aside
His regal care with regal pride,
Gladly he'd seek a subject's ease,
And quit the crown to DAMOCLES.”

E. S.

PHILOSOPHY OF FRENCH HISTORY.

A CURIOUS work has lately made its appearance from the pen of Alexandre Dumas, illustrating the destinies of the French nation, under the title of “Gaul and France,” from which we extract the following fanciful hypothesis : “From the beginning of time, three men were appointed by the Almighty to accomplish the work of Regeneration:—Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon.

“Cæsar, a pagan, as the precursor of Christianity.

“Charlemagne, a barbarian, as the precursor of Civilization.

“Napoleon, a despot, as the precursor of Liberty.

“CÆSAR prepared the way for the advent of Christ, by assembling within the conquering embrace of the Roman empire, fourteen nations, to form the groundwork of Christendom.

“CHARLEMAGNE prepared the way for civilization, by surrounding his empire with ramparts to repel the incursions of the barbarous nations.

“NAPOLEON'S influence must be considered in a more circumstantial manner.

"On the accession of Bonaparte to the consulate, France was still agitated by the fever of civil war; in the delirium of which she had precipitated herself so far beyond the progress of other nations, that the common order of march became destroyed throughout Europe. The equilibrium of the civilized world was lost. The legitimate sovereigns regarding France as a lunatic, mad with the love of liberty, decided that she must be enchained ere her cure could be effected.

"At that moment appeared Napoleon, endowed with his double instinct of war and despotism; his double nature, popular and aristocratic;—far behind the ideas and opinions of France, but advanced beyond those of the rest of Europe—qualified to repress the intemperance of the French, as well as to subdue the intemperance of their enemies.

"To this man the legitimate sovereigns declared war! Whereupon Napoleon, having formed an army of all that was most intelligent, most ambitious, and most regenerate in France, inundated Europe with his troops. Wherever they appeared, monarchy became extinct, and the breath of life was renewed in the breasts of the people. Wherever the Genius of France was seen, liberty accomplished a gigantic stride in her train; scattering revolutions as she went, as the husbandman scatters his seed. The year 1815 witnessed the downfall of Napoleon, and within three years, the harvest was approaching to ripeness.

"In 1818, The grand duchy of Baden and Bavaria claimed and obtained a constitution.

"In 1819, Wirtemberg claimed and obtained a constitution.

"In 1820, Revolution, and constitution of the Cortes, in Spain and Portugal.

"In 1820, Revolution and establishment of a constitution in Naples and Piedmont.

"In 1821, Insurrection of the Greeks.

"In 1823, Institution of the States of Prussia.

"Examine the book of the past, and where do we find a record of so many thrones shaken—of so many fugitive kings, as during the last few years? Rash and uncalculating, they buried their enemy alive; and the modern Encelades disturbs the world by his restlessness within the grave."

In another portion of his work, M. Dumas thus qualifies the kings of France:—

"HUGUES CAPET, arrayed in his iron cuirass, leaning upon the sword of a warrior, his habits hardy as his costume, may be assumed as the representative of the Suzerains of feudal times.

"FRANÇOIS I., attired in his plumed hat, his velvet shoes, his silken vest, —displaying a soul no less haughty than refined, and manners no less dissolute than noble, may be assumed as the representative of the accomplished noble, (*grand seigneur*.)

"LOUIS XV., glittering with embroidery, with his sword of cut steel, and flourishing sword-knot; his libertinism, his debauchery, his egotism of present enjoyment and indifference to the future fortunes of his kingdom, may be assumed as the representative of the empty aristocrat.

"LOUIS PHILIPPE, with his simple costume, and homely address; his attachment to domestic life, and protection of the manufacturing interests, becomes the representative of the monarchy of proprietorship and operativeness; the only form of monarchy still untried and uncondemned in France."

THE PARADISE OF MARTYRS.

'Twas in the Paradise of Martyrs,
 Where first I met with Priesthood's crew,
 And men who in the roads of cross
 Have let themselves be turned to loss,
 Stand in a herd bestrid
 To hunt the faint of conscience;
 There Commons with Bishops sit,
 And Jesuit Guile sits hid between,
 And Charles old Presbyter's victim
 Sits with the puritan who would him;
 Where worthy knights and Hugh Mackail
 Treads on Archbishop Laud's gown-tail,
 And lowest of B. from a burlap,
 Yet not with scorn, as Bothwell smily,
 Expresses a polite regard
 That they should care to find he yet met,
 As now that ill the faces of us,
 And they sing in celestial glory,
 In their little way of religion
 So all have detached them to this
 Region
 Claverham it seemed had then his bill
 Not door to Blackstam of P. Chillet,
 And though these martyrs in their life
 Had kept a most comfortable stile,
 Now that they both had got their crowns,
 Thus for down sleeves and that for gowls
 They were as friendly in receiving
 As if they never had been when living
 "Blacksonny," said Claverham lightly,
 With air and voice that gave him aid
 Stately,
 "I'm sorry to observe below
 Things going with *your* church as so
 For honour, [there has dark hip and d,
 His dull eye flash'd] I'd give the
 world—
 To be let loose on cathechumens
 With so *whump*! flows perhaps a scum—
 'I could be enough, to let *your* church
 The service I once did to *our* church
 Long since, I'll own, I did say he it,
 To let that *congreg* church suppress'd—
 The reason why I'll proudly tell,
 The people like it far too well
 But now that it has been mated,
 And all the folk be in to 'neering,
 And preachers have been turn'd to priests,
 And fastings changed to glorious feasts,
 Now that the poor by it are scorned,
 And from the church-doors roughly turned,
 And right reverend bishops are set down
 To lord it over I dubbing to my
 Preaching the consequence of sin—
 To houses tolerably thin,
 With hymns large in just proportion
 To the redemption of exultation,

And I feel, not from the people's charity
 But by a text of right severity,
 Now a two-edged sword's cut Dunder,
 'Tis what, in short, a *church* should be;
 Where you should find lions withing
 To cut a conference of kithing,
 As I was seen in Charles's days,
 The street long on to debate
 Just let me leave to do my work,
 A month's commission from the kirk,
 (With best advice of Dr Gordon,
 As to the man to try my sword on)
 In little time my hold degrees
 Could be cut up and bosh the loons,
 You'd be a no more of those *vie cracks*
 About the clergy and their tax;
 No more of those irreverent railings
 Poor rumpings, capons, hornmugs, jail-
 ings
 Perhaps the people never more
 Would open their mother Church's door;
 No matter, let it still be sunny—
 The nation at least would pay the money—
 With cock that changed, and eye which
 glared,
 The Presbyterian martyr listened,
 And when at length the Viscount ceased,
 I am he broke out:—"Vile, monstrous,
 He said
 With scorn and scornful Priests,
 I told the Lord to give to do
 Did I think to see those days,
 When I should be worthy of *your* praise?
 O! I feel such is your pain,
 And due even *here* is Blacksonny's fate
 If it told me, worse sheltering boughs
 Should be set all your blows,
 On a *hell* roots to fix them fast,
 We should our blood-drops to the last—
 To think that *that* should after be
 Meet for the press as such as *that*!
 That all we have our lives to pay
 Should only cause posterity
 Oh had I known what now I know,
 And seen the sights I now have seen,
 Bruce of my blood had been as snow,
 And Ansmoss-I my name that I've given"
 Now would the martyr have propounded,
 Had Claverham not looked so confounded.
 "Why," quoth that gentlemanly spirit,
 "I did not think your blood to stir it.
 It what I said is not quite pleasant,
 We'll drop the subject for the present.
 But still I think that, for that plant
 Of which you now so loudly rant;
 Its roots—the very gut so old and bitter'd
 Could be no worse with the *re-water'd*."

HIGH RENTS AND LOW PRICES.

THE attempts which the landowners have been constantly making since the year 1814, to keep up the price of corn, by restricting its importation from foreign countries, have had the effects which have often been foretold. The tenantry are either ruined, or in the greatest distress;—small proprietors are rapidly disappearing, their estates being absorbed by the great landowners;—the soil is deteriorating all over the kingdom, by excessive cropping, in the vain effort to pay exorbitant rents;—agricultural produce is diminishing in quantity, and we are consequently becoming yearly more dependent on foreigners for food. Prices of grain have sunk nearly to the level of 1792; and, in the opinion of those best able to judge, they have not reached the point at which they will permanently remain. From the poverty of the tenantry, the stock of cattle and sheep is much diminished; and the great loss of sheep by the rot, which has been sustained in England, is not likely soon to be supplied. In several parts of England, lands which had been cultivated from time immemorial, have been abandoned by the tenantry, and remain uncultivated; and the poor rates, and other exactions, are rapidly absorbing the rents. Miserable as is the picture of our agriculture given in the late report of the Committee of the House of Commons, it is not at all exaggerated. On the contrary, the evidence of the witnesses places the matter in a still more deplorable light. Nearly fifty witnesses, from all parts of England, were examined by the Committee; and their evidence is but the reiteration of the same tale of misery, ruin, and distress. To enable our readers to judge more accurately of the state of agriculture, than they can do from the report of the Agricultural Committee, we shall lay before them a summary of the evidence of witnesses from different parts of England, who appear to have had the best opportunities of forming correct opinions of the matters on which they speak. We do not find that any witnesses from the counties of Northumberland or Durham were examined, and we shall therefore commence with Yorkshire:—Mr. Robert Merry, a native of the North Riding of Yorkshire, has been engaged his whole life in farming his own estate of 300 acres. He has, for 20 years, had the management of properties in Yorkshire, extending to 9,000 or 10,000 acres; and has been, during all that period, extensively employed as a land-valuer. In speaking of a tract of 450,000 acres in the eastern part of the county, he states that, although from the use of bone manure, the limestone soils have been much benefited, the clays have fallen off not less than one-third in their produce. Of the small proprietors, one-half are in debt,—a large proportion of them has been compelled to sell; and none of the properties have been bought by ancient freeholders, but principally by large proprietors, tradesmen, and shipowners. There was formerly so great a demand for land, that it sold for thirty-five years' purchase; but at present, although the rents have, in many instances, been reduced thirty per cent. more than twenty-five or twenty-six years' purchase cannot be got; so that land has fallen in the course of fifteen or sixteen years nearly one-half in value. Rents have been reduced, in many instances, forty or fifty per cent.; yet, at the present prices of corn, the tenantry are unable to pay the rents. The landlords are anxious to give leases; but the farmers, from want of confidence in the present prices being maintained, refuse to accept of them, even where great

abatements have been made from the rent. With the majority of the small proprietors, as with the tenantry, the farm buildings are getting out of repair, the proper cultivation of the soil is neglected, the quantity of stock is diminished, and "everything is going to rack and ruin." Upon the stiff land, a good crop cannot be grown, unless the ground is kept dry; yet the ditches and water furrows are left unscoured, whereby the water is left to stagnate on the land, and, in consequence, the produce is diminished from four to eight or even twelve bushels an acre; a decrease which is more than equivalent to the rent. The tenantry used to have money in the hands of the bankers and small proprietors, but they have been obliged to call it up to pay their rents; whereby many of the small proprietors, to whom it was lent, have been ruined. Formerly it was not unusual to see 100 or 120 farmers at a fox chase; now it is rare to see more than five or six. A shopkeeper who, about the year 1814, used to sell L.6000 worth of goods annually, does not now sell more than L.3000 worth, although he has no more competitors, and he has more customers, and fully as extensive a trade as formerly, as compared with the other shopkeepers. The medical men find their business has fallen off in a similar manner, even in districts where there are no more competitors than formerly. The condition of the labourers is much worse than it was fifteen years ago; they do not eat so much animal food, and there is not sufficient employment for them. The great millers and corn factors have nearly all been ruined; and those now carrying on these trades are men of little capital. Emigration to America, to a considerable extent, has taken place; the rural population has diminished; and in every parish, untenanted houses are to be found. The emigrants consist of small proprietors and farmers, who realize the wreck of their property and go off to avoid total ruin; the best of the labourers who had saved L.20 or L.30, and who saw nothing but misery if they remained; and paupers who are sent off at the expense of the parishes. There are numerous instances of gentlemen being unable to live in their own houses. In a district of seven miles square, half a dozen of squires or more, that used to have from L.800 to L.2000 a-year, have left their houses, leaving an old woman to keep them, and the paper falling off the walls.

Mr. Blamire, M.P. for the Eastern Division of Cumberland, is a nephew of the late Mr. Curwen, and perfectly acquainted with his system of management. He has attended to agriculture for twenty years, and has 700 acres of land in his own hand. He gives the following account of the state of agriculture in Cumberland and the North of England generally. The gross produce has diminished, from large tracts of common land, which was broken up during the war, having ceased to be productive, or from having been allowed to return to a state of nature. The present condition of the tenantry is decidedly worse than it was six or seven years ago, from rents having been kept above the level which prices would justify. Rents have not fallen to any thing like the point to which they must eventually sink. Many farmers will not, at present, upon any terms, take land on a lease. Great waste of farming capital has taken place, and the waste is now apparent in the diminished quantity of stock upon farms. The land has been scourged, and the farmers have broken up more lea than they ought to have done. The tenantry of Cumberland are very frugal; men paying L.400, L.500, and L.600 a-year of rent, dining with their servants,—their food consisting principally of potatoes;

and they generally work with their own hands. Beer is very rare in the farm-houses. The drink is principally milk and water, and ale is never used but as a luxury. Notwithstanding all their frugality, however, numerous failures have taken place among the tenantry: many are going on only in consequence of the forbearance of the landlords; arrears extensively exist, which, if exacted, would at once ruin them. Great numbers of tenants are in this situation, not only in Cumberland, but also in Westmoreland, and in part of Northumberland. There are more yeomanry in Cumberland than, probably, in any other part of England, property being much subdivided. The properties of many of these yeomen have been in their families for centuries; but more sales have taken place since 1815 than in any antecedent period of much longer duration. Their properties are, in many instances, absorbed into the larger estates. The number of the yeomanry is, in consequence, diminishing; and, of those still in existence, there are very few whose properties are not encumbered. Emigration, during the last five or six years, has been going on to a considerable extent. The emigrants are, generally, persons of some capital, hence their emigration is disadvantageous to the country. The disposition to emigrate, on the part of persons with capital, is very materially on the increase in the northern counties. The condition of labourers and cottagers is much worse than it was six or ten years ago, or at the end of the war, there not being the same demand for labour as at these former periods, and the labourer being, consequently, frequently out of employment.

If we turn to the south of England, we find the same deplorable accounts of the state of agriculture.

Mr. W. Downes, a farmer and land-agent, intimately acquainted with Essex and Suffolk for the last twenty years, states, that within that period the cultivation is very much worse, and that the produce has diminished from one-third to one-fourth, and is still decreasing. Within the last five years, the loss on a farm let in 1820 for £1000 per annum, has been from £400 to £500 a-year; and the tenant has lost in all £3000 by his lease. Inferior heavy lands, let in 1820 at 25s. per acre, are now not worth one-third of that rent. Upon a large estate under the witness's charge, on which there are fifty-two tenants, not one of whom was in arrear three years ago, there are now thirty-one in arrear; and there are many estates in the best parts of Essex where the tenants are one and two years in arrear. In some parishes in Suffolk, there is not a single labourer who does not receive relief from the poor rates. During the last ten years, much grass land has been broken up in Suffolk. This has arisen from the reduced state of the tenantry, and the desire of the landlords to keep up rents. The course of cropping is much more severe than formerly; and the farmers are anxious to take an extra crop of wheat whenever they find an opportunity. The value of land has fallen enormously. An estate for which £65,000 was repeatedly refused during the war, was sold in 1827 for £30,000. The witness valued a property in 1825 at £22,000; and on revaluing it in 1832, he could only set it at £12,000. The great fall in the value of these estates arises from the increase of poor rates and other burdens, and the fall of the price of agricultural produce. In a particular district of Essex, where the land is wet and strong, there are eleven farms in sight unoccupied, and on which no crop was raised last year. In Suffolk and Essex, at least one-fourth of the old lea land has been broken up within these last ten years, and is now much exhausted by excessive cropping. Land, to any

extent, may be purchased at twenty years' purchase of the present rents; but purchasers are hardly to be found at any price.

Mr. William Smith, the celebrated breeder of sheep at Dishley, in Leicestershire, states, that in 1818 he let 165 tups from 10 to 200 guineas each; but that they have, of late years, gradually dropped 75 per cent., although his sheep are better than ever they were before. In Derbyshire, the farmers are fast getting into poverty. Not one in three is solvent; and there is not above three-fourths of the stock on hand that there was thirty years ago. It is very difficult now to get tenants of capital; and one proprietor has, in consequence, had an estate of 3000 acres of good land upon his hand for four or five years.

In Hampshire the produce has decreased one-fourth generally, and, in some cases, two-thirds. From the poverty of the farmers there is not one-half of the sheep kept in the county that there ought to be. Many farmers who grow turnips have been obliged, from the decrease of their own stocks, to take in sheep to feed, and turnips may be had for little or nothing. On cold clay soils it is difficult to obtain tenants at any rent; and very great reductions must still be given to enable the tenantry to keep their farms.

Mr. John Neve, a land-agent, having the charge of estates to the extent of L.15,000 a-year, and occupying, as proprietor and tenant, 700 acres of land, gives the following account of the agricultural state of the Weald of Kent, a district about twelve miles broad by sixteen long: the Weald of Sussex, which is thirty miles long and twenty-four broad, is in a similar state. The land in these districts is a wet, stiff soil, tolerably well fitted for the cultivation of wheat, of which grain two quarters an acre is about an average crop. The rents, which were during the war, 20s. an acre, have now fallen to 10s. or 12s.; and supposing the price of wheat stationary at 50s., more than 7s. an acre cannot be paid. From the poverty of the tenants, the land has deteriorated greatly; and the produce has fallen off about twenty per cent. This witness makes a statement, which shews, in a striking manner, at what an enormous expense to the community the rents of the landlords are kept up. When the landlord got 20s. an acre, or 10s. more than he does at present, wheat sold at L.5 a quarter; and as the produce of the acre is only two quarters, L.5 are taken out of the pocket of the consumer to put 10s. into that of the landlord. There is a considerable quantity of timber in the district, the price of which has fallen from L.11 a ton to L.5, 10s. The difficulty of letting land is so great, that the landlords have, in some instances, been compelled to lend money to their tenants to enable them to stock their farms: the landlords having found, by experience, that when they occupy the lands themselves, they lose all.

Of the state of Surrey and Sussex we have the following account from Mr. George Smallpiece, an extensive farmer, and a large purchaser of sheep. Owing to the rot which took place four or five years ago, and to the poverty of the farmers, which prevents them purchasing fresh stock, sheep have decreased very much. There are many parishes where there used to be 2000 or 3000 sheep, in which there are hardly any at present; and in other parishes there is not more than a tenth part of the stock which used to be kept. A great deal of the land is not occupied at all, and the grass goes to waste. Near the town of Guildford there is a farm which is not occupied; and although it has pretty good meadows, they have neither been mowed nor stocked this year. Within three miles of Farnham there is a farm, consisting of from 400 to 500

acres of meadow, arable land, and hop ground, which has suffered so much from overcropping, that it has been let for 18d. an acre; and in the Weald of Surrey and Sussex there are many farms in as bad a state. Tenants cannot be got at all; the farms are so much exhausted that nobody will take them. The poor-rates on the farm, which has been let for 18d. an acre, are 8s. an acre; and on a farm possessed by the witness, not worth 2s. 6d. an acre, the poor-rates are 10s. an acre. These lands have always been in cultivation; and the whole Weald, which, during the war, was worth from 12s. to 14s. an acre, would not let now for more than 5s. Forty years ago, the land would have brought 14s. an acre; but the poor-rate is now 10s. Rent and poor-rate, taken forty years ago, were much the same as rent and poor-rate now; but rent has taken the place of poor-rate, and poor-rate has taken the place of rent. Since 1822, the poor-rates have greatly increased. This has arisen from the great number of small farms in this district; the farmers having become paupers. On some farms, three tenants, who each took possession with an adequate capital, having successively lost every shilling, are now working on the roads. In the whole Weald of Kent and Sussex, there is scarcely a solvent farmer. In the south of Sussex, a farm which formerly let for L.150, is now offered for L.20. Comparing the produce of the whole district with what it was ten years ago, it has diminished one-half. Emigration is going on to a considerable extent. The emigrants are in general good labourers, or small farmers. Some farmers with a capital of from L.2000, to L.3000 have also emigrated.

In Wiltshire and Berkshire, cultivation has been going back for the last ten years, in consequence of want of capital; and the produce has diminished. With a permanent price of wheat at 56s. a quarter, a great quantity of ground must be thrown out of cultivation. Formerly the farmers in Wiltshire were in the habit of keeping from one-third to one-fourth of their wheat crop to mix with the new crop; but now there is hardly any kept. Here, as elsewhere, the yeomanry have most materially diminished within the last fifteen years; their properties having generally been bought up by the large proprietors. In Worcestershire, we find matters are in a similar state. The capital of the farmers is gone; few of them are solvent. Stocks are diminished and the produce of the soil has fallen off from one-fourth to two-thirds. In the west of England, the farmers, in addition to high rents and low prices, which are everywhere complained of, have to contend with a continually increasing importation from Ireland of agricultural produce. Grain, cattle, sheep, swine, butter, cheese, poultry, and eggs, are imported in immense quantities: and the markets of the manufacturing towns overstocked. In all parts of England, the agricultural distress is much greater than at any former period. Since 1815, no profit has been made by the agriculturists; and rents have in general been paid either out of capital or by the over-cropping and deterioration of the soil. The tenantry have been compelled, by their impoverished circumstances, to diminish their stocks of cattle and sheep, and to break up grass lands wherever their landlords would permit them. But there is every reason to believe that the efforts to keep up the average produce of the soil can no longer be relied on, and that the country must yearly become more dependent on foreign countries for food.

In such circumstances it is obvious, that the whole farmers of capital, a class of men peculiar to this country, as well as the small proprietors,

will gradually disappear. Great Britain will then return to the state in which it was during the middle ages; when the land belonged almost exclusively to great barons, by whom it was cultivated by means of labourers little removed in condition from slaves. Agriculture, which can be kept in its present state of advancement only by capital and skill, must rapidly deteriorate; and we may then expect the recurrence of those scarcities which were so common during the middle ages. But even the large proprietors cannot calculate upon a lengthened possession of their estates. The poor-rates are increasing yearly in England, and threaten, before the lapse of many years, to absorb the whole land rental of the kingdom. In some parishes, as we have already noticed, they already much exceed the rent; in others they prevent, to a greater or smaller extent, the cultivation of the soil. It is obvious that when this latter effect is produced—"that the instant the poor-rate exceeds the net surplus produce—that is to say, exceeds that surplus, which, if there were no poor-rate, would be paid in rent,—the existing cultivation becomes not only unprofitable, but a source of absolute loss. And that as every diminution of cultivation has a double effect, in increasing the rate on the remaining cultivation, the number of unemployed labourers being increased at the same instant that the fund for payment of rates is diminished, the abandonment of property, when it has once begun, is likely to proceed, in a constantly accumulating ratio; accordingly it appears, that in the parish of Cholesbury, in the county of Buckingham, scarcely a year elapsed before the first land going out of cultivation, and the abandonment of all except sixteen acres."—*Report from Poor Law Commissioners*, p. 89.

Were the farmers enabled, by the reduction of their rents, to employ as many labourers as formerly, an efficient check would be given to the farther increase of the poor-rates; for it appears that in most of the agricultural parishes, there are not more labourers than are required for the proper cultivation of the soil. But high rents are still pertinaciously exacted; and although this is obviously the chief cause of the agricultural distress, it is conveniently overlooked by those who alone can grant relief. In the report from the Committee on Agriculture, poor-rates, county-rates, and the other burdens on the tenantry, are prominently brought forward as causes of the distress; but it is remarked, that "those outgoings, which the law does not impose, are placed beyond the reach of the Legislature; and, where Parliament cannot interfere, any recommendation or opinion pronounced by your Committee would certainly be inefficacious, perhaps even productive of evil." In this manner does a Committee appointed to inquire into the causes of the depression of agriculture dispose of the subject of rent—an outgoing which absorbs one-third of the gross value of the produce of the soil in Scotland and Ireland, and one-fourth in England. The fact that appears in almost every page of the evidence, that rents must be abated from fifteen to twenty per cent., to meet the diminished price of grain, is nowhere noticed in the report. The very important circumstance is however admitted, that "the stocks of home-grown wheat in the hands of the farmer, and of the dealer, at the time of harvest, have gradually diminished; that the produce of Great Britain is, on the average of years, unequal to the consumption; that the increased supply from Ireland does not cover the deficiency; and that in the present state of agriculture, the United Kingdom is, in years of ordinary production, partially dependent on the supply of wheat from foreign countries." It

farther appears "that in the century prior to 1793, 80s. a quarter was the average price of wheat, and England, for a great part of that century, was an exporting country. At this moment, the average price does not exceed 54s. a quarter; and in the last five years, ending 1st January, 1833, the importation of wheat from abroad annually averaged 1,145,000 quarters." The annual consumption of wheat in the United Kingdom, including seed, is generally estimated at twelve millions of quarters; and deducting only one-eighth, or a million and a-half of quarters, for seed, we are indebted to foreigners for about one-tenth part of our supply of wheat, or about six weeks' consumption. It is evidently, therefore, of the utmost importance that foreigners should be encouraged to grow, at least, that proportion of wheat which we are unable to raise for ourselves. Yet precisely the opposite inference is attempted to be drawn; as appears from the prominent place in which the following statement of Mr. Jacob, the inspector of corn returns, is placed in the report.

"My opinion is, that if we were to diminish the growth of English wheat by one-tenth part of that now produced, we should not be in a safe state in case of a deficient harvest; for all the world could not make up the deficiency. We are now about four weeks in the year deficient in our growth on the average; last year the harvest was one month earlier than the year previous, so that we were enabled to get to the end of the year. The harvest of 1832 ought to supply thirteen months, and I dare say it will do so; but if we have a deficient harvest, and the next harvest gives us but eleven months' supply, and owing to bad weather it be deficient one-tenth more, there would then be such a deficiency as all the world could not easily supply at any price; for wheat is not the food of man in any other country to the same extent as it is in England. In France, even where wheat is much more used than in the north and east of Europe, Chaptal states that there are only about 17,000,000 of quarters a-year grown, of which nearly 3,000,000 are wanted for seed; and that for a population of 30,000,000 persons, whilst we require nearly as much for half that number of persons."

To this opinion of Mr. Jacob, we oppose that of Mr. Thomas Oliver, a well-known Scotch agriculturist. "I know Mr. Jacob thinks, that a large quantity, or a much greater quantity than we have got, could not be drawn from the Continent, without much raising prices; but I do think he overlooks the effect of a steady demand. For instance, we in Scotland send all our spare cattle every year to England. If any circumstance were to occur that would create a demand from France, or any other country, for 1000 or 2000 cattle, they could not be got at present without greatly raising the price of cattle in Scotland: but if that demand were to continue for a series of years, the supply could be afforded without raising the price materially. For, supposing the rise at first to be as much as twenty per cent., the balance between the price of cattle, and that of all other descriptions of farm produce would be disturbed, and the profit on cattle would be higher than on any other kind of produce. This state of things could not continue, except for a very few years, and the balance would soon be restored, by a diminished production of the other kinds of produce, until their price rose so as to make the cultivation of them as profitable as cattle. In this way, the rise of twenty per cent., which we have supposed to take place in the price of cattle, when distributed equally over all the other productions of the soil, might not exceed eight or ten per cent. I think that Mr. Jacob overlooks the effect of this, and underrates the influence of a steady demand. In

my opinion, he also overlooks the wide field for improvement in the mode of cultivating the lands in the north of Europe. So far as I could see, from Mr. Jacob's statement, it would not be necessary to resort to very inferior soils in those countries, in order to increase the quantity to the extent of tripling or quadrupling their exportable produce." Mr. Oliver farther states, that, if we were to import a large quantity under a free trade, he does not think it must be "drawn from great distances; because, if we have been able to obtain about a million and a half of quarters of foreign wheat annually, since the present Corn Laws came into operation, on the 15th July, 1828, I do not think it would be an exaggerated estimate to suppose that, with a free trade, that quantity would be doubled or more." We are much more inclined to rely on the opinion of Mr. Oliver, than that of Mr. Jacob, on the point in question. Mr. Jacob, when examined in 1821, before the Committee on Agriculture, then sitting, stated that the whole world could not supply us with three weeks' consumption, and that all Europe could not send us two millions of quarters of grain annually. In the year 1831, we, however, imported more than three millions and a half of grain; and in the three years subsequent to 15th July, 1828, there were entered for home consumption 7,263,184 quarters of foreign grain, more than four millions and a half of which was wheat, besides 1,812,905 cwts. of flour. The effect of a steady demand for grain, in increasing the production, is strongly shewn in the case of Ireland. Up to the middle of the last century, Ireland imported grain; but after the British market was thrown open, Ireland not only grew sufficient grain for its own consumption, but became a great exporting country. Previously to 1806, when a perfectly free corn trade between Great Britain and Ireland was established, the imports into the former country from the latter did not exceed 400,000 quarters annually. In the five years ending with 1820, however, the import from Ireland was 5,166,506 quarters; in the five years ending 1825, 8,252,044 quarters; in the five years ending 1830, 10,874,059 quarters. In 1815, the total quantity of grain of all kinds imported from Ireland was 821,192 quarters; and it has progressively increased to 2,605,734 in 1832. Comparing the four years ending with 1828, with the four years ending with 1832, the increase of importation is thirty per cent. Not only is the quantity of Irish grain thus enormously increased, but its quality is also greatly improved. Twenty years ago, Irish wheat was not within 15s. a quarter of English in value; now it is within 5s. This increase of quantity, and improvement in quality, of Irish grain, is solely attributable to the steady demand from Great Britain during the last fifteen years. Wheat is now grown in many parts of Ireland which were formerly considered unfit to produce that species of grain; a better system of agriculture is superseding the old method; although the soil is still almost everywhere cultivated in a very inferior manner to that practised in Britain. Great as the increase of exports has been, we have no doubt that they might still be doubled, were farmers of enterprise and capital enabled to settle in Ireland, which nothing but the disturbed state of the country prevents.

The increase of the population of the corn growing countries on the Baltic, from which we have hitherto been in use to draw our principal supplies, has been assumed as likely to put a limit to any considerable extension of the exports of these countries. But the increase of population in such countries has much less effect, in diminishing the exports of grain, than is commonly imagined. This is evident from what has

taken place in Ireland, where the increase of population seems rather to have added to the power to export. There, as in the states in the north of Germany, by far the larger proportion of the population is engaged in agriculture; and that part of the population is fed, not upon the kind of grain which is exported, but on potatoes and the inferior kinds of grain, and chiefly on potatoes. The increase of the population necessarily leads to the extension of tillage; and the increase in the quantity of grain is greater than is needed for the consumption of the additional population; for a small piece of ground is sufficient to raise food for a numerous population which lives on potatoes. Thus, although the nutritive quality of oatmeal is four times greater than that of potatoes, or one cwt. of oatmeal is equal to four cwt. of potatoes; yet, after all, an acre of potatoes will support as many people as four acres of oats. Thus, an acre of land which would produce eight and a half quarters, or twenty-five cwt. of oats, would produce ten tons of potatoes; and, as oats give about one-half their weight of meal, the acre of potato ground produces food equal in nutritive quality to two and a half tons of oatmeal, which is the produce of four acres sown with oats. Now, the state of the corn-growing counties in the north of Europe is similar to that of Ireland. By far the greater proportion of the population is engaged in agriculture; that portion lives principally on potatoes, rye, and in some places buck wheat, while the grain exported to this country is chiefly wheat. Agriculture, though it has suffered, as in this country, severely, has, during the last thirty years, been making great progress; and the exports of wheat have greatly increased. In such circumstances, we cannot see on what rational grounds it can be asserted, that provided there was a free importation of grain into this country, the cultivation of wheat for export would not materially increase, even although no rise in price took place; in the same way as has happened in Ireland, where the increased produce of grain has taken place, although the price since 1815 has been almost constantly declining. At present wheat is very little cultivated in the north of Europe, for little demand exists for it, except for exportation. With the fluctuating duty imposed by our present Corn Laws, it is impossible to calculate on the probability of its admission into this country; and of late years the duty has been so high, that it has generally been impossible to bring it into home consumption, without waiting for months or years for a favourable moment, when the duty is low, to take it out of bond. With free importation, however, the Polish or Prussian farmer would have no difficulty in determining whether he could or could not grow wheat for the British market.

The population of Great Britain, exclusive of Ireland, is increasing at the rate of more than 200,000 annually; an addition which, on the lowest calculation, requires for its consumption 400,000 quarters of grain. We are already dependant on foreign countries for a considerable supply; and the produce of Great Britain appears, by the opinions of the best informed witnesses, to be diminishing rapidly. Unless, therefore, foreigners are encouraged to grow large quantities of grain, for exportation to this country, the supply, in a few years, will be quite inadequate for our population. There is no other way of giving such encouragement, than by a total abolition, or a material relaxation of the restrictive system which has been adhered to since the termination of the war so pertinaciously, and with results so destructive to our agriculture.

MANIFESTATIONS, NEW AND OLD.

A GLANCE at the state of the human mind, in almost any age or country, will be found to provide instances of those aberrations of intellect on religious subjects, termed *fanaticism*, *enthusiasm*, or what you will, which always spread contagiously over a certain portion of the weak-witted, and involve the graver part of the community in serious fears as to what may be their final issue, and doubts as to the proper method of stopping their dangerous progress. In all instances which have occurred, it may be said to be an invariable and established fact, that the amount of disturbance to the peaceable portion of society, keeps pace with the quantity of active resistance offered to the progress of the hallucination—the mind of man, on all occasions, showing more or less of its inborn independence, and generally preferring to adopt an absurdity, to quietly bowing to force. When, as in the present day, such an event occurs to disturb the public mind, it may afford a useful lesson to look back to similar instances in a former age, and by this means give two lessons,—one to those whose minds feel an inclination to be affected by the dissimulation,—the other to those sturdier, but not much wiser persons, who may think fit to attempt to crush the heresy in its growth. Taking, then, our holy religion as the materials out of which the manifesters of the spirit have manufactured those curious scenes which have perplexed this city and some other parts of the kingdom, we think it very likely that we will find any other fanatical outbreaks in Christian countries, to bear about as much resemblance to the one presently in operation, as a Roman gladius, a Highland broadsword, and a seaman's cutlass, may all bear to each other;—different intellects, when they have similar materials within them which they are about to use for a similar purpose, as aptly pursuing the same method, as different classes of men, with like physical materials, when their purpose is common.

About the year 1521, a person of the name of Muncer, headed a small body of men in Germany, to whom were imparted dreams, visions, and revelations, which, with the mixture of personal vanity which always attends these hallucinations, showed that the world was to be reformed by *their* ministry,—that none but themselves were true believers,—and, that the wicked (*i. e.* all men except themselves) were to be cut off from the earth, which was thereafter to be ruled by justice itself. The Government sagely attempted to suppress what it considered a dangerous heresy, by force. Consequently, vast multitudes joined the creed of the oppressed; and they managed to hold out the city of Munster, with great bravery, against a disciplined army, proposing, in the midst of the siege, that they should adopt the system of a community of goods, in the same terms with the attempt reported to have been made by some peaceable citizens of Edinburgh the other day. Numberless are the similar instances which might be found in foreign history, but spots nearer home may afford more apt illustrations. The story of the Fair Maid of Kent, during the reign of Henry VIII., is so well known to the readers of history, that it need only be referred to. In the days of Elizabeth, appeared Hacket, on whom the spirit of the Messiah rested, with his two prophets, Coppinger, his prophet of mercy, and Arthington, his prophet of judgment. These proclaimed their inspirations from an open cart in Cheapside; but probably having commenced too suddenly and magnificently, they seem to have gained no converts, and their views were suspected by the popu-

lace. So Hacket was quietly hanged without disturbance, while one of his prophets drowned himself, and the other recanted. Mr. Mason of Buckinghamshire,—of the period of whose appearance we are not aware,—received a revelation, which intimated that the Redeemer was to appear on a day appointed, at a small village named Water Stratford, for the purpose of conducting his people thence to Jerusalem, and commencing the millennium,—a journey on a better system than that to the same spot which some young ladies are said lately to have failed in achieving. The prophet had the misfortune to die before the day of fulfilment; but a chosen company assembled on the spot, where they danced, sang, and prayed for a day and a night, in expectation of the advent; but, waiting in vain, and no one attempting to interfere with them, they at last dispersed. The history of George Fox, the apostle of the Quakers, who appeared about the year 1652, is well known. He declared himself to be “The way, the truth, the light, the eternal Judge of the world.” The persecutions against this man and others had the effect of raising to existence the sect of the Quakers, a body of men to whom, in this allusion to circumstances which mainly assisted their origin, we mean not the slightest disrespect, for we honour them for their brave defence of the natural privileges of man, and their indomitable resistance to religious despotism. The manifestations uttered by Mrs. Mitchelson in 1638, in the same College Kirk lately so renowned for similar exhibitions, has been noticed as a curious coincidence by the newspaper press; and a farther account of the matter may be found in Arnot’s *History of Edinburgh*, and Chambers’ *History of the Rebellions*. In the year 1781, appeared a small sect in the west of Scotland, termed Buchanites, from the name of their spiritual guide, Mrs. Buchan. The same desire of personal distinction, either earthly or spiritual, which in every case works on the minds of similar enthusiasts, will be found from the following quotation from a newspaper of the period, to have attended this lady and her followers:—“They call Mrs. Buchan their spiritual mother, and pay her implicit obedience. They do not pray, but are constantly singing hymns and psalms. They believe that they are without sin; that none of them are to die; but that the end of the world is at hand; and Jesus Christ is to come, and they are to be caught into the air to meet him; that all other people are to be struck dead, and that they themselves are to possess the earth for a thousand years under their King, the Lord Jesus; during which period the devil is to be bound in a chain; after which he is to be loosed, and with the wicked to attack their camp, when they will repulse and conquer them, fighting gallantly under their captain and leader.” The good sense of the local authorities prevented these magniloquent persons from putting their fighting propensities in execution: they were not disturbed in their ceremonies; and some people of the neighbourhood who had assaulted them were punished, so their numbers never increased much above forty, and their zeal died away without any explosion. It would be unfair to the public to revive the subject of Joanna Southcott, whose proceedings, although now neglected, are not forgotten by any one whose patience is made of exhaustible materials. The same spirit of vanity which we have before illustrated (if it was not aided by imposture) ruled her proceedings; and the remark may be hazarded, that although the government did not risk the loss of the common sense of the country, by a ludicrous persecution, the private abuse and interference extended to the wrong-headed but inoffensive Southcottians, has been the means of

strengthening the sect. Another instance of delusion now presents itself, which from its extraordinary similarity to that which has lately cut so conspicuous a figure in the annals of Presbyterianism demands more enlarged attention. About the year 1688, there appeared in Dauphins and Vivarais, a set of persons who were in the habit of falling into trembling fits and trances, in which state they uttered Manifestations and Prophecies. No sooner had the matter attracted public attention, than it was resolved to put a stop to the prophecies with the bayonet and the gibbet. But as they were butchered one by one, the numbers of the sect increased in mathematical progression; the superstition spread like burning heath through the valleys, and twenty years of carnage did not extinguish it. About the end of the year 1706, some of these persons coming over as refugees to London, attracted a few converts: of these two individuals, Sir Richard Bulkley, Bart., and John Lacy, Esq., have left behind them pretty minute accounts of the manner in which the prophetic mantle was thrown over them, and of their power and proceedings under its effects. And, here, before proceeding with some account of these scenes, it may be premised, that the writer of these remarks has paid occasional visits to the celebrated chapel in Carrubbers' close, and has tried to trace the line of doctrine, towards which the denizens of the place direct their manifestations. In so far as he can unriddle their oracular exclamations, it seems to be somewhat to the following effect. That the Messiah is about to make his re-appearance on earth; that since his departure the earth has been in a state of impurity; but that it must be immediately cleansed and put into a state fit for his reception, a duty which is to devolve upon his chosen servants, the apostles of Carrubbers' Close. One point is extremely dubious; they frequently proclaim the conversion and purification of the whole world through their instrumentality, and at other times assert that the resistance and oppression they are to meet from all the rest of the world, will prove their doctrine to be of God and not of man; so that it seems not to be clearly ascertained whether the apostles of Carrubbers' close are the only persons in the world who are to be sufficiently pure to hail the advent, or if the whole earth is to be purified by their means for that purpose. But to return to the subject of the emigrants, termed the "French Prophets," Mr. John Lacy gives the following reasons for believing in their divinity. "The subject matter and economy of four or five hundred prophetic warnings, given under ecstasy in London, unless it be acknowledged to come from God, is altogether unaccountable; a few contemptible creatures, dispersed by persecution from the Cevennes, a desert country more obscure than Galilee, sound forth a voice 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord:' their commission is to proclaim, as heralds, the same to the Jews, and every nation under Heaven, beginning first in England: the message is, that the grand jubilee, the acceptable year of the Lord, the accomplishment of those numerous Scriptures, touching the New Heavens and New Earth, the kingdom of the Messiah, (concerning which our Saviour answered his inquisitive apostles, that the time was not for them to know, but reserved in his Father's hand,) the Marriage of the Lamb, the first Resurrection, or the New Jerusalem descending from above, is now even at the door, and to be manifest over the whole earth, within the short term of three years; they tell us this great operation is to be wrought, on the part of man, by spiritual arms only, proceeding from the mouths of those who shall, by inspiration, or the mighty gifts of his Spirit, be sent in great numbers to labour in God's

vineyard; they tell us this mission of his servants shall be witnessed to, by signs and wonders from Heaven, by a deluge of judgments on the wicked, universally, throughout the world, as famine, pestilence, earthquakes, fire from heaven, darkness, tempests; the exterminating angel shall root out the tares, and there shall remain upon the earth only good corn; the works of men shall be thrown down, and there will be but one Lord, one faith, one heart, and one voice among mankind!" Another argument with him, is the superiority of the matter contained in the manifestations to anything ever uttered by the same individuals without divine help: "Their discourses and prayers under ecstasy, are, in the matter and phrases thereof, far above what their own parts could furnish. Mr. Allute, one of the new inspired, a poor joiner, an ignorant man, one that could never before pray without a form, now under the operation of the spirit, does frequently utter prayers, fluent, pathetical, sublime, and heavenly: another of the new inspired, an illiterate woman, has several times, in ecstasy, given clear instructions, how God will be worshipped in trinity, well worthy of the most elaborate divine." Such were among the excellent reasons which prompted Mr. Lacy to rely on the divine mission of the French Prophets; and he had not long made up his mind on this point, and joined the body as a believer, ere, as is very natural, he wished to shine forth in the manner he so much admired in others, and the wish was not long of being granted. He says, he felt certain bodily impressions and agitations upon him, which he can hardly describe, and then continues: "The bodily impressions were gradually increasing upon me, till the effect, or rather issue of them was produced, to wit, the opening of my mouth to speak. They began by a preternatural course of breathing; then my head came to be agitated or shaken violently and forcibly, and with a very quick motion horizontally, or from side to side: Then my stomach had twitches, not much unlike an hiccup; afterwards my hands and arms were violently shaken; at length a struggle or labouring in the wind-pipe, and sometimes a sort of catching or twitches all over my body; and for about a week before my speaking, I observed my tongue was now and then moved involuntarily as were also my lips, my mouth, and jaw, severally." The following characteristic of the symptoms when his tongue was loosed, will be recognised by many of our readers to have been arrogated in the quarter so often alluded to:—"I utterly deny myself to be the framer, either of the agitations, or of the voice: I have, moreover, thrice experienced a tone or manner in the voice itself, which I am well assured I am in no ways capable of in my natural state." There is a curious, metaphysical distinction betwixt the manifestations of Mr. Lacy and his friends, and those of later days; the latter, although springing from a holy source, are given in the person of a man, who repeats, as it were, what he is told, and talks of the Deity as a third person; the former were supposed to have been uttered by the Deity himself; the mortal between whose lips they passed, being unconscious of volition or action, and merely serving as a medium of sound. Fortunately, Mr. John Lacy has thought the manifestations, of which he was the instrument, worthy of preservation, and has bequeathed them to the world in three tolerably sized, and closely printed duodecimos, crowded with exclamations, from which any modern manifestor might pick choice specimens, without danger of detection. The name of the first of these is, "The Prophetic Warnings of John Lacy, Esq. pronounced under the operation of the Spirit, and faithfully taken in writing when they were spoken,"—and the others are similarly

titled. Each particular Manifestation is separately recorded by itself, with the names of the witnesses present, (invariably fellow prophets,) the date, and place of uttering, and such running comments as the following:—"Here he rose up in his ecstasy, and laid his hand upon the head of a person present, saying," &c.; again, "At the beginning of this inspiration he rose up, and with his arms he laid about like a man threshing, for above twenty strokes," &c. We have not attempted to read through this jumbled mass of exclamations, but the character is stamped in every part; and a few extracts, taken at random, commencing with the first paragraph, may amuse the reader, who may doubtless remark, "I have surely read all this in some newspaper lately."

"THURSDAY, June 1st, 1707.

O ye hard-hearted and unbelievers! fear! fear! fear! I am the Lord of the whole earth, who am come down to visit for iniquities; to pull down and to destroy; to purge away all hypocrites. I call upon you this day to repent: choose, own, or deny."

"FRIDAY, June 13.

"O, my Dear Babes, shall the men of the earth pluck you out of my hands? O Dust, Dust! What! rebellious dust, contend with me?—Contend with these? O, all the Earth, I will make thee know that I AM. Man shall no longer prevail. Oh no, for I will not have a competitor with me in my Throne. They shall see it's I AM, I AM, I AM. Shall men overcome me? O fools, fools! I sit in the heavens to laugh at the vain thoughts and attempts of men against my Christ. The earth makes a noise! and the seas roar! What! against their God? O tremble, thou Earth, at the presence of thy God."

The following is very characteristic of late scenes:—

"You must seek to God - I call you, and you will not answer. Oh! why so? Ah, doubting! Believe me: if you love the world better than me, go, go, go, perish with the world. I come not to be crucified again. No, no, no, I come to bring everything under my feet"

The repeating of certain words three times will be found to be a striking ingredient in the parallel. This is a very natural recourse for those on whom it is incumbent to speak with fluency, without the necessity of much connexion; and, under the appearance of putting a sublime emphasis on particular words, it gives the speaker an opportunity of searching for something to go on with. One of the Manifestations bears to have been uttered "In a chamber, upon the way going to a hearing at the Attorney General's;" and proceeds in the following consequential tones, indicative of supreme contempt of court: "I am he that sits in the chief place of judicature. I will make it known that I am the only Judge of the earth. I will plead my own cause. Well, my child, they will say thou art mad. I'll soon show who is wise and who is mad: all who shall stop those that go for my honour, I'll spew them out of my mouth. Ay! any cause but mine shall be heard; shall it? I will make Judges as at the first, when justice flowed down like a stream. I will make courts of justice know they hold of me *durante bene placito*. They think they have power, but they have not. I can put a *non prosequi* to their power, as well as they to mine honour," &c. One page is filled with black lines, stretching half-way across, which it appears are intended to indicate the long Ohs uttered by Mr. Lacy, on an occasion when "his voice altered, and he fell into grievous heat, breaking sighs, and lamenting groans, for near a quarter of an hour:

then frequent lifting up of his hands, in a way expressing also the same, when he began to speak in the same low and lamenting voice."

The Unknown Tongues were managed by these persons in a manner far more classical and elegant than latter times have exhibited them. Those previously ignorant of these languages, spoke excellent French, Latin, and Greek, during the moments of their inspiration, and understood their own words. Ample specimens of their powers in this capacity have been preserved. Sir Richard Bulkley thus tells the manner in which the classical power fell upon his friend, Mr. Lacy: "Upon the ninth day of August last past, he and I, and Mr. Facio, were in a coach together, and, so strong was the Latin impression on him at that time, that, for above four miles travelling together, and which was above an hour, we were all the way proposing and reciting of sentences of the hardest Latin we could think of. Mr. Facio recited to him out of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Virgil's *Æneid*, Lucretius; and I out of Martial, Horace's *Odes* and *De Arte Poetica*, &c., not any of which books he had ever read at school, except Martial; and that, no sooner did we recite a line in Latin but he recited the same in English, as readily as if he were then reading it before him. In all which he did not miss the signification of three true Latin words. But he proposed to us at first not to give him any *technical* words, nor any foreign words made Latin, as *Alpites*, *Schænobates*, and the like, which was but reasonable, neither of such being properly Latin. And, in truth, with all our endeavours, we could not pose him; which was to our very great astonishment. This gift doth come and go; and when away, he knows no more Latin than what his natural memory retains, and which, as I may say, it had learnt while he was under the operation of the Spirit as to that gift."*

The termination of these scenes remains to be told. The Manifesters uttered prophecies, very imprudently giving a short period for fulfilment; and their predictions were found false. They stated, that on a particular day, they should raise one of their number who had died, to life; and unaccountably failed, in the presence of 20,000 spectators. They were finally prosecuted at the instance of their Protestant countrymen of the French chapel in the Savoy, and were sentenced by the Queen's Bench to stand in a scaffold at Charing Cross and the Royal Exchange, with a paper denoting their offence; to pay each of them a fine of twenty merks, and to find sureties for their good behaviour. "The severity of this sentence," observes Somerville, the historian, "and the fortitude with which they endured it, were all calculated for undeceiving their deluded votaries, if an imputation, more precise and odious than that for which they were condemned, had not been artfully propagated to overturn the popularity of these triumphant impostors. It was insinuated, that the ostensible offenders were only tools of ill-designing men, who wanted to spread Socinian principles among the lower classes of the people; and to subvert the orthodoxy of the Protestant congregations." It is probably owing to this circumstance, whether springing from accident or design, that London was saved from such scenes as shortly after attended the machinations of Sacheverel.

* When Buchanan was on the Continent, a woman was presented to him who had the gift of uttering, and understanding unknown tongues, after the manner of Mr. Lacy; but, unfortunately, deriving her power from a very improper source, viz. the Devil, or possession by an evil spirit. Buchanan spoke Gaelic to her, which she did not understand; whence it was inferred, that the Celtic languages were not among the accomplishments of Satan.

LONDON SIGHTS.—No. II.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

To those who know the business habits of a London tradesman, the severity of his perseverance, his constant unflinching devotion to his calling, his utter abhorrence of waste of time, his disrelish for all impertinent amusement, his contempt for extravagance, and the unity and fixedness of his pursuit in honest money-getting, it must be difficult to account for the ambition which spurs him to the attainment of civic glory, to those who do not, it may be easy enough. To acquire appropriate distinction he must make a fearful sacrifice of the two most precious items of his previous life—time and money. He must take part in gingerbread gaieties that can surely afford him no pleasure, he must clay himself in feasting and wine-bibbing, to which he has been all along unused, he must leave to the mismanagement of underlings his great all-in-all business, and he must open wide and recklessly the strings of his purse to pay for tinsel gaud and glitter, which his previous habits unfit him to enjoy. But there is nothing in this world, however foolish or extravagant, that may not be accounted for. Is it not, in sooth, a pleasant thing to be a livery-man, an honourable to be of the Common Council, a right regal to become—what words to write—my Lord Mayor of London. *To triumph!*—the chief magistrate of the first city of the world, a worthy alderman for life, probably a knight, possibly a baronet, haply a member of the imperial Parliament. Great Powers! the Right Honourable Sir Timothy Thickhead, Bart, M P, citizen and cordwainer, dealer in tea, and grocery, No. 55, Little St Thomas Apostle! Is not this distinction, honour, fame, celebrity, a thing to live for, sigh after, dream of, aspire to? yea it must be so! O ambition! what natures dost thou not change!

But there is no terrestrial bliss that hath not its antagonist misery. The man who has once been Lord Mayor of London, is, to all intents and purposes, lost for life. The frightful contrast between one entire year of glory, grandeur, dignity, magnificence, luxury, and city sovereignty, and an after-life of obscurity, the pomp of office; and the dreariness of homely privacy, a right honourable Lord, and a simple Neighbour So-and-so, the state carriage with its horses six, and a ride in a ricketty cab, with its broken-winded knacker, the sumptuous viands, and the bit of cold mutton, the Mansion House, (gorgeous palace,) and "our shop and parlour," the lady Mayoress, and "my old woman," in the gay and street-filling procession, the observed of all observers, and the mere pedestrian unnoticed and unhonoured; the speech-making, cheered, thanks-receiving President of Common Halls, and the unheeded prosier upon any subject, the festal nights all sparkle, lustre, and hilarity, and the back parlour of the Crow and Cauliflower after shop-shut,—were companions, it might be thought, too lacerating for poor mortality to contemplate. But corporation nerves are not so nicely strung; these transitions are borne every year, and not an instance of suicide or insanity therefrom is on record, yet those who have experienced them are, we repeat, lost for life, their rationality (what share they had) is clean gone for ever; thenceforward they have but one idea, one recollection—"their year;" and still, though stripped of the realities of sovereignty and empire, they are content to hold existence on the memory of bygone possession of what once was; their wits are demented quite;

they go to church and hear of the joy and rewards of another world, and "their year," with its pageants and honours, bursts upon their vision, in sunshiny brightness, a type of ecstasy to hope for.

The ninth of November is the day on which one Lord Mayor is deposed and another installed. Why that day of all the year is selected we cannot adventure a surmise. It is usually a day memorable for mud and morkiness. Whether it is that Dan Phœbus liketh not the gew-gaws of this first of cities, or that two suns cannot together shine, we know not; but certes it is, that rarely doth he show forth his round red visage on that day; a day, rather, that generally breaks, wears on, and ends in full fog or potent mizzle. Whatever be its complexion, however, the citizens are early awakened by the merry peals of triple bob-majars, from the various churches, whose steeples shake to their foundations, as it were for very joy. Those who have already left their dwellings, walk hither and thither, with portentous faces and earth-cast eyes, full to their throats with matter of deep expectancy; a solitary messenger is here and there seen running ready to break his neck, with tidings from one authority to another; anon, a fierce-looking chap, rejoicing in the title of city marshal, in full uniform of red and gold, mounted on a goodly charger, but yesterday performing the inglorious functions of wheel-horse to a brewer's dray, now caparisoned in tiger cloth and trimmings gay, gallops by you, and back again, folly knows wherefore, and you see that his gallant steed feels, to his fetlock joints, the highness of his rider's behests; every coming half hour brings its hundreds; the streets are barricaded and officered against the incursions of vulgar hackney coaches, and other low vehicles. You shall know it is a day big with the fate of something; a day of rejoicing to holiday folk, the young, the old, of all grades, and every sex, pickpockets, illers, aldermen, common councilmen, and men and women, and dear little innocents of all degree. Let no dog be about on that day, if he value his tail's peace; there is no saying what an awaiting multitude might ingeniously devise in the way of pastime.

Most great towns have their Halls of Guild, and you may be sure this king of cities is second to none in that particular. It is in this Hall, we may observe in parenthesis, that Gog and Magog, those terrible giants, whom to look upon is to quake exceedingly, have their abiding place—emblems of the prodigious prowess of this most "ancient citie." As hither assemble the mighty great who are to take part in the day's pageant, so from this point does it emerge. It may be seemly to state, in this stage of the narration, that upon the accession of a new monarch to the city throne, it behoves the corporation, from time and custom immemorial, to wait upon his Majesty's Barons of the Court of Exchequer, to deliver in an account of their stewardship for the past year, and (the thing of most moment) that his Lordship shall count a certain number of hob-nails, deposited on the table of that court, for the purpose of exhibiting the extent and accuracy of his arithmetical acquirements; and albeit, the number is limited by charter to no more than half a hundred, the feat is not commonly accomplished with the required precision, until after the second or third trial. Upon this perilous occasion it devolves upon the Recorder to introduce his new Lordship to all their old Lordships, in a speech declaratory of the worth, honour, and integrity of the former, and the confidence, thence and therefore, which his fellow citizens repose in his fitness to fulfil the high and important office of their chief magistratè, to assert, and maintain inviolate, their ancient rights

and privileges for the space of twelve calendar months ; and, for that it would be invidious to beslave his new Lordship exclusively, for the possession of those identical virtues which, in his ex-Lordship, (also present,) shone so conspicuously twelve months ago, the learned introducer eulogizes him, the depased, for the deeds of justice, splendour, and hospitality done by him during his Mayoralty ; throws a sly hit at the en- viableness of his ex-Lordship's feelings and conscience, in retiring into oblivion ; and affirms, before the whole Court, that he has left the civic chair unsullied and unstained ! Whereupon the Chief Baron takes the word, and, in receiving the right honourable, honourable, learned, and very worthy body before him, announces the intense gratification experienced by himself, the Court, his Majesty the King, and the nation at large, that the choice of the citizens of London should have fallen on such a just, proper, righteous, and eminently qualified person, who, he, it, and the rest, have not the slightest hesitation in believing, will maintain, and uphold unimpaired, the aforesaid rights and privileges ; and who, like his predecessor, will in due season retire, as his predecessor is now about to retire, into the enjoyment of perfect obscurity, covered all over with honour, and the esteem of his fellow-citizens in particular, and the nation generally ; in the possession of that soul-felt happiness, un- approving conscience ; and—a — similar soup. Genflexions ended, forth steps the Lord Mayor, (now as good a judge as any on the Bench,) and with all the dignified urbanity he can display, and, if possible, without a quiver on his lips, (for it is no slight matter to look at these solemn old big wigs without a chuckle inward or outward,) beseeches them, as soon as they shall have done talking and hearing legal gibberish, that their Lordships will be pleased to come, and eat, drink, dance, and be fuddled, with the revelling roysterers in Guildhall, to be by and by assembled ; to which they all assent with becoming gravity and gratitude. At the conclusion of this palaver, the Corporation bows and retires, like so many crows in a gutter, and prepare for their return. Such being the nature of this mission, and the importance of its object, it is easy to see the necessity of a pageant so imposing in its number and magnificence, as what we are now about to resume the recital of.

The streets are now all life and animation ; the multitude is formed ; the Bridges are thronged with spectators ; the parapets are mounted by groups of dare-devils ; on the lamp-posts are clusters of men and boys ; the police "force," truncheon in hand, are up to their eyes in bustle and bounce ; an occasional caption of some of the light-fingered race imparts fresh enlivenment to the scene ; the men begin to bully, the women to lose their pattens, patience, and amiability ; and the laugh, the curse, the scream, are borne on the "ambient air" in most harmonious accordance. Every shop in the line of route is now closed ; the up-stairs windows exhibit happy knots of ladies fair, and beaux grinning their soft attentions, all sweetness and sugar-plum ; and on each house-top are sprinkled the well-beloved of Betty-housemaid and Thomas the porter. Necks are stretching, and eyes on the look-out. Dear, dumpling, rosy-cheeked, cherry-lipped, infancy laughs out from every window. Here and there a street band of keyed bugles, clarionets, violoncellos, and big drums, pours forth its discords harmonious amid the throng beneath,—a sea of heads, rocking to and fro in billowy undulation. At length—hark ! the distant shout—" 'Tis coming !" Every head is out-thrust, and the multitude is all murmur and motion. A dim and distant vision of moving banners is beheld through the haze ; the spirit-stirring

strains of martial music float upon the fog ; banner after banner worms itself into gradual view, and the spectacle, like old age, creeps upon us surely and stealthily. The wild hurra rolls onwards in deep resonance ; white kerchiefs are seen waving afar off from every window, as though each beautiful dame sought to scatter upon the passing pageant the sixpennyworth of musk and lavender they each contained. The million—before all chaos—are now separated as by the wand of an enchanter, and a free passage-way opens for the approaching procession.

First and foremost appears a mounted policeman, the type and personation of that much respected “ force,” looking as haughty as fourteen shillings a-week can make him, and followed by a comely band of music, to—as we live !—the tune of “ See, the conquering hero comes !” but, whether in allusion to our friend of the “ force,” or the Mayor behind, is equivocal : let that and them pass. Now appears the City Marshal again, the same, but Oh, how different ! looking unearthly things, and, with solemn face and pompous brow, doing the sublime, to the awe of all little boys and girls, and to the infinite admiration of himself. A regiment of undyed British tars succeed, in the shape of the Marine Society boys, in dress of blue, with flags flying, drums rattling, and fifes shrieking ; a troop of walking valour ; the very rudiments of naval architecture. Nine uncommon men, equipped in scarlet from head to heel, with round skull caps, and tunics of fashions strange, upon whom it is a comfortable thing to look, now approach blazingly. Four of their number totter beneath a banner, red as themselves, and of dimensions huge, supported by four lime trees, with the leaves and branches off, held pyramidically, and spreading its long broad streamer over many heads and feet. In hearse-like slowness approaches a train of private carriages, hired for the occasion, and filled with ward members, common councilmen, or some such jolly dogs. These, with their own band—lots of music—precede a troop of ortogeanian old luffers, all in blue, with three-cornered hats on their bald pates, and shields on their arms, bearing devices, comical and difficult of interpretation. More banners, more bands, coaches, and common councilmen ; more red men, topped with black caps instead of scarlet, swell up the train. But now come the lions, headed by a military horse-band, the pleased and prancing creatures caracoling along under the inspiring strains of their riders, (sweet as all music on the *mane* must be.)—the MAN IN ARMOUR comes ! Eternal Powers ! what a sight to see !—the bright polish of the cold steel-case ; the casque, with visor down ; the nodding plume ; the unwieldy lance, resting on the warrior’s foot, and held by his gaunt and gauntleted fist ; the erect and commanding mien ; the proud steed, and its caparison. What Cockney’s heart does not leap into his mouth at that appalling sight ? And that is how they use to fight ? Gracious goodness ! if the man should take it into his head to show fight, poize his weapon, and run a tilt at all before him, what might not he achieve ?—nothing could withstand his mighty arm ; the Mansion House would crumble into dust, and Guildhall shake to its very foundations. But see ! here again, after this troop of lancers, comes another all in brass ; clad in a burnished coat-of-mail,—a hero by his very bearing ; the flower of chivalry ; gallantry in every gesture. Amadis of Gaul was a craven to him.

“ That man, Sir, is the most impudent fellow in the city of London.”

“ Indeed ! How knew ye that ?”

“ Why, don’t you see he has more brass about him than all the others put together ?”

"Nonsense! See with what grace he bestrides Bucephalus; admire the architecture of his person, behold how fitly his suit suits him; he sits, not like his grim brother, him of the iron integuments, a living leaden coffin, straddling a-horseback, a motionless mass of metal; but like a gay and noble knight-errant, ripe for the onslaught, be it in battle-field or joust. He is past,—and now, the danger by, the younglings shout, whilst they quake at the terrific image. But not too soon, my darlings: Look! another steel-clad foeman approaches, with visor up, as if to show how ghastly superhuman the face divine of manhood can be made appear. Spirit of our forefathers! what thoughts of glory crowd upon the soul; the sight, the sounds, the braying trumpet, the brassy cymbals, the hollow beat of the great drum, the tramp of horses, in their white plumes and many-coloured trappings! And are these days indeed gone by? Where is the tournament? where are the bright eyes of beauty? where are the knights and nobles with their squires and retinues? Is there no more chance to win our spurs, or do our devoirs for the lady of our love? Must we, in truth, assert her charms against the world, or show loyalty to our liege and sovereign, by the force alone of Perkins' steam-gun, and not by periling our persons? Days of chivalry, are ye for ever fled? shall we no more—Peace, brawler! here come the aldermen in their carriages. See how solemn they all look; silent they sit in their gowns of scarlet and fur, and apparently pondering with imperturbable gravity upon their high official functions—sly rogues! beneath those comical visages, sober as owls and all as sage, their hearts, to a man, are beating high in anticipation of the DINNER. Now follow the sheriffs, each in his own particular chariot. There is nothing in this world like competition; were there two Lord Mayors, Heaven knows what splendour might be the consequence,—it may be a lucky thing for our eyes that there are not. But every year produces a brace of fresh sheriffs, and each vying with the other in the brilliancy of their "turn out," and the gorgeousness of their livery apparel. Coachmen and lacqueys are regularly plastered from top to toe with gold or silver in supernal tracery; the chariots emblazoned lustroously, rich and bright, in colours gay, and faultless in appointment. The equipages of these important functionaries are beautiful as money and taste can make them; exceptionless and above raillery. The eye of a crabbed cynic might gaze upon them and be tickled. Proceed ye on your way, shiny sirs: you challenge admiration, and you have it,—what would you more? But what comes here?—a coach of melancholy aspect, drawn by six mettlesome horses: as sure as we are born this is the private carriage of him of the cleft heart, the ex-Mayor, no longer right honourable,—that distinction he has left in the vehicle behind him,—no longer the "observed of all observers;" his might has departed, and his glory covered as with a cloud, never to disperse. O sudden fall! O terrible reverse! Philosophers tell us that one of the most fertile sources of calamity to civilized man is the change from one grade to a lower in society—"the terror of descending." How exquisite, then, must be his wretchedness who is hurled, in one short day, from the pinnacle of civic eminence to the very abyss of nobodyness. There is he seated, with a smile upon his lips, so forced, so constrained, so impossible, that whilst he hopes, by a grinned lie, to impose on the multitude the belief of his heart's indifference, there is not a man who sees it that does not from his soul pity him for the torture he is enduring. Peace be with him!

Where is the pen shall pourtray the last great item in the processional account?—that gorgeous thing of things, for which no name can

convey an image to the mind's eye, whose figure no geometrician after Euclid might describe,—the Mayor's STATE COACH,—massive in its sublimity, awful in its grandeur, redolent of gold and glass, burnished with emblems, a temple of splendour which out-juggernauts the car of Juggernaut,—a machine in glory so surprising, that no mortal mind could have devised, no mortal artificer moulded it; a vehicle, of all others upon earth, *sui generis*, on four wheels—and such wheels, ye Powers!—on four wheels rolleth it, drawn by six horses, at the rate of one quarter of a mile per hour at their fleetest. All the gingerbread in all the stalls of all the fairs in this great empire, blazing as it may be in gilt and glitter, is a positive fool to it. Gentle reader, our pen is not of crystal, neither is our ink of molten gold; and as no poet, however favoured by the nine, could ever yet say more than that the sun is a luminous body, from which spring rays of light;—and what, prithee, might a blind man gather by such a description;—so, to those who have not beheld, may no words fashion forth an idea of the Lord Mayor's State Carriage. Box it hath, if box can be called a cube of wool-pack, sufficient to hold two round dozen of coachmen; and in the centre of this box, difficult of discernment, yet droll, is squatted a little wondrous old fellow, equipped with whip and wig, disguised not in liquor, but in powder and rosettes a great store, to whom is confided the tremendous task of navigating this piece of hugeness through the streets of London city: and right bravely doth he accomplish his task. To *upset* it of course lieth not in the power of man; but to conduct it with due avoidance of all fixed obstacles is the affair. We wager the receipts of one month's publication—no slight offer by the by—that there is no other man in Europe who shall walk it through three streets of London, (at commonly obtuse angles,) without seriously endangering as many four storey houses, and bringing down one at least, to all intents and purposes. Is our bet taken? A team of six horses—have we not said it—is yoked to this immensity; and superb creatures they are, whether as touching action or harness. What furniture are they not decked withal! what ribbons of all colours flutter from their flanks! The stud is of itself a study! In ——— But it is useless all. We throw down the pen in utter despair: how can we describe what is indescribable? Think of a gorgeous something upon four wheels, drawn by six pride-snorting animals, and, taking the nasal horn of the near leader as one point and the extreme point of the foot board behind the carriage, whereon stand half a dozen flunkies (we had wellnigh forgotten the flunkies—so hedizened, so besilked, so becaned) as the other, one hundred and fifty feet in length of ground must it more or less cover! Give play to your fancy, we can say no more. In this wonderful edifice called a carriage sits the man of men—the Mayor!! What must be his sensations in this hour of trial—this extremity of delight! Is his brain on fire; does his heart throb burstingly; his turnip head, is it on his shoulders; moves he on the giddy earth, or is he floating through ether? Nay, not entirely so. He is passive as a babe; steeped and stupified in the excess of sublunary happiness; there he is, (but how he got there, he knows not,) half comatose in the delirium of bliss. The cup of pleasure too deeply drained surely maketh drunk to idiocy; and this is the only way for accounting for those extraordinary displays of intellect sometimes proceeding from the civic chair. On the opposite seat sits his Lordship's chaplain, and perched, at either window, is seen at once the city sword-bearer, with the ponderous weapon hove in full view; at the other, the city mace-bearer, exhibit-

ing the great official staff. Very awful is this human quartett; and as to meddle therewith is to tread on fearful ground, we pass them over in silence, gingerly. A rabble rout then closes the procession.

Onwards they all go—like a lazy Alexandrine, “dragging its slow length along”—now moving, now stopping quite,—again proceeding, again pausing,—then onwards again; and so, in course of time, they arrive at the Bridge on the Tower Stairs, to “take water,” as it is termed. Here a new scene presents itself: the river crowded with craft of all descriptions; the Bridges and the Strand covered with gazers; the city barges—piscatory editions of the stute carriage—moored, and ready to bear to their destination at Westminster their precious burthens, on the broad bosom of father Thames. In every barge—for each “company” hath its own—are stowed plenty and to spare, of choice viands; the luscious grape-juice and refreshments rare; for it must needs be supposed that they will be all mighty hungry by this time,—and corporate paunches make provident pates. And now they are off; floating down in majestic array; eating, and drinking, and chatting; as happy as princes, without their cares; and preparing themselves, by this well-timed lunch, for the ceremonial palaver before-mentioned.

Thus then goes and thus returns the Lord Mayor’s annual Show; a pageant that beats all others into fits; costly in its contrivance, and excellent for its utility.

Those of the citizens whose fate it is to dwell in houses that face the line of route are made happy by the shoals of sight-loving consins, kindred, customers, and friends, that throng their windows; it is not only necessary that every shop should be closed, and business brought to a state of perfect stagnation, but that lots of refreshments should be provided for their visitors, in abundance and variety, honourable to civic hospitality. What pleasure is complete without feeding? Ladies, pretty dears! must sip wine and munch biscuits; gentlemen must eat if they would be happy; and solid meats more comfort with their cravings than the fare of the fair. And they are not averse to the bottle wholly. A niggard is he who keepeth not his refreshment tables under one long gown, from eleven in the morning till six in the afternoon; and when by that hour the “sight” is ended, and visitors, full of gratitude, prepare to go — “Why, ’tis too late to make a bad day’s work good,—send home the servants with the little ones, and let us make a night of it; a game of cards and a bit of supper will injure nobody!”

There are more splitting headaches in the city on the tenth of November than any day of the year; and many a pleasure hunter has bitter cause to “out upon” that silly mummary—my Lord Mayor’s Show!

PROBABLE RESULTS OF THE SLAVE EMANCIPATION ACT.

In speculating upon this question, the first point which demands consideration is, the relative value of slave and free labour. The abolitionists have insisted, that, under all circumstances, free labour is cheaper than slave labour; and that, consequently, emancipation, will do no injury to the planter, who will be able to carry on his whole operations, even with more advantage, by the substituted labour of free for bondmen. There is obviously no truth in the assertion thus broadly made.

The comparative value of the two descriptions of labour, seems to us to depend entirely on the actual condition of society, where the comparison is made. Where fertile land is abundant, the population scanty, and wages naturally high, as in the West Indies, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Louisiana, and especially where there exist, as in these countries, capital and skill to direct that labour with the sole view to profit, it seems clear that the owner of capital may be able to obtain cheaper labour through the terror of the whip, than it is possible for him to obtain in a free market. In these warm countries, also, unpropitious to the European constitution, and favourable to that of the Negro, free white labour is hindered from coming into competition with black slave labour, and destroying it. We have an illustration of this principle, in a case where there is a virtual, though not a nominal, slavery. The labour of the prisoners, in the American penitentiaries, pays the cost of maintaining them; a matter which has never been found to be the case in Europe, or in any other country which has a dense population, and where the price of labour is low. The *rationale* is simply this, that slavery is profitable where wages are high, and unprofitable where they are low. If it were possible in England to compel the male spinners of a cotton manufactory, who are paid at the rate of twenty or forty shillings a week, to labour for a master, without any other reward than that of feeding and clothing them, the master would certainly derive a profit from their labour. On the other hand, if all the hand-loom weavers in the kingdom, who earn from five to seven shillings per week, were to work for a master instead of working for themselves, the master would sustain nothing but a heavy loss. The impressment of seamen is another striking illustration. In time of war, the State compels the services of an able seaman for forty shillings, when the same individual, as a free-man, might earn L.6. From this species of white bondage, our free Government makes a profit of L.4 a-head.

In the lower stages of society, and also in colonies before they have attained maturity, we hold it for certain, that in every part of the world, without reference to climate or employment, slave labour is considerably cheaper than free labour; but we hold it equally certain, that in the progress of society, free labour becomes by far the cheaper of the two. When either, by the natural increase of slave population, or by the competition of free with bond labour, the latter is depreciated, slavery naturally and gradually ceases, because no one is interested in maintaining it; or it is but partially maintained, as a matter of mere pride and luxury. This principle has applied to every age, and holds good in every country, be the government good, bad, or indifferent. The ancient and modern world have abounded in illustrations of this principle. In republican Rome, slaves bore a high price; of itself sufficient evidence of the absurdity of supposing that Italy, into the provinces of which the city was constantly sending forth colonies in the same manner in which Europe has been for two centuries sending them to the wilds of America, was populous. The camp of Cæsar, in Gaul, was attended by slave merchants; and the inhabitants of whole cities were put up to the hammer. With the exception of parts of tropical America and its islands, there is hardly a portion of the world at present so under-peopled, setting laws, morals, and humanity, altogether aside, as would make such a mercantile speculation, at the present day, feasible. There can be now very little question, but that it was the increase of population and consequent depreciation of slave-labour by competition, which

chiefly contributed to the abolition of slavery in all the civilized countries of Europe, in the middle ages as well as in ancient times. It is the same principle, which is at the present day working its gradual abolition in the less civilized parts of Europe. The predial slave becomes a serf, when a capitation tax, and a certain number of days' labour become more profitable than feeding the slave and exacting toil from him by the whip. In the progress of population, the serf becomes a free Metayer; and in due course the Metayers are divided into farming-capitalists and free-labourers for wages.

If we look to the Oriental world, which carries us back whole ages in the progress of society, we find everywhere, ample illustrations of the same principle. In China, one of the most populous countries in the world, agrestic slavery has long ceased; and the domestic slavery which exists is of a very mild character; the parties having always the power of redeeming themselves at a fixed and moderate price. Among the Eastern Islands, the only populous islands are the ones in which either slavery has no existence or exists very partially. Java has a population of 150 inhabitants to the square-mile; and no slavery. Lincou or Luconia has fifty inhabitants to the square-mile, and but few slaves,—none of them predial. In the remaining islands, generally, the population is often as low as five and ten to the square-mile; and there are no countries in which slavery is more frequent; and, except portions of Africa, none in which a regular slave-trade has been more frequently driven.

But the most remarkable and authentic illustrations of the principle are to be found in the various states of society among the nations of Hindostan. As the facts in this case are both authentic and interesting, we shall dwell upon them at some length. In the whole of the fertile plain of the Ganges, where there is throughout a population equal to 265 inhabitants to the square-mile, agrestic slavery, in a general sense, can hardly be said to have any existence, and even domestic slavery is of very rare occurrence. Free labour has been here so cheapened by competition, that no profit can be made by the exercise of the cart-whip; and therefore slavery has nearly suffered a natural death. In times of famine or scarcity, slaves may occasionally be bought from the barbarians on the eastern and northern borders, for five or ten shillings a-head; sometimes from motives of luxury, and sometimes from motives of religion; but it is seldom worth while insisting on their bondage, and they are commonly either emancipated or emancipate themselves by absconding. Of hereditary slaves, the price ranges from ten to forty-five shillings, when they are brought to market; which, however, is a rare occurrence, for they are commonly unsaleable.

As we proceed southward—as the country decreases in populousness—as it declines in fertility—and as it increases in barbarism,—slavery becomes more common; and as we reach the remotest parts of the peninsula, Tanjore, Canara, Malabar, and Travancore, it presents itself in its most rigorous and disgusting form. We find the proportion of slaves to the whole population, in the southern part of India, ranging from one per cent. up to ten per cent.; and if we estimate their whole numbers for the territories under the Governments of Madras and Bombay, (the Bengal territories contain very few indeed,) containing twenty millions of people, at about seven hundred thousand, we shall have a number nearly equal to the slaves in the British West Indies, and certainly be guilty of no exaggeration. It is, however, in the countries which we have above-named that slavery is most frequent; and therefore we give

the numbers according to the most recent estimates, adding the total population. They are as follows:—

	Total Population.	Slaves.
Canara, . . .	657,594 . . .	80,000
Malabar, . . .	907,575 . . .	95,000
Travancore, . .	1,600,000 . . .	133,000
Tanjore, . . .	901,353 . . .	180,000
Cochin, . . .	150,000 . . .	12,000
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Total,	4,216,522 .	500,000*

Most of the slaves here enumerated are employed in agricultural pursuits, under the direction of free-men as overseers; indeed their extreme impurity, in a religious point of view, precludes their being employed in menial capacities. We may judge by the following extract of the wretched degradation to which a base religion and ignominious servitude have reduced this unhappy class of men. "With respect to their dwellings," says an intelligent and experienced witness, "so very impure are all castes of slaves held, that they are obliged to erect sheds, chala, or huts, at a distance from all other habitations; neither are they allowed to approach, except within certain prescribed distances, the houses, or persons of any of the free castes: those distances vary from 72 to 24 paces, as well with reference to the caste of the several grades of free-men, as to their own; for even among these wretched creatures, the pride of caste has its influence. If a slave accidentally touches a Brahmin, he must purify himself by prayer and ablution, and by changing his poonool, (Brahminical thread.) Hence it is, that slaves are obliged to leave the road, and call aloud from as far as they can see a Brahmin coming. Nairs and other castes, who purify themselves by morning ablutions, if polluted as above, must fast and bathe, or as they say, Hoolicha oobāsavicha.

We see from what has now been stated, that the great destroyer of slavery, in all ages, has been the increase of population; or, in other words, the active and irresistible competition of free labour. Civilization, and the love of liberty, simply as such, have had but a small if indeed any share at all, in producing this beneficial result. The severest task-masters of antiquity, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, were also the most civilized, or the most free nations. The severest task-masters of modern times, are the most civilized, free, moral, and religious nations. The freer, for example, do the Americans themselves become, the harder are the terms they impose upon their bond-men. At first they are content, simply to exact labour from them by the scourge; then they make it penal to emancipate them; next they deny them religion; and the last step is to make it penal in any one to teach them to read and write. Yet it is unquestionable that the Americans are the freest nation in the world, and at least equal in religion and morality to any other.

We proceed then to apply the principles now developed to the production of Colonial articles, under the Emancipation Act; but, before doing this, we shall show the reader at a glance what he is actually paying for the produce of slave labour. It stands thus for the principal articles:—

* Affairs of the East India Company, 1832, Public, part second, appendix K. page 549.

Sugar and Molasses,	£6,000,000
Duty on ditto,	5,000,000
Rum,	500,000
Duty on ditto,	1,500,000
Coffee,	1,000,000
Duty on ditto,	600,000
Plantation Cotton Wool, Pimento, Ginger, Cocoa, &c., say,	400,000
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Total,	£15,000,000

Now we shall add to this what we are paying to foreigners for the purchase of slave labour, merely to gratify the reader's curiosity ; exhibiting to him, at a single view, our total yearly payments for slave produce :

American and Brazilian Cotton, cost and duty,	£6,000,000
Tobacco,	400,000
Ditto, duty,	3,000,000
Rice and other minor articles, price and duty,	100,000
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Total,	£9,500,000

It thus appears, that this free nation is not only paying for the produce of slave labour, to the yearly amount of twenty-four millions and a half, but that its commercial and financial policy tends distinctly to favour the produce of slave labour.

We direct our attention, in the first instance, to the important article of sugar, or more correctly to the produce of the sugar cane, for which this country pays yearly the vast sum of thirteen millions. The sugar cane can be produced only advantageously in fertile soils ; in soils, in short, corresponding within the tropics, to such, as in our part of the world, would be capable of raising wheat. Even in these, when not forced by a monopoly, it ought only to be raised occasionally, and as part of a scientific and intelligent system of husbandry. Here the preparation, both of sugar and of rum, are beyond any other processes connected with agriculture. eminently manufacturing processes ; requiring, for their successful conduct, a dense population, and cheap labour. Again, such a system of husbandry as is required to grow the cane, for the produce of sugar and spirits, and, above all, the skill, ingenuity, and capital, which are required for the manufacture of sugar and rum, do not exist in the state of society to which the African or negro belongs. It is only in the finest countries of the East, and among the most civilized and populous nations, that sugar is manufactured. In the East, the manufacture of sugar and slavery, not only do not co-exist, but they are hardly compatible with each other. The sugar-cane, in fact, is cultivated for the manufacture of sugar in those countries only, where slavery has altogether disappeared, or at least does not exist in the agrestic or most rigorous form. In the western world, where the price of labour is high, sugar, coffee, cotton, tobacco, cocoa, and, in short, all Colonial produce, have heretofore been grown profitably, only through slave labour. In the East, (such is the difference of their social condition,) free labour is as indispensably necessary to the successful production of the same branch of industry, as slavery in the New World. In the East, sugar is never produced by slave labour. In the West, it is never produced without it.

That the production of sugar and rum is incompatible with the negro state of society and high labour, is made sufficiently clear by what has happened in the fine and fertile island of San Domingo, during the last thirty years. There is no sugar produced there for exportation, and there is hardly enough of a very inferior quality produced for home consumption; and yet the negro community of San Domingo is incomparably the most improved which the genuine African race has ever given birth to. The case of this island, however, will not apply to our West India Islands. In San Domingo, the sugar-works and distilleries were destroyed; and the superintending ingenuity of the whites, without which the processes of manufacturing sugar and distilling rum could by no means be carried on, was banished. This will not be the case, under the operation of the Emancipation Act. The sugar works and distilleries will not be destroyed. The European capital will not be removed, and European skill and ingenuity will not be banished. But, to render these effectual, there will be wanting compulsory labour. The manufacturer will have to struggle against the high price of labour which naturally belongs to new and partially occupied countries. If, in the under-peopled countries of Indiana or Ohio, the natural wages of a day-labourer be 4s., there is nothing to prevent the wages of labour from being equally high in the West Indies, where the ratio of the population to the extent of the land is nearly the same. In the teeth of this enormous rate of wages, there will be no possibility of manufacturing sugar, except at a greatly enhanced cost. After deducting for Sundays and holidays, imagine the payment for wages to a day labourer, for the culture of the cane and the manufacture of sugar, equal to L.60 per annum. This yearly payment is itself equivalent to the prime cost of an able-bodied field negro. During the six years continuance of apprenticeships, the matter will be even worse, as the apprenticeships not only offer no inducement to labour, but, on the contrary, hold out a reward to labour as little as possible, and are, in a word, a bounty on sloth and indolence. We are clearly then of opinion, that less sugar and less rum will be manufactured under the operation of the emancipation act than at present, and that this reduced quantity will be yielded at an enhanced cost to the producer. We fancy this indeed to be the universal opinion of all well-informed West Indians. But of the six millions which we at present pay for sugar, not less than two millions are alleged to be paid in the shape of a bounty, although under the name of a drawback. We are paying in short six millions for what ought only to cost us four; or we are paying a monopoly tax equal to fifty per cent. upon our whole consumption. The case of rum is not less flagrant. Over brandy it has, in the matter of duty, an advantage of no less than 13s. 6d. per gallon. The effect of this is, that the better liquor is driven out of the market, and the worst forced upon the people. The revenue, in the meanwhile, suffers the most extraordinary depreciation. In 1829, the quantities of rum and brandy consumed, and the duties upon each respectively, were as follows:—

Brandy, gallons 1,309,979; duty, L.1,470,451

Rum, do. 3,375,866; do. 1,434,781

If the duties in this case had been the same, it is pretty clear that no rum at all would have been consumed; and that the whole revenue derived from these articles, instead of being short of three millions, would have been upwards of five millions and a quarter! We see thus, at every fresh step, what sacrifices the nation has been making, is mak-

ing, and is likely still to be called upon to make, on account of the slave islands.

The case of coffee is the most clear and distinct of all. A cwt. of Jamaica coffee, without duty, is worth 93s. A cwt. of Brazil coffee, of precisely the same quality, is worth, in bond, at the same moment, in the London market, but 63s.: the meaning of which is, that the German or Russian consumer may have his coffee for 30s. less than the English consumer; or, in other words, that the English consumers pay a monopoly price of fifty per cent. to the West India producer. Now as we consume about 12,000 tons of coffee, worth about a million sterling, it follows that we are paying for this article about L.600,000 per annum more than all the rest of the world are paying.

From these statements we see that the West Indians already possess a grievous monopoly, and that we are paying already an advance of not less than fifty per cent. upon whatever they furnish us with. To what extent this monopoly will be aggravated by the operation of the Emancipation Act, it would be difficult or impossible to predict. We do not upon the whole, however, consider it unreasonable to think that the productions of the West Indies, but particularly sugar and rum, will be diminished, within the first three or four years of the operation of the Emancipation Act, to probably one-half of the present amount. In this case, of course, there will be an enormous enhancement of price, and then the monopoly will fall with tenfold weight upon the consumers in this country. In this case, what is to be done? Will the nation, after already paying the ruthless exaction of 20 millions, consent to pay an enormously augmented price for a diminished supply? Certainly not. The East and West India sugar duties, must, in the first instance, be equalized; and the whole sugars of the East Indies, which are the produce of free labour, must be admitted into the English market, for home consumption. In the meanwhile, by the new East India Bill, British subjects are for the first time admitted to hold lands in India; and the probability is, that, stimulated by the high price of sugar in England, a very considerable investment of capital will be made, for the production of sugar. But the free importation of sugar, for British consumption, ought not to be confined to British India alone, but be extended to every part of the East; because, with a tropical country, it is impossible to carry on any extensive commerce, if we reject sugar, the grand staple product of every rich and populous inter-tropical country. The countries to which we allude, the British possessions inclusive, are, the great valley of the Ganges; the valleys of the Nerbuddah and Taptee; the valley of the Irrawaddy; the valley of the Menam, or river of Siam; portions of Cochin-China; four of the great southern provinces of China; the Philippine Islands; and the island of Java. These already export about ninety thousand tons a-year, equal to half of the consumption of the United Kingdom; and nothing but the absurd commercial policy of Europe hinders them from producing a supply, to which, for cheapness and abundance, the nations of Europe have hitherto known no equal.

In such a state of things, what will become of the West India Islands, and the property of the European planters? They ought, in the first place, to be allowed to derive their supplies of necessaries from the cheapest markets; instead of being driven, by direct or indirect means, for their supplies, to the dear and narrow markets of the mother country. The sugar cane will cease to be grown, except in soils peculiarly fitted for its growth, and in situations where the population is considerable,

and labour at a tolerably moderate price. It will be grown, in fact, in a few of the richest soils in Jamaica, and scarcely perhaps anywhere else. European capital will be directed to the production of commodities better suited to the soil, better suited to a state of high wages, and better suited to the character of African industry. It will be applied to the growth of maize, pulses, and roots, and to the growth of rice by artificial irrigation. It will be applied to the growth of coffee, pimento, ginger, and possibly of long and black pepper. Capital and industry will be applied to the rearing of cattle, and to the felling of timber for exportation. Population, instead of being stationary or retrograding as at present, will advance at the ordinary pace which belongs to it in such new and partially occupied situations. Then the most advantageous mode to the proprietor, will be to let his lands for a rent ; or to dispose of the fee simple for a sum certain, to the petty purchasers, as they present themselves. We are fully warranted in predicting that all this will take place in our West India Islands, since they have taken place under less favourable circumstances in San Domingo. If the real value of the industry of this island were to be judged of, by comparing its present imports and exports, with its imports and exports previous to the Revolution, a very unfavourable, but very erroneous opinion would be formed of it. Both the imports and the exports have diminished. The fact is, that in respect to the imports, San Domingo now produces itself nearly all the food which it was wont to import ; while a great portion of the industry of the people, thus engaged in the production of the supply of food, must be deducted from that which was before employed in the preparation of articles for exportation. In room of the sugar which was produced under the slave system, the industry of the inhabitants is at present engaged in the production of rice, vegetables, fruits, and esculent roots : and the labour and capital, which under European direction, were engaged in the difficult process of manufacturing rum and indigo, or growing fine cotton for the manufactories of Europe,* are at present more profitably and suitably engaged in the growing of coffee which is rapidly increasing every year, together with the rearing of cattle, and the felling of mahogany. The population, meanwhile, which after the withdrawal of the French armies, in 1804, was scarcely half a million, is now supposed, at an interval of thirty years, to exceed a whole million ; or to have advanced in a ratio very little short of the free inhabitants of the American continent.

RECENT FAILURES OF EAST INDIA HOUSES.

It appears that considerable distress has been occasioned by the recent failures of several East India houses, bankers and merchants ; and the sympathy of the public is accordingly drawn forth by the lamentations of the daily papers over the distresses of some thirty or forty opulent families of the metropolis, reduced from the enjoyment of their ten

* So difficult and delicate is the manufacture of indigo, that the process can only be successfully conducted in India under European superintendence. European superintendence has not yet in India been applied to the production of cotton wool and sugar ; and hence, these two articles are greatly inferior to the corresponding productions of the western world, which have long enjoyed all the benefits of European care and superintendence.

thousand per annum to as many hundreds. Commercial distress of any kind is an afflicting thing. But we verily believe there exists the germ of twice as much suffering in the breaking of the smallest country-bank, as in the failure of the most important of these overgrown agency houses of the East. On this subject we shall have more to say anon.

THE FALSE ONE.

BARDS, who of old fair brows compared
To Cupid's bow, had better fared
Than I, whom love hath mangled ;
For like the Turkish bow-string now,
To me seems Peggy's frowning brow,
Which all my joys hath strangled.

When maidens' bosoms ceased to glow,
The ancient poets talk'd of *now*,—
Upbraiding Rose or Blanche ;
But since false Peggy's breast deceives,
I see, in ev'ry throb it heaves,
A threatening *avalanche* !

I've found, too, in the olden style,
A heart would kindle at a smile,
But mine is surely tinder ;—
For through my breast, that heart to pierce,
Flash'd Peggy's smile, like lightning fierce,
And burn'd it to a cinder !

That eyes shot arrows, we are told,
In sweet romantic tales of old ;
But Peggy's, from their sockets,
Against my bosom's citadel
Threw many a *red-hot shot and shell*,
And Cupid's *Congreve rockets* !

Ah ! why did Love such power bestow
On one who can no mercy show,—
For ever cold and cruel ?
Whose thoughts on this conclusion fix,—
That men are but a set of *sticks*,
And only fit for *fuel* !

" You break my heart, sweet maid !" I said :—
" Take care I do not break your *head* !"
Quoth she, in tones appalling.
I left her then,—'twas her command,—
And scarce regret I lost a *hand*
Which might have laid me sprawling !

Yet still 'tis plain she meant that I
Should press my suit, nor cease to sigh,—
Poor hearts she's fond of tricking.
But since I know her cold deceit,
If e'er she find me at her feet,
May I receive—a kicking.

Decry her *modesty* I mayn't,
For still she wears a *mask of paint* !
Yet though her hair is flaxen,
'Tis but a *man-trap*,—a false snare,—
For those that *naked truth* declare,
Must own she wears a caxon.

When first I saw her legs, I swear
I scarcely thought so fine a pair
You'd see 'twixt here and York ;
But now I know, deceitful Peg
Can only boast *one English leg*,
For t'other is—of *Cork* !

She's thus a cheat from top to toe,—
And I can let you farther know,
Her eyes (though bright as *gas one* !)
Are not a *pair* exactly true,—
For one is black, the other blue ;
And one of them a *glass one* !

Though late she wrote, to fan my-flame,
That still she's *perfectly* the same,
And never meant to slight me :
False-hair'd, false-eyed,—no leg to waltz ;
'Tis plain (for ah ! her *teeth are false*)
She only means to—*bite me* !

TAIT'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

IMPRESSMENT OF SEAMEN.

IN a recent number of her series, "A Tale of the Tyne," Miss Martineau illustrates, with her usual felicity, the evils of privileged trading corporations, of the apprentice-law, and of impressment. In referring to the latter subject, she says :—"It is difficult to imagine now what social life could have been in those old despotic times when the practice of impressment was general, and the King could, by the very law of allegiance, dispose of every man's wealth and labour as he chose. It is difficult to imagine what comfort there could have been in daily life, when the field labourer did not know, as he went out at sunrise, whether he would be allowed to return to his little ones at evening ; when the

artisan was liable to be carried off from his work-shop, while his dinner was cooling on the board, and his wife looking out for him from the door; when the tradesman was apt to be missing, and not heard off till some King's Messenger came to ransack his shop of whatsoever his Majesty might be graciously pleased to want; and when the baron's lady watched from the terrace her lord going off to the boar-hunt, and the thought darted through her, that he might not greet her again till he had hunted Saracens, or chased pirates, over many a strange land and sea. Then all suffered together in liability, if not in fact. All suffered in fact, whether impressed or not; for all suffer when property is rendered insecure, and industry discouraged, and foresight baffled. Nobody now questions this. Nobody denies that it was right to exempt class after class from such compulsory service; and, so long ago as the time of Charles I., it was found necessary to emancipate soldiers from the ranny—though there were not a few to predict, that no British king ever again raise an army, that England must from that day bid adieu to victory, and royalty to a throne. Yet a more wonderful thing remains than the fame of Blenheim and Waterloo, and the actual existence of an English monarch,—the fact, that some are found in the present day to argue for the enforcement of this tyranny on a single class, when all other classes have long been relieved from it; to argue about the navy as their forefathers argued about the army: that Britannia will no more rule the waves; that there will be no more glory in a sailor-king, no more hope for a maritime people, when impressment is done away. Why so? If the service is pleasant and profitable, as those maintain who see little hardship in impressment, there is no need of compulsion to make men enter it, even on the briefest emergency, to judge by the universal readiness to embrace what is honourable and profitable. If the service be not thus desirable, why is it not? That smugglers and felons should be delivered over to the King's officers, with the admission that five years service is a prodigious punishment for their crimes; that the wages of the King's service are low, at the same time that the wages of merchant vessels are raised exorbitantly by the practice of impressment; that the King's pressed seamen are sometimes paid once in five, ten, or fifteen years, while in the merchant service the payment is regular; that the enforced service may be perpetual, while all other service has a defined limit;—all this is surely no necessary part of naval management, while it fully accounts for the supposed necessity of getting men by force, because they cannot be had in any other way. All this fully accounts for seamen dispersing before a press-gang, like a flock of birds from beneath a hawk; it accounts for their changing their names, dressing in smock-frocks, hiding under beds, and in lofts and closets; but it shames the attempted justification of impressment."

On the subject of impressment, the last *Westminster Review* has the following bold passage:—"The only obstacle [to the doing away with impressment] appears to be some official doubt as to the possibility of being able to obtain seamen without such aid. Official men always have doubts, but America affords an example of the possibility; and upon the principle, that every man should do what he likes with his own in the common race of enterprise, it is clear that the country commits a breach of morality, and a violation of the rights of property, which are so highly appreciated by legislators. Why does not the Clothing Board impress tailors? Simply because tailors would arm, and fight across their shop-boards, and other men would join them. Let sailors try the same: let

them fight. If such resistance is not legal the exhortation here is punishable. It is inserted with a view to try the question."

Well worded, worthy *Westminster*! None of the fudge here so constantly in the mouths of open and disguised Tories, about the duty of obeying a bad law while it exists. A cruel, tyrannical, unjust, *unlawful* law should not be obeyed, if obstinately kept up by Government, after remonstrance has been fairly tried, and found to be in vain. The only question to be considered is, "Are the people sufficiently united in sentiment to resist the iniquitous law with safety and effect. Law, in the abstract, is certainly entitled to respect; but a special act of Parliament if notoriously at variance with the principles of justice, is not entitled to reverence; and, in the present temper of the public mind, will receive but little

MADNESS DENIED.—At the working of a *Commission de lunatico inquiringdo*, the other day, to ascertain the soundness of mind (what is soundness of mind?) of a young gentleman, a reverend tutor witness was called forth, with whom the Commissioners and the Jury (what drull people jurors be!) had a little learned gossip, that imparted to the proceedings an unusual air of classicity. Verbs, their cases, moods, tenses and terminations—fagging, parsing, and parrotting were subjects discussed with suitable solemnity, much to the credit of the school day labours of the court, and to the reverend master in particular, of whose sagacity and erudition something may be gleaned from the following acute observations.

"Do you consider," asked Mr Commissioner, with all judicial gravity,—"Do you consider a parrot to be capable of doing what you say he does?"

"I do," replied the learned Theban. "I'd venture to say [chaste phraseology] that a horse would be able to do it—IF TAUGHT."

The jury, of course, instantly returned a verdict that he was of unsound mind: could they do otherwise?

POLICE LAW.—In *The Times*, one day last month, appeared a report of some proceedings at the Hatton Garden Police Office, against a wretched poverty-stricken being for the sale of unstamped almanacks. The constable makes the charge in due form, and the magistrate, Mr. LAING, at once proceeds to business.

Mr. Laing—"Answer my questions. Where do you live?"

Prisoner—"I live in High Street, Islington."

Mr. Laing—"Then you are committed to the House of Correction for one month."

The prisoner, in a meek, and really sensible address, deprecates this decision; and implores his Worship to remand the case for further hearing to the next day, by which time he would be enabled to adduce exculpatory evidence.

Mr. Laing, (ironically) "Indeed! You are now committed for six weeks."

It would appear, that the sentence primarily awarded to the accused was not for selling unstamped publications,—the ostensible infraction of the law for which he is placed at the bar,—but for the crime of living in High Street, Islington. Every man is presumed to know the laws; which, considering that lawyers themselves are eternally wrangling about the true construction of these same laws, is a very pretty pithy postulate. No one, it is believed, ever before heard that a residence in High

Street, Islington, was an act of moral guilt. Such may be law, however, and it is an uncommonly lucky thing for those who now dwell there that the law has been propounded; for the sooner they take up their chattels and tramp, the less chance they will have of a month's visit to the tread-mill—such being the amount of penalty which the law assigns for that act of delinquency.

In the second instance, the amended sentence was increased fifty per cent. in severity, by reason of the unfortunate culprit's address to the Bench; but whether this increase was meted out to him for presuming to solicit that his case might be remanded, or whether for his pardonable lack of wit in conceiving that his punishment was for having sold unstamped publications, when it was in reality for having resided in High Street, Islington, we do not clearly apprehend.

We are no lawyers, thank Heaven! and never aspire to be in the Commission of the Peace; but we have the vain-glory to imagine that we know something of plain, common-sense, homely equity. It appears to our humble judgments, therefore, that either this report is an atrocious and libellous fabrication, (and the *Times* is usually too discreet to admit such a report,) or that his Majesty's Secretary for the Home Department might do many a worse thing than giving his Worship permission to resign with all possible despatch.

Verily the proceedings in some of our English Police Courts are at times most unseemly.

THE RIBBON TRADE.—Modes of giving and taking offence differ strangely in different latitudes. In great Britain a gentleman is understood to insult a man, when he shakes a stick over his head, and appeals to his imagination to believe himself horsewhipped. In Persia, the indignant effendi degrades his antagonist, by promising to defile the grave of his father or mother. In Yaukeeland, brother Jonathan, tweaks the nose of his brother-in-office; in France, the injured and the angry make war upon each other's ribbons. A short time ago, a republican champion named Colonel Legallois, irritated by the personalities of the "*Figaro*" newspaper, attacked its editor, Monsieur Nestor Roqueplane, in the lobby at the opera, and tore off his ribbon. The next day they fought with small swords, pricking at each other with much heroism till both were sadly scratched. The seconds of the belligerent parties chose, meanwhile, to come to the scratch in their turn; and Colonel Legallois's friend accordingly pulled off the ribbon of Monsieur Leon Pillet, the editor of the "*Journal de Paris*!" Till now we never rightly understood the use of the vast mosaic of ribbons with which the French are prone to adorn their buttonholes! Scarcely a police spy, or a croupier in a gambling-house but rejoices in an inch of tabby, of some colour or shade, as a perpetual advertisement of his charesqueness, and certificate of his gentility. An order, of whatever denomination, forms their pride and glory. We doubt whether the Guelphic, or even the St. Michael of St. George, would be refused by a loungeur of the Boulevard de France.

HONOUR AMONG THE NIGGERS!—It was finely said by one of the few sovereigns who has bequeathed fine sayings to posterity, that "were honour to be driven from the earth, its refuge should be the breast of kings." The phrase, albeit illogical, has a fine sound to the ear. For our own parts, we have often been sadly puzzled concerning the flight and whereabouts of honour! Every body must perceive that in this age of enlightenment, it leads a scurvy life among mankind; that the privi-

lege of uttering collective, or ministerial, or party lies, has too frequently been individualized into a habit, and (like government stationery) transferred to private use; and as to the quip provocative, the *preux chevaliers* of modern times, appear to utter abusive words only for the satisfaction of swallowing and digesting them! And yet, though honour has undisguisedly fought shy, of late years, of plebeian life, we cannot for the life of us conceive that it has had the least temptation to take shelter in the breast of any reigning king! With whom was it likely to find protection? With Louis Philippe, the confounder of definite and indefinite articles of "*UNE charte*" and "*LA charte*," and the patron of that very declinable article—the Baronne de Feuchères? With Leopold, the higgler of gooseberries, and speculator in crowns matrimonial? With Bernadotte of Sweden, Otho of Greece, Miguel or Pedro; Francis of Austria, the maker of sealing wax, or Ludwig of Bavaria, the maker of odes? Nicholas, the sabrer of the Poles; or Mahmoud, the suppresser of turbans? Alas, no! It is at length apparent that honour has had a toilsome journey into the torrid zone, in order to become

"His black Mandingo Majesty's white Minister of State."

It is no fairer a potentate than the King of Dahomey, who has opened his breast to the chivalric virtue which Christendom had sent a-gadding! News has recently reached England of the sacrifice of another human victim to the chimera of African discovery. We learn that Dr. Dixon having projected a journey through the interior, to meet Captain Clapperton at Kutunga, was fortunate enough to secure an introduction to the King of Dahomey from Souza, the great gold-coast slave merchant; and that from Dahomey he was passed on to the countries of the nearest king or chief. On approaching the capital city, King, Prince Royal, and Ministers, came forth to meet the English traveller. But, unluckily, the ceremonial of greeting at the royal levee was so different from that in use among the various coloured sticks of the Court of St. James, that Dixon, mistaking the oath of fraternization as gesticulated by the Prince Royal, for an attempt at assassination, actually drew his sword, and ran the heir apparent through the body! A tumult arose; and the sable courtiers, who witnessed the frantic deed, were most Europeanly clamorous for summary justice. His Nigger Majesty, however, interposed! "I have pledged my honour for the protection of this stranger," said he. "Not a hair of his head must be touched." He even doubled the escort which was to convey Dr. Dixon out of his territories!—

"He had pledged his word
As far as Coillantage ford!"

But no sooner had the rash aggressor passed the frontier, than the spirit of Roderick Dhu burst forth. The "honour" of the Nigger Chief remained unimpinged; but the English discoverer was torn to pieces.

PUBLIC PERFORMERS.—There is no calculating the number of phantasies which the public may assume in the eyes of the numerous order of individuals of which it is composed. In the light of a public performer, it seems, the public, at once a taskmaster and patron, is looked upon in the same light as the surgeon of the insurance broker, who speculates upon your asthma, or reproaches you interrogatively with a tendency to strong waters. Martin, a French singer of a high order, and possessed of the most exquisite quality of voice ever heard out of the soothing atmos-

phers of Italy, retired last year from the stage of the *Opera Comique*, of which, for five-and-forty years, he had been the idol; and as the retirement of a favourite performer may be regarded as a sort of moral death, Martin, accordingly, became the legitimate property of the biographers. The Mr. Boadens of Paris have had a peck at him, informing us how he was run away with by a great Duchess, and ran away, in his turn, with a great opera dancer; how he had four wives, after the fashion of Edgeworth of Edgeworth's Town; and how, but a few years ago, he turned every female head in Paris, by singing the part of the wulf in the *Chaperon Rouge*. But the most characteristic and laudable trait in Martin's memoirs, is the fact that he treated his voice with all the coquettish care that a beautiful woman bestows upon her hair or teeth. "He looked upon his fine organ," says his biographer, "*as the property of the public*, and economized it accordingly. He did not permit himself the slightest excess. His passions were kept in rigid subjection. On the days when his name was announced in the bills, Martin returned home to dine at two o'clock, that the process of digestion might not impede his efforts on the stage. He ate very sparingly, and drank only the lightest quality of champagne mixed with water. No visitors were admitted to disturb him. He slept on the sofa from dinner-time till five o'clock, when he adjourned in his carriage to the theatre, and shut himself up in his dressing-room with his dresser, preluding, rehearsing his cadences, and preparing for his public exhibition. Throughout his long career, by the way, he could not succeed in overcoming the strong emotion which agitated his nerves on first appearing on the stage. Yet never was singer so sure of his audience. By these means Martin has managed to preserve, to the age of sixty-five, the same limpid purity of tone which distinguished his original debut; nor can we refrain from offering his example to the consideration of certain English performers, who, if their professional talents are to be considered like Martin's, the property of the public, certainly make very little scruple in squandering the effects consigned to their guardianship.

LITERARY REGISTER.

HAMPDEN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

2 vols. 8vo, with plates. London: Moxon.

THIS singular work has reached us at the very last hour, when neither time nor space remains for the serious notice, to which their merits, and still more their purpose, entitle the *Colloquies on the Errors and Improvements of Society*, which is the second or explanatory title. The framework is that of a novel,—that universal medium, through which Mrs. HANNAH MORE has taught Church of Englandism, Miss MARTINEAU Political Economy, and Mrs. MARGARET DODS Cookery; the description might be more accurate if we said the framework is something between the serious novel and Dr. Southey's late work, *Colloquies with Sir Thomas More, &c. &c.* Here, however, all the actors and speakers are living men. Hampden, the hero, is the son of a very wealthy baronet, of old descent and High-Tory principles. The history of the youth bears in some points a close affinity to that of Shelley. He and

two other young men, knights-errant in benevolence and philosophy, set out in London, on a crusade to improve society. They discuss their opinions and the "new views" with most of the leading minds, and authoritative writers of the day. They seek and obtain encounters with Dr. Chalmers, Malthus, Jeffrey, Wilberforce; Dr. Howley, the late Bishop of London, Southey, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Eldon, Mr. Peel, &c. &c. &c. In short, we have something more than a suspicion that here we have the real adventures, letters, and conversations of Mr. Owen, of New Lanark, during his indefatigable efforts for humanity. More we cannot at present say of this remarkable work, save that it is brought out in a style of great elegance, and even magnificence.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING FOR 1834. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

IN point of literature, this is the first Annual of the present season. Mr. T. Pringle has been aided in his task by the best of the light force who form the Annual phalanx. He musters among the ladies, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Norton, and Sarah Stickney; among the gentlemen, Barry Cornwall, Banim, the Rev. Mr. Tayler, the Author of the Puritan's Grave, the Author of the Village Poor House, and Mr. Leitch Ritchie. But what is better—he has helped himself. The elegant volume, produced by the united aid of these associates, forms an exceedingly attractive *melange* of tale and poem. The contributions of the Stars will easily be discovered. We beg to commend to special notice the *Lad of Genius* and *Master Dod's Blessing*. The *embellishments*, with certain exceptions,* are not quite so much to our taste. But *Francesca* is a charming natural creature; the *Chieftain's Daughter*, a splendid beauty; the *Gondola*, a lovely vision; and the *First Love*, "beautiful, exceedingly." Take it all in all, no more refined and tasteful literary gift could be made by lover to mistress, or friend to friend, in the current season, than FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

A TABLEAU OF FRENCH LITERATURE DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Translated from the French of M. de BARANTE, Peer of France.
London: Smith, Elder & Co.

A WORK of this kind is at present a great desideratum in our own literature. It is an epitome of that of France in its most brilliant period. It was originally written as a prize essay, the subject having been proposed by the French Institute, and was the *chosen*, after years of trial, out of hundreds rejected. If we are to have an English work of this kind, and Mr. Mathins is said to be engaged in one, we should wish for far greater scope, and from him will have it; but this little work is excellently adapted to those readers in this country who would, without much trouble, obtain a general view of French literature.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND. VAN DIEMEN'S LAND MAGAZINE, &c., &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

THE publishing energies are developing rapidly in Kangaroo-land. The above works are written, printed, and published in Hobart Town. For the Magazine we cannot say a great deal. It is a *curiosity* chiefly. We lately had occasion to notice the Van Diemen's Land Almanack, prophesying that it would soon expand and divide into an Almanack and Annual Register. The work named above, VAN DIEMEN'S LAND, is, in the meanwhile, a STATISTICAL ACCOUNT, and GUIDE TO EMIGRANTS. As such we notice it, believing that many persons in Scotland will be desirous of obtaining the kind of information which it supplies in a com-

pendious form, and at a very reasonable rate. The Editor assures the public "that no one who proposes to emigrate to Van Diemen's Land, and who peruses this publication, will, upon arrival, have cause to say he is misled." We highly approve the candour of several of his statements.

THE COMIC OFFERING. Edited by LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN.

THIS is the fourth annual appearance of this budget, stuffed with the

Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles

of the pen and the graver. The literature we think better, on the whole, than in the previous "*Cargo of Sundries*." The embellishments are whimsical, droll, and extravagant enough; but one glance at them suffices. They suggest nothing. Among the best or drollest are, *Cap-a-pea*—female faces, capped, looking out of innumerable peacocks; *A Singing-face*,—a fellow who evidently "sings a capital song," formed of a grate, boiler, and inverted pan—an excellent full-length. *New Beer Act*,—a brisk barrel spouting at all points. *Placed under a Dancing Master*,—an unfortunate scholar, over whom the master is sprawling, the other prim pupils in their proper positions. *Special Pleader*, is a good hit—a Chancery lawyer kneeling and haranguing an exquisitely conscious-looking old coquette, hiding her blushes behind her fan. *Sara, the Great African Desert*,—an immensely fat negress, carrying a tray loaded with fruit and wines,—a dessert. *A Free Black*,—a negro butler helping himself to a glass of Madeira: the grinning expression of his freedom is good. *Powder and Ball!* is another choice hit. *Cabbage plant!* Conceive a cabbage sprouted into a full-length tailor. *Guide to the Lakes*,—a Will o' the Wisp. This print is in a higher style.

MOMENTS OF IDLENESS, OR A PEEP INTO THE WORLD WE CALL OURS.

London: Boone.

A GENTLEMAN has here printed, in a neat volume, his commonplace-book, or the settings down of his wit, wisdom, and experience, to the amount of eleven hundred and four entries. We have truisms, *triteisms*, and aphorisms, on every possible subject. There is a fair proportion of absolute nonsense in the book; but also some sense, some thought, and something which we may not exactly call originality, but which the common tenor of the writer's thinking did not lead one to expect. This incoherence may originate in causes for which the author is not responsible; for example, in other men's printed thoughts. Some of his maxims are exceedingly ungallant; as this—"38. Man is unquestionably the privileged sex by nature, as well as by law; and by law, because by nature." We leave this logic to Mrs. Lemon Grimstone, or to the Radicals, substituting *order* for *sex*, and for *man*, *aristocrat*. The 67th maxim asserts, that "There is a greater inclination in man to talk than to hear, to write than to read, to give than to receive ideas from others." This, we apprehend, is the true secret of much contemporary publication.

THE CHAMELEON. London: Longman and Co.

THIS is the third, and it is announced as the *last* series of an Annual, emanating from the west of Scotland. The author, Mr. Atkinson, has gone abroad in very bad health, as a last chance for life. The preface to the volume will be read by many with pain and melancholy regret. The author says that it has been hurried through the press, that he might see "the Benjamin of his pen," and that his volume might not be "posthumous." We fervently trust, that these mournful anticipations, which give the work the interest of a relic, may prove unfounded;

and that Mr. Atkinson, in renewed health and spirits, may return to his own country, and yet see a numerous and flourishing offspring succeed his "Benjamin." He has never yet had justice done to his quick and lively talents; and, what is more to be regretted, he has not done justice to himself. His fruits have been forced fruits, his crops scourging crops. If he allow his mind to lie fallow, while his body reposes, we shall hope for renewed health and strength to the latter, and from the former a goodly harvest, far surpassing in beauty and luxuriance all that we have hitherto obtained. The present volume scarcely, as a whole, equals its forerunners in literary merit; though it contains many tender verses, and beautiful, though brief, prose sketches. It is very miscellaneous in character, which is, however, always an advantage in a work of this light, sketchy sort.

THE EXCITEMENT. Edinburgh: Waugh and Innes.

THIS has grown into an *Annual* neat little volume, intended for young people. It steers clear of fiction, and also of very grave or didactic pieces; and selects tastefully and judiciously from travels, voyages, and works of natural history, such striking descriptions and anecdotes as are calculated to interest the curiosity, and improve the moral feelings of youth. We see much to approve in both the design and execution of the work, though we cannot admire such inaccurate titles as SPECIMEN OF FRENCH TREACHERY,—SPECIMEN OF NEGRO CRUELTY. Words inaccurately used lead to false thinking.

THE NEW GIL BLAS. London: Longman and Co.

THE work of Mr. H. D. Inglis, which we noticed on its first appearance some time back, has been produced a second time, in a handsomer form, and at a cheaper rate. Mr. Inglis is the same pleasant and companionable writer whose travels in the Tyrol we lately introduced to our readers.

MILLER'S GARDENER'S DICTIONARY. London: Henderson.

THE *Gardener's Dictionary* is about to be re-printed in four volumes, and in shilling numbers. The first lies before us; 49 are to follow. The letter-press is clear and neat; the engravings good likenesses; and the publisher gives his word that the work has been carefully revised. What more can be wished for?

THE SCOTTISH PULPIT. Glasgow: McPhun.

THE publisher of this periodical has DONE IT UP in a respectable-looking volume 1st. Other volumes may probably follow in time. It is appropriately *faced* with a capital likeness of the very Reverend Principal Baird, painted by Geddes, and engraved by Lizars. This volume affords a fair specimen of the pulpit eloquence and ability of the most celebrated of the living divines of the Church of Scotland, at a reasonable rate, and is recommended as a Sabbath evening book for families.

OLIVER AND BOYD'S EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY, Vols. 13 and 14. HISTORY OF ARABIA, ANCIENT AND MODERN. BY ANDREW CRICHTON.

THE Libraries form a great feature in modern literature. That one which in series issues from this city, at once took, and still maintains a very high, if not indeed the highest place among them. It is distinguished by comprehensiveness and unity of design, and by ability, re-

search, and accuracy of no ordinary character. No work is produced in a more *workman-like* style, whether we regard the literary and scientific, or the merely mechanical, departments. We are glad that the publishers have not cramped the exuberant subject of the recent publication, (*Arahia*), with one volume. A country so intimately connected with Scripture history, the land first in some measure of the Cross, as of the Kaaba, the birth-place of Mohammed, and the cradle of his mighty and far-spread superstition, the territory of the Caliphs, the scene in part of the Crusades, the fountain-head of so much that is valuable in modern science, and of nearly all that is beautiful and romantic in early European literature, demanded ample scope in delineation. From his rich and redundant pile of materials, Mr. Crichton has produced an excellent work, which leaves the popular reader nothing to wish for, and which may both inform and guide the most minute student of Arabic History. The chapters from which we have derived most pleasure, are those which treat of the literature of the Arabs, their ancient customs, their social state, the life of Mohammed, and the history of the Wahabees. On every point, the writer appears to have carefully examined and collated his numerous authorities, and certain slight leanings, discoverable in his own mind, do not appear to impeach his fairness and impartiality as a narrator.

THE PROSPECT, OR SCENES IN REAL LIFE. Edinburgh: Whyte.

THE SCENES IN REAL LIFE are three in number, forming a small volume. *The Bereavement* is the affecting story of a young mother who dies in her first confinement. That deep domestic tragedy is here re-acted, which never loses its pathetic interest. This story is told with much feeling and simplicity. *CHARLES AUSTIN* is the tale of a runaway, adventurous boy, the dupe and victim of his own wild fancies; who errs, suffers, and is restored. *The Deserted Widow* forms the concluding tale. But the deserted widow we first see as the splendid heiress, and next as the unhappy wife. The story is one of extreme, almost of unmixed, suffering, which the reader feels the more painfully as such misery is wholly unmerited by the gentle and generous wife,—and the patient, submissive, and poverty-struck widow.

The *Prospect* is probably the production of a female pen. Its tendency is unexceptionable. Its lessons are those of charity and wisdom, inculcated with gentle persuasion.

THE INFANT ANNUAL. Edinburgh: Waugh and Innes.

ONE takes interest in this fairy quarto, were it but for the sake of the little folks to whom it is dedicated. We see it is very pretty; we trust it is very good—very suitable to its amiable and useful purpose—for we have not yet had time to read its little stories, and scarcely to look at its engravings. One remark we must make:—The orators who had one manner for haranguing polite and educated assemblies, and another for the *mob*, have lately begun to discover that the mass have really more taste and understanding than was imagined, and have, accordingly, raised their style in addressing popular meetings. The writers for childhood would do well to profit by the example. They need not be so very condescending to the incapacity of children. It is enough that they are clear and simple, and tell what is worth hearing.

PETER SIMPLE. By the Author of the KING'S OWN. 3 vols.
London: Saunders and Otley.

WE have been noticing the *New Gjl Blas*;—this appears to be the NEW RODERICK RANDOM. But as *Peter* has reached us exactly twenty-four hours before *Tait's Magazine* takes ship for London, we can only premise, that his first quizzical look promises good entertainment to those blessed with leisure to cultivate a closer acquaintance with this dashing and gallant seaman. We are charmed with his launch, and have not got farther.

TO THE EDITOR OF TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Permit me to correct a slight error which appeared in my letter to you on the subject of "British Ships and British Seamen." The "Congo" alluded to was not, I believe, an iron vessel, but one built of wood in the form usually adopted in iron vessels, viz. flat-bottomed and wall-sided, in order that she might draw little water in the river she was intended to ascend. This does not in any way alter the fact of her being found a better sea-boat in a gale of wind than the vessel sent to protect her; and, consequently, leaves the reproach as it was before, that the same kind of "drowning tube" are still permitted to be built, without regard to the loss of human life. The "Lords of the Admiralty" should, each and all of them, be obliged to make a voyage in the vessels to which they have chosen to condemn passengers; in order that the effect might be produced through their feelings, which cannot be produced through their understanding. I remain, Sir,

Very truly yours,

Oct. 4, 1833.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

ENGLAND.

THE opposition to the assessed taxes still continues. On the 24th October, a seizure was made of the goods of Mr. Savage, who had distinguished himself in the associations which have been formed. On intelligence of the occurrence getting abroad, a large body of people assembled on the premises, and, after the goods had been placed on a van, and carried some distance, a woman, rushing through the mob, seized the horse by the reins, exclaiming, "What! are you Englishmen, and suffer these things to be done? See what a woman dares do!" and, turning instantly the head of the animal, a loud shout of "On to Savage's," was raised. The officers fled, and the van was taken back to Mr. Savage's house, but he peremptorily refused to receive back the goods, which were placed in an adjoining warehouse, and were soon afterwards carried off. The van was broken in pieces with hammers and stones, and the owner

escaped with his horse, not without difficulty. The resistance to the payment of the assessed taxes has extended to Birmingham. A table, belonging to Mr. Doherty, late editor of the "*Voice of the People*," having been seized, a numerous assemblage attended at the time fixed for the sale; but, after several adjournments, no sale took place, and the table was given up by the bailiff. The people having procured a band of music, carried the table round the town in triumph. The mechanics of Birmingham are collecting funds to resist these iniquitous taxes. In one week the masons and carpenters collected L.1100. Another instance of the injustice of these taxes has recently been brought to light:—The mansion of Lord Burlington, in London, up to May last, was assessed at only L.1,000; but, on a new survey, it has been raised to L.2,043, a very moderate estimate of the value. In this manner, his Lordship has been saving, on the house tax alone, L.270 annually;

and he has, at the same time, pocketed two-thirds of the poor rates and other duties levied on his house. The total number of houses assessed for the house duty in the metropolis is 108,000.

CHURCH RATES.

The resistance to church rates is rapidly spreading over England. The Dissenters are determined no longer to submit to the burden of an Established Church. At Bungay, in Suffolk, the goods of a Dissenter were distrained, and sold to a small tradesman, at a price much below their value. The name of the purchaser, however, soon transpired, and, within two days afterwards, he signed a document, expressing his deep regret for the act he had committed, and requesting to be allowed to return the goods to the owner. The owner, however, refused to receive them, and they were carried in triumph round the town. The same feeling has been shown at Helston, in Devonshire, and in many other places; and there is a general expectation, on the part of the Dissenters, that the Legislature will, during the next session, free them of the tax.

THE REFORM BILL.

At a dinner lately given by the electors of Gatehead to Lord Durham, the following interesting statement was made by his Lordship regarding the authorship of the Reform Bill. Immediately after the formation of the present Ministry, Earl Grey entrusted to Lord Durham the preparation of the Reform Bill. Lord Durham was assisted by Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham, and Lord Duncannon. This was the first bill; which did not contain the L.50 tenants' clause. Lord Durham had nothing to do with the formation of the second Bill. He admitted that many imperfections remained in the measure, particularly in regard to rating, registration, and the expense of elections. His Lordship added, that the cause of his resignation of office was ill health, the reason which was assigned at the time, though then generally believed only to be the ostensible reason.

SHORT PARLIAMENTS.

If we can judge from what fell from Mr. Macaulay, at a dinner at Leeds, given to the Members of that town, and of the West Riding of Yorkshire, it appears to be the intention of Ministers to compromise the question of triennial Parliaments, by limiting their duration to five years. Mr. Macaulay said, that as all Ministers will generally be inclined not to wait till the natural expiration of Parliament, when they must be compelled

to enter upon a general election, whatever may be the state of the country, they will rather dissolve Parliament a year sooner, and thus, practically, the duration of Parliaments is shorter than their natural term. For the last seventy years, since the accession of George III., no Parliament has been allowed to sit for seven years. Hence, as this cause would continue to operate, triennial Parliaments would in fact be biennial. Mr. Macaulay did not object to biennial or even annual Parliaments, on the ground of bringing the Representative too frequently within the control of his constituents, but simply because frequent elections were the cause of much irritation and excitement among the electors. He added, that he should not have the slightest objection to quinquennial Parliaments. Considering that Mr. Macaulay, though not a member of the Cabinet, holds a situation of trust under Government, the above statement is well deserving of attention.

MILITARY FLOGGING.

We have often had occasion to remark, that the officers of our army treat with the utmost contempt the execrations which have been poured out on this abominable practice, both within and without the walls of Parliament, as well as by nearly the whole of the public press. In evidence of this, we have the following recent illustration:—A soldier of the First Regiment of Grenadier Guards, of which regiment the Duke of Wellington is Colonel, having been convicted of insubordination, intoxication on duty, and of refusal to deliver up his arms, when ordered by his officer, was sentenced to receive 600 lashes. After receiving 200 lashes, the surgeon of the regiment interfered, and put a stop to the brutal punishment, in consequence of the life of the soldier being in danger. The soldier was then removed to the military hospital in a hackney coach, his back being dreadfully lacerated. As a sort of refinement in cruelty, and to increase the severity of a punishment which could not be inflicted to the full extent, without depriving the unfortunate culprit of his life, a fresh hand was procured at every twenty strokes. Such is the lauded humanity of our military officers!

IRELAND.

No topic has afforded a more fertile subject for laudation to Whig orators and pamphleteers, since the rising of Parliament, than the tranquillity of Ireland, which was attributed, exclusively, to the working, or terror of the Coercion Bill. We always said, that as the rights be-

came longer, the atrocities, for which Ireland has long been indebted to the misgovernment of England, would again appear; and we are sorry to say we have not been mistaken in our anticipations. Upwards of two hundred cases of riot and assault appeared upon the Crown Books at the Quarter Sessions, lately concluded at Borris-on-Osory and Maryborough. The most serious were prosecuted by the Crown, and sixty-seven convictions were obtained. In Kilkenny, Queen's County, and Tipperary, numerous outrages are daily committed. This is the kind of tranquillity which coercive measures have secured. They confirm the remark made by Mr. Abercromby at a late dinner in Edinburgh, given to him by his constituents, that, although coercion had in general produced in Ireland a temporary relief, all experience taught, that tranquillity was never permanently obtained by any such means; and it was on account of this uniform experience that he had voted against Ministers on the Irish Coercion Bill.

The Clergy, as if determined to prevent, in as far as lay in their power, the tranquillity of the country, have resumed the tithe warfare. Many of them have determined to reject the loan proffered in lieu of the tithes of the current year, and the arrears of the last two years. In Tipperary arrests for tithes still continue. In Galway, and other parts of the country, notices have been served, that immediate measures will be taken for their enforcement. Although the Composition Act affords the means of bringing actions simply and cheaply, the Clergy, actuated by a malignant desire for vengeance, have already, in numerous instances, instituted their proceedings, even against farmers in remote counties, in the expensive Courts of Exchequer and Chancery at Dublin, with no other apparent object than to involve the defendants in ruinous expenses.

Mr. O'Connell has renewed the agitation of the Repeal question; and declares, that he will never think of accepting office, except under an administration which would impeach Mr. Stanley and Lord Anglesea. The Tribute began to be collected on the 10th November. Dublin contributed L.1400; Cork, L.700; Limerick, L.250; Waterford, L.187.

The clearing system, though undoubtedly beneficial to the Irish landlord, is attended with so much misery to the unfortunate peasantry, that few of the landlords have been found sufficiently hard-hearted to carry it into rigorous execution. A case has, however, lately occurred, in which the system has been effectually put in force. Lady Ross has turned

out from their holdings on her estates in the county of Longford, no fewer than 281 individuals, who are entirely destitute, not having even a single day's food, except what they receive from the charity of their neighbours. Not one of these tenantry was in arrear a single farthing; and it is shrewdly suspected, that the chief cause of their ejection from their farms is the circumstance of their being Papists, and because four of them voted for the popular candidates at the last election.

SCOTLAND.

THE triumph of the Liberal party in the elections of Councillors and Magistrates, for the Royal Burghs, has been complete. In hardly a single instance have the Tories been able to secure a majority of the new Councillors; and in all the larger burghs, the preponderance of the Liberals has been found so great, that the Tories have not even a representative at the Civic Board. In Edinburgh, the Whigs and Radicals are nearly equal in strength, and Messrs. Tait, Aytoun, Jamieson, and Chambers, all Councillors and leading members of the Edinburgh Political Union, have been elected Councillors by great majorities; the two former having stood at the head of the poll of the ward for which they were candidates. To oppose the election of Mr. Hay, another Political Unionist, the Whigs and Tories coalesced in voting for a Whig, and succeeded in excluding Mr. Hay, only by a small majority. The Tories, almost everywhere, seemed to consider their chance of being elected so small, that they in general declined being put in nomination. In many burghs dissenters have been elected Provosts or Bailies, and, in general, a majority of Voluntary Churchmen are to be found seated at the Council Boards. We can, therefore, not doubt that the days of patronage are numbered, and that before the lapse of another year, the right of the people to elect their clergymen will be restored to them. A public dinner was given to the Lord Advocate and Mr. Abercromby, the Members for Edinburgh, on the 6th November, by such of their constituents as approved of their conduct. Of the 6,000 electors, about 300 attended. Had the dinner been given to Mr. Abercromby alone, we have every reason to believe, that the attendance would have been more numerous; for many approved of his conduct who highly disapproved of that of the Lord Advocate, who has, throughout the session, shown himself the mere tool of Ministers. His Lordship has also greatly disappointed public expectation, by the poor figure he has made in Parliament, and the insignificant part he has taken in the dis-

cussion of matters of general interest. It was plain from the tone of the speeches of the two members, that they were perfectly aware of the view in which the different lines of conduct they had pursued was regarded by the public. The Lord Advocate wastame, deprecatory, and apologetical,—Mr. Abercromby open, candid, and bold. The former evidently felt he was on his defence, and therefore relied more on the pity than on the justice of his audience; the latter felt that he had done his duty, and knew that no just charge either would, or could be made against him. Nothing was elicited in the course of their addresses regarding the future measures of ministers.

Mr. Murray has also been entertained at Leith and Newhaven by such of his constituents as consider that a member of Parliament performs his duty by merely voting with Ministry. Public expectation has been greatly disappointed with Mr. Murray's Parliamentary conduct, as hopes were entertained that he would prove a useful and eloquent member. His eloquence seems, however, to have been extinguished by the atmosphere of St. Stephens; and we must fairly admit, that his retention of the sinecure of Clerk of the Pipe, gives us little hope of his future exertions in the cause of Reform and economy.

The Annuity Tax still forms a subject of agitation in the metropolis. The Clergy have ceased to imprison their parishioners, but a sale of the goods of one of the Society of Friends for non-payment of the tax was lately advertised. A crowd assembled at the specified time, to witness the proceedings: but the sale was postponed, without any reason being assigned.

The absurd heresies which have disgraced Edinburgh are on the decline. The Rev. Mr. Tait has been deposed from his church. Anderson, one of the prophets, is confined in a lunatic asylum; the views of Mr. Carlyle, the other prophet, have, it is understood, become more moderate, and he has ceased to hold forth in the streets. A lady, who had been deeply imbued with the heresy, committed suicide, by throwing herself over a window. Such are the effects of fanaticism.

FRANCE.

THE news from the Continent, notwithstanding the unsettled state of Spain and Portugal, possesses very little interest. King Leopold and the Queen of the Belgians lately paid their first visit to Paris, since their marriage, an event which has put the Parisians in good humour. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Opposition Journals to dissuade the National Guards

from going out, merely to amuse the King's visitors, upwards of 25,000 appeared on the Boulevards, and were reviewed by Louis Philippe and his son-in-law. The difficulty of obtaining convictions in political offences, appears to be likely to induce the French ministry to attempt some alteration on jury trial at the sitting of the Chambers. At present, a majority of more than seven must exist, to authorize a conviction, a minority of five acquitting the accused. This is to be altered, and a simple majority is to be sufficient to authorize a conviction. The announcement of this attempt has created much dissatisfaction, as it is shrewdly suspected that the whole object in the change, is to render juries more subservient to the wishes of the Crown.

An interview between Charles X. and the Duchess de Berri has taken place, and the former has returned to Prague. The object of this conference is said to have been to prevail on the Duchess to give up the abdication by Charles X. in favour of the Duc de Bourdeaux, but the Duchess peremptorily refused. If this statement be correct, it would appear that the old dotard has hopes of again tyrannizing over the French.

SPAIN.

THE accounts from Spain continue to be very contradictory. Madrid is tranquil; but insurrections in favour of Don Carlos have taken place in many of the provinces. The Queen has not sufficient forces at her command to quell the rebels, and as the peasantry, urged on by the priests, are extensively arming, on the one hand, and the Constitutionalists on the other, there is every prospect of the kingdom being involved in a serious civil war. A large French army of observation has been collected on the Pyrenees, and as there is much probability that the Queen will be compelled to apply for the assistance of France, we may soon expect to hear that the French army has entered Spain; a measure which is, indeed, said to have been already resolved on by the French Ministry.

PORTUGAL.

THE feeble and protracted warfare between Don Pedro and Don Miguel, still proceeds without any immediate prospect of termination. On the 16th October the garrison of Lisbon attacked the Miguelites, and after some severe fighting drove them from their positions. During the night the Miguelites continued their retreat, abandoning their sick and wounded, their baggage, part of their heavy artillery, and a large quantity of stores and

ammunition. On the 11th, the enemy were found to have retreated, and were pursued by the Pedrites, and some fighting again ensued without any decisive result. The Miguelites subsequently continued their retreat, in good order, and with little loss, to Santarém, a town strongly fortified. No attack has yet been made by the Constitutional general on this position. Hence it is concluded that he means to compel the Miguelites to evacuate that fortress by famine. The contending parties are now much in the same state as they were in last year, only their respective situations are changed. It is undeniable that the great body of the Portuguese is indifferent to the issue of the struggle; for no enthusiasm has been shown for the cause of the young Queen, although such feeling, if it existed, could now be shown without danger in many parts of the kingdom. Great complaints are made of the injudicious conduct of the British legation at Lisbon. Lord W. Russell has shown himself, as was, indeed, pretty well known previously, a complete incapable, and his Lady is a pernicious intriguer. Thus, in order to give lucrative offices to our Whig Aristocracy, the interests of the country are sacrificed at foreign courts.

HOLLAND.

THE King of Holland's speech at the opening of the Chambers is like all other royal speeches, vague and unsatisfactory. It either informs us of what we already well know, or makes assertions which there is strong reason to believe are false. For example, it states that a desirable tranquillity exists in the East India colonies, "where the spirit of the inhabitants has been most favourably manifested," when the fact is, that, in the important colony of Surinam the natives are in open hostility to the Dutch, and a considerable body of Dutch troops has been massacred. The greatest alarm, also, prevails in Batavia, where the authorities expect an immediate attack from the natives. His Majesty assures the Chambers, that the country is in a very prosperous condition, and that his subjects bear the heavy burdens imposed on them with cheerfulness; while the Deputies, who are better judges in such a matter, assert that "retrenchments are, above all, necessary in the situation of their finances." The King holds out no immediate prospect of a settlement of the dispute with Belgium; and nothing but a refusal of supplies by his Chambers will, we believe, conquer the obstinacy of King William. The Dutch are, we suspect, beginning to

tire of keeping up an extravagant military establishment at an enormous expense. Extensive reductions are now said to be in contemplation.

BELGIUM.

Notwithstanding the many disadvantages to which this kingdom has been exposed in the struggle with Holland, prosperity is rapidly returning. For the last two years the revenue has, each quarter, regularly exceeded the expenditure; and the revenue for the first nine months of 1833 exceeds that for the same period of last year by two millions of francs. King Leopold's speech from the throne at the opening of the Chambers, announced a reduction of the army, and, consequently, of the expenditure, but contained nothing else worthy of notice. It asserts, that all the great interests of the country, financial, agricultural, and commercial, are in a thriving condition, but the writers of King's speeches seldom know much of such matters.

SWITZERLAND.

THE spirit of reform has reached this country. The present cumbrous system of representation, and the overpowering weight of the Bureaucratic, oppressing both the people and the sovereign, are evils which have become intolerable. The country is labouring under financial difficulties, and a crisis is generally believed to be at hand. A new Diet is to meet in January, from which much is expected.

TURKEY.

THE Emperor of Russia continues his intrigues to subject this ill-fated country to his control. The Porte finds himself unable to pay the arrears of contributions due to the Emperor: and has sent an envoy to St. Petersburg to request delay, and to settle, as is said, the boundaries of the two countries. The result of the negotiations may easily be foretold. Russia will receive a province instead of the money. Great Britain and France, meanwhile, sit with their arms across, as if the negotiations between Russia and Turkey were indifferent to all parties, except the negotiators themselves.

GREECE.

THIS country is in the most disorganized state. A conspiracy against the Government of King Otto has lately been discovered, at the head of which was "Colonel" Mavrocordato, who has been seized and imprisoned. Martial law has been declared throughout the kingdom.

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

TRADES' UNIONS.

THE existence of a community of feeling, and of a determination to act in concert for their common interests, among the working classes, distinctly separates the character of the present times from that of all others. This peculiar circumstance alarms many honest, but timid politicians; but nevertheless is, in our opinion, the precursor of a state of things far superior to any which the world has yet seen. Some evils may occur; in fact must happen. In attempting to better their condition, in devising schemes for the amelioration of their class generally, the working people will probably commit many egregious blunders. On the outset they may check production; and thus for a time lessen the fund out of which wages are provided. They may interfere with the right which every man ought to possess, of disposing of his own labour, as he shall think fit:—they may do all this, and a great deal more, and yet we believe, that great and signal advantage will result from the spirit of combination now existing among the labouring population throughout Europe and America.

The people, and by this term we mean here they who live by the wages of labour, have often, in fact at all times and places, (excepting perhaps some portions of North America, at the present moment,) been in a condition of destitution and suffering. It is not in this particular that the labouring population are now distinguished,—they are not more distressed than were their forefathers. There can indeed be little doubt but that, on the whole, the condition of the labourers at present is more comfortable than at most other periods of man's history. There is nevertheless dissatisfaction among them generally: They are not convinced that the system under which they live, is the one best fitted to provide for their well-being: and are therefore endeavouring to frame new plans, to devise new means of guarding against the evils to which they have hitherto been exposed: It is remarkable how simultaneously this feeling has arisen throughout the various countries of Europe, and throughout the United States of America. Causes very general in their nature must have been at work, to produce so extraordinary and so extensive an effect.

What is this cause? We answer the increased enlightenment of the great mass of the population. Do you then, it may be asked, agree with

the working classes in their view of the causes of their distress?—and do you sanction the means by which they seek to relieve it? Before we can answer this questioning, we require some explanations.

Let us in the first place observe, that although we deem the combinations, and the excited state of the people, to result from an improvement in their mental condition, it does not therefore follow as a necessary consequence that we agree with the opinions of the people.

Hitherto the people, however wretched, however destitute, have remained an inert mass. They have had no feelings in common; there has been no communication of ideas among them; they have suffered as the ignorant suffer—in listless apathy. They never sought to explore the deep causes of their miseries; but in their rude and brutal ignorance, would, for ages suffer without an effort; or, if roused to fury, would wreak their senseless vengeance on some immediate instrument by which mischief had been inflicted on them. They are now raised from this state of apathy; they have made one, and an important step, in knowledge gaining; they desire to inquire and investigate; they have learned to look at the interests of masses; they look for general causes;—they are beginning to probe every part of the social system, and are endeavouring, by experiment, to discover where the evil lies—where the remedy is to be found.

Now although we should differ from them in every one of the conclusions at which they have hitherto arrived, still we cannot but own that this new and inquiring state of mind, is an improvement upon their old one; and furthermore, we are sanguine respecting the result of their investigations, and believe that their combined system of acting must lead to consequences highly beneficial to the great majority of mankind.

The point at which the labouring population of our own country have at the present moment arrived, is one peculiarly calculated to alarm the timid, and induce the superficial and hasty to conclude, that unmixed mischief can alone follow from their endeavours.

At this moment, the large majority of the artisan population are endeavouring, by systematic efforts, to regulate the rate of wages. To this end of regulating wages, they have entered into a wide system of combination. The whole of the labouring men of a trade are invited to unite and form a compact body, which is to act according to certain rules. They are to consult the general interests of the body, and to pursue those interests with a combined and regulated effort.

These separate bodies of the different trades are called UNIONS. But these different Unions have discovered, that all the members of the separate Unions have a character, identical as to its interests in all cases; that is, *that they all are labourers, living by the wages of labour*. This unity of character, and unity of interests in that character, they have deemed a good reason for farther uniting into one great body these separate Unions; and this combination is known by the now formidable title of the TRADES' UNIONS.

As labourers, then, they say, and say truly, our well-being depends upon the rate of our wages; or, in other words, if we labour hard, and get little in return, we live a life of wretchedness; whereas, if our labour be light, and the return abundant, our lives may be lives of pleasantness. Our great business, then, they say, is to learn upon what our wages are dependant, and to endeavour so to arrange as that our labour shall be light, and the return abundant.

The first and obvious course, while thus endeavouring, is precisely

that which the labouring people seem now inclined to adopt, that to which every effort of the Trades' Unions is at this moment directed.

As soon as they began their investigations, their attention was called to the class of persons by whom the wages of labour are paid, and who, *apparently*, determine the rate which shall be given, viz. the **MASTERS**, or **CAPITALISTS**. Now, as the evil under which the labourer suffered was quickly discovered to be excessive work, and inadequate pay, the first and simple course seemed to be to enter into a general determination not to work above a certain time, or for less than a certain amount. When a body of men came to this determination, and refused to work till their demands were granted, their proceeding was called a *strike*. This, then, is the end which the Unions are now endeavouring to attain; and these *strikes* are the means which they employ.

Now, if it be asked, Do we agree in the desirableness of the end sought? we answer unhesitatingly, Most assuredly. If, however, we be asked, Whether we consider the means efficient or wise? we as unhesitatingly answer, No.

The end, as above described, is, that the labourer's work should not be over-burthensome; and that it should be well paid. Certainly, we most ardently desire and hope that this end may be obtained. Unless we can obtain this end, the condition of the mass of mankind must ever be one of misery; and no expectation need be entertained of improving either their moral or their physical condition.

But we cannot agree with those who believe, that the avarice of the masters is the cause of the lowness of wages; or that the profits of the masters are at all above the ordinary rate. Our reason for not believing this assertion is simple, and yet conclusive. The masters throughout the empire have not, and could not enter into any efficient combination. There is amongst them, and between them and foreigners, a constant competition. This leads them to put the lowest possible prices upon their articles. Prices, in fact, are reduced to that point at which the capital is returned with the ordinary profits of stock, and no more. If the master do not come down to this, he is undersold: if he go below it, he is obliged to trench upon his capital, and is ruined. What, then, would be the consequence, supposing the *strikes* to succeed?—that is, supposing the masters compelled to give the increased wages demanded, and to require only the diminished quantum of offered labour? One effect of two is certain,—either prices must be raised, or capital trenched upon. Let us see the result of either of these effects.

The result, if prices were raised, is evident; there would necessarily be a decreased consumption; and consumption being decreased, the quantity of labour needed would be less. The number of labourers needed being less, a portion would be unemployed. If they were allowed to bid against those employed, *they would bring wages down*,—if they were not permitted, they must either starve or compel the masters to employ them. If they did so compel the masters, the masters' capital would soon be destroyed; and thus the very fund out of which labour is paid would disappear entirely.

But it may be said that consumption would not decrease. Let us learn whether it would not. If one strike succeeds—and strikes are to be the instrument to be employed,—the various trades will all necessarily have their wages raised. Say, for example, that the builders want higher wages, so do also the tailors, the shoemakers, the smiths, and so on; and since we are supposing the Unions to be efficient, we are just

fied in supposing that wages generally are raised. This necessarily raises prices—all prices ; but if a man has a given income, say of L.100, and you raise the price of all commodities, *or of any one commodity*, he must consume less,—the more efficient the Unions, the more certain then would be the result of diminished consumption. The tailors, the shoemakers, the hatters, the builders, the smiths would all have less work to perform, consequently they must lower their wages—starve—or destroy capital.

But let us try the other alternative: Suppose prices not to rise, but the profits of the master to be taken as the fund out of which to pay the increased quantum given to the labourer. It is well known, to all who know anything about the matter, that owing to the immense masses of capital now used, the ordinary rate of profit is remarkably low. A capitalist of many thousands of pounds, although he get a small profit, has yet a large sum upon the whole ; the profit, in fact, is reduced so low, that if any reduction worth a thought by the labourers takes place, capital must be used, and not returned : that is, capital would every year grow less : and the fund out of which wages are paid would ultimately disappear entirely. The consequence of this would be unmixed misery to all classes ; and on none would the mischief fall more heavily than on the labourers.

However, some may argue, that the profits of the masters might sensibly be diminished, and yet capital not be touched. Allow this for a moment. Are the labourers to remain the same in numbers, or are they to increase? If they are to remain the same in number, we at once allow, that, under the supposition, the evil we anticipate would not happen. But then the same good effect might be obtained, without any other means than by simply keeping the numbers at this point now. Keeping the number of labourers the same as it now is, and allowing capital to continue increasing at the rate at which it now increases, a very few years would so enlarge the fund out of which wages are paid, that the wages would necessarily rise, and that improvement of the condition of the people take place for which we are all so desirous.

But if the people act on their present opinions, we know full well that their numbers would increase. They increase now, they would increase then ; and the consequence would soon be, that the profits of the capitalist would quickly be reduced to nothing, since each day would bring upon him an increased demand ; and then again the result would be a defalcation from capital, till it would entirely disappear.

These are not chimerical evils. We defy any one to prove that the same invariable result would not always follow. Let any one of the people themselves reason this matter over,—let him come into the field of friendly disputation with us ; and we will pledge ourselves to make out this conclusion as the necessary result in every case of a successful strike, conducted upon the principles above explained. We yield to none in the deep interest we take in the people's welfare ; but our interest does not extend to supporting their errors, or blinding and misleading their understandings.

"But if such be your views," says, on the one side, some alarmist, "how can you consistently maintain that benefit will result from these formidable Unions?" On the other, some devout believer in the efficiency of strikes, will exclaim, "You cannot surely pretend to be a friend to the Trades' Unions?" "Yes," we answer to both interrogators. "Yes, in spite of all their errors, in spite of any mischief they may accidentally

produce, the eventual effect of these Unions, will, in our opinion, be of unmixed benefit to all classes."

We are thus sanguine, because to us it appears certain, that the strikes and combinations will not succeed in attaining the object at present in view. The failure will be so complete, that a salutary and lasting lesson will be learned by the people—a lesson which they must learn by some means—and none seems capable of imparting it but actual suffering, arising from their mistaken endeavours. We have no fears as to the effect upon capital. That cannot be destroyed without violence in a short period—and violence will not be attempted,—but the workmen will, in four-and-twenty hours, begin to feel the effects of their errors; every day will force the consequence upon them with increased effect; and the result that has hitherto invariably followed will again occur, a failure of the strike.

"What, then, is the good you expect?" says our inquirer.

The answer will demand of us some further explanations.

We are among those who believe, that many evils exist, both in the political and social system as at present constituted. These exist in consequence of the ignorance of the people; so soon as that ignorance is dispelled, the evils will disappear. While searching, with the inquisitive spirit which now actuates them, the people will learn what these evils are, and the causes from whence they originate; they will learn, in other words, what really is the cause of their present distress; and, with increased knowledge, will light upon the means of removing it. For example, among our political evils, they will very quickly discover, that the low wages which they now receive, and the lowness of which is the immediate instrument of their distress, are rendered still lower by the unholy tax which the landlords of this country have put upon the prime article of our food, viz., bread. They will also discover, that hence arises, in a great measure, the low wages they receive; that their skill and industry are rendered abortive by the grasping ignorance of the landlords; that communication with the other nations of the world which can grow cheap corn, would enable them to work with the certainty of an almost unlimited demand; that the profits of the capitalist would increase, while their own wages became at the same time more efficient to the purchase of the comforts and conveniences of life.* Learning these things, and being united, and, because united and intelligent, strong, they will compel the landlords to yield up their bread tax. They will, in short, soon repeal the corn-laws.

This is benefit the first. Upon this we shall not enlarge. Though the beneficial consequences resulting from this single circumstance would fill a volume.

In the next place, from their abortive attempt to regulate wages by force, they will be led to perceive the actual circumstances upon which wages are dependent. They will learn that, even with the most unlimited outlet for the peculiar product of their labour, still, if the capital to employ labour be small, and the number of the labourers large, the wages which they receive must be low. They will thus be led practically to the conclusion, that the rate of wages can be regulated eventually only by themselves. That it does not depend upon the caprice or the avarice of the masters, but is determined by certain fixed laws.

* Not only would the purchasing power of their wages be increased, but there is every reason to believe that the wages would also rise; so that the condition of the labourer would be improved in two ways.

When population is redundant, wages must be low, and misery the lot of the great body of the people. They will therefore adopt the suggestions of prudence, and limit their numbers.

This is benefit the second. The consequences of acquiring this knowledge, and acting upon it, are utterly incalculable. It will change the whole condition of mankind, and turn, what now indeed may be fairly termed "a vale of tears," into the abode of gladness and peace.

But the advantages will not stop here. In all their combinations of late years, the people have shewn an intense desire for the acquisition of knowledge. The following account of the proceeding of the Builders' Trades' Unions, at Birmingham, is a striking evidence of the present state of feeling :—

The foundation-stone of the Operative Builders' Guildhall was laid on the 28th of November last, and on it was the following inscription :—

" This foundation stone of the Operative Builders' Guildhall was laid on the 28th day of November, 1833, by Joseph Hanson, architect.

The cost of the structure is intended to be defrayed by the equal contributions of all members of the Builders' Trades' Unions of Birmingham. The objects sought to be attained are—

First, To give permanency and efficiency to the efforts of the working builders to obtain and secure sufficient wages and full employment for every member of their body. Secondly, *To provide for themselves schools, for instruction in all the branches of the art of building, and also a good, sound, and practical education for their children.* Thirdly, To encourage in themselves and families habits of temperance, peace, order, industry, charity, and good will ; and to ensure a competent provision against times of sickness and accident, and a comfortable retirement for the aged and infirm. In a confident hope, therefore, of success, this work is commenced, being, as it is believed to be, the commencement of a new era in the condition of the whole of the working classes in the world."*

Bodies of men combining for such purposes, must necessarily improve both morally and intellectually. By the very fact of seeking for these ends, they prove themselves to have made no inconsiderable progress in knowledge, and exhibit a cheering earnest of the future. And be it remembered, this is not the combination of a few, the rich, and the leisure-possessing class. This is the multitude—the hitherto "swinish" multitude, as aristocratic insolence would still denominate them : the millions of whom the majority of mankind is composed. This is not a combination of dilettanti ; of amateurs seeking after amusement ; and who, while professing to cultivate knowledge, are really fighting against ennui ; but of men vitally interested in the result ; who know and feel that their whole being will depend upon their endeavours ; whose every expectation of happiness, whose every existence is at stake ; men of deep feeling, of untiring industry, and of well-proven honesty. Such are the Trades' Unions—such is the new element in the social interests of mankind. We must confess that we are sanguine as to the result, and ardently rejoice in the great and awful movement that is commencing.

* Another remarkable instance of the desire for knowledge now existing among the people, is a fact that has lately come to our knowledge. The mechanics of the various manufacturing towns have actually engaged Dr. Lardner to give them a series of lectures on the mechanic arts : and he is at this moment setting out on this admirable mission. He has our best wishes for his success, and our heartfelt thanks for thus turning his scientific acquirements to the benefit of his countrymen. It is a cheering thing to see philosophers once again teachers of the people. The bayonet and the gibbet have been too long their sole instructors.

This is a new life among men, fraught indeed with bright and cheering prospects. The great masses of mankind will be harn unto joy—not, as now, the wretched tenants of a life that is a curse in place of a blessing. Happiness will not be confined to a few, but will become the common heritage of humanity. For this, doubtless, we shall be looked upon as dreaming enthusiasts. We are content to be so considered. There is one class of persons who talk and write about public matters, by whom this accusation will be brought, and with whom, indeed, we certainly feel little sympathy. They are persons who judge of everything by a few very narrow rules of what is called state policy. They look back with a superficial glance, just skimming over history; and because they cannot see anything that is like what we here have described, they at once declare it all Utopian and theoretic. These persons are declared foes of all enthusiasm. Of any exalted interest in the great destinies of mankind, they certainly are guiltless; they live in the present hour, and fancy that the chief point of interest is a drawing-room in Downing Street—in short, they are hack politicians. By these we shall be called dreaming, perhaps, dangerous enthusiasts. When, however, the things shall have come to pass, which they now gaze upon as the mere vagaries of a disturbed imagination, they will silently slide from opposition to support, and eventually claim credit for always favouring these views of improvement. This process has, in these latter days, been often repeated; and many are the warm and staunch friends of liberal doctrines whom, in days less favourable to the cause of the people, we remember ardent Tories.

One word to the Government, before we dismiss this subject. The history of the combination laws is well known to every instructed man in the kingdom; we presume that it is also known to the Ministry; the more readily, as some of them took an active part in procuring their repeal. It is desirable that the experience which had then been gained, respecting the working of these pernicious enactments, should not be forgotten; and that no attempt should be made to force us again through the trial we then encountered. Were it probable that we should feel only the evils that we then felt, the attempt ought to be resisted by every man who wishes well to his country. This, however, at the present time, would not be the sum of the mischief. And it is on this account that we address ourselves to the Ministry. We fear that the manufacturers, naturally enough alarmed at the formidable appearance of the united workmen, will, in their turn, apply to Parliament for laws to put down combination. Sundry very significant hints have lately been given respecting this matter. Now we beg to lay before the Government some of the consequences that will follow from this impolitic interference.

In the first place, it should be remembered, that no violence is contemplated by the unions. If it should, the law is sufficiently imperative at present, on the subject of violence. To put down any forcible attempt, either to frighten masters or men, no new law is required; nought but a vigorous application of existing enactments. If anything more is asked for, it will be to put down, by law, the mere quiet and peaceable uniting of the labouring classes for a general object. Now, the consequence of any attempt of this description will be a REVOLUTION. At this moment, almost every trade in the country has a union in every large town. The numbers thus united amount to a very formidable force; and, being organized bodies, they will powerfully influence many

more. In the metropolis their power is not very formidable ; in the manufacturing towns it is irresistible. They who govern should carefully remember the character and class of mind of the persons who compose these unions. They are not ignorant and hasty Irish peasants, but cool, instructed, intrepid English artisans : they are not scattered over a wild and defenceless country, but are thickly congregated in manufacturing towns. They are fruitful in resources, calm, and resolute ; prudent in the formation of resolves, and patient and active in carrying them into execution. In short, they are the very men best constituted to resist and put down an unjust government.

The feelings of the working classes are not those of good will towards the government or the possessors of capital. There is a great and passionate jealousy entertained by them respecting the intentions of the government. They believe the government too willing to listen to the representations of the masters ; and the masters they have long looked upon in the light of enemies. We believe this to be an injustice towards the masters ; but, whether just or not, certain we are, that the feelings of jealousy and dislike exist. On the other hand, we must as frankly say that the masters have, in many instances, given cause to the people for jealousy and distrust ; and in no case more powerfully than in that of the combination laws. The result of any attempt to re-enact these laws will be to aggravate this feeling, and to make the government share in the odium. Those who had anything to do with the passing of the Factory Bill, during the last session of Parliament, must have been made acutely sensible of the jealous and angry state of mind of the people ; and they must also have perceived that bitterness of feeling was not confined to the workmen. They could not fail to have observed that the masters showed themselves as prone to blind passion as any of the men. Both they and the working classes came before Parliament with the feelings of combatants, and viewed every concession made to either as an injury, and wanton and cruel injustice to the other ; the masters in such cases exclaiming, that terror was inducing Parliament to grant what, in their hearts, they believed improper ; while the people were accustomed to declare, that every point conceded to the masters, was so conceded from the lurking sympathy which existed in the minds of the members with the richer party. If, in this jealous condition of mind, the people have to encounter a downright flagrant injustice on the part of the Government ; if an attempt be made to put down a quiet and orderly combination, they will say, and be justified in saying, that they are coerced in the exercise of a right which the law ought to allow to every man ; that they are not permitted, as all other men are, to take, or not to take, their commodities to market ; that they are in the condition of slaves, compelled, whether they will or no, to labour, and to receive what their masters choose to offer. They are not at present in a state of mind to bear this oppression ; and we therefore seriously warn the Government against listening to any suggestions for suppressing these peaceable combinations of the workmen. Any attempt of the sort will be the signal for a general rising among the artisans—a rising based on justice, but probably leading to eminently mischievous results. We should then have the tyranny of workmen in place of the tyranny of masters ; and, in place of combination laws, we should have a minimum of wages established by act of Parliament. Flushed with victory, and confident in the justice of their cause, the workmen would begin to believe in their own wisdom ; and we should have to run through a series of legislative

mistakes committed by the hitherto oppressed classes of society. We have had blunders enough already, at the hands of the rich: it would be a sad plight, indeed, were we obliged to suffer, while the many were learning legislative knowledge by practising upon the nation. Of the rising of the working classes, if any thing of the sort be attempted, we have not a shadow of doubt: we believe, also, that no army would be able to quell them. At all events, unexampled confusion and distress would inevitably follow, while not one counterbalancing benefit would arise from so preposterous a proceeding.

One word also of warning to the masters. It is currently reported—we cannot say how truly—that in one of the large manufacturing towns in the north of England,* a plan is in contemplation of suddenly closing every manufactory, and at once throwing all the men out of employment. We would fain hope, that any scheme so foolish and so cruel could never have been entertained. If, however, it be so, let the masters ponder well before they act upon it. Say what we will, the three days of Paris mainly arose from a similar proceeding. In that case, the meaning of the step was understood, and a sympathy existed between masters and men. Here, however, no such kindly feeling exists. The very first victims to popular fury would be the delinquent masters. They and their property would be immediately destroyed, and irreparable mischief done to the manufacturing interests of the country. There was also mentioned, as part of the scheme, the procuring two thousand horse as a guard, while the experiment was being tried. Let the masters recollect that two thousand horse cannot be placed in every manufacturing town; and that the shutting of the factories will be a signal to every Union in the country. Besides, two thousand horse would be nothing amid a population like that of the town to which we allude. A bloody and exterminating civil war would be the inevitable result; and, whatever might be the issue, the destruction of the masters and their whole fortunes would be certain.

Let the ministers and the masters then beware how they meddle with the 'Trades' Unions. So formidable a confederacy never yet existed among the great body of the people.

J. A. R.

NATURALIST'S LIBRARY. VOL. II.

NATURAL HISTORY OF MONKEYS. By Sir Wm. Jardine, Bart., &c. &c.

THE announcement of a treatise on monkeys cannot but be welcome to general readers as well as to naturalists. A substantive essay on the subject, comprising all that is known of this singular race of animals, has long been wanted. It is surprising, when we consider how long we have been partially acquainted with them, and how much the dubious kind of affinity apparent between them and our own species might seem to provoke curiosity, that our information as to their nature and habits should

* For obvious reasons, we do not mention the name of this town. We have, nevertheless, heard the project very openly discussed, and very implicit confidence given to the story.

hitherto have been scanty and incomplete. The conductors of the "Naturalist's Library" have done well in devoting one of their earliest volumes to the subject.

We have a strong interest in the history of these hairy folk. By some they have been proclaimed as the aborigines of the human race; and mankind appear to have pretty generally agreed in regarding them as a kind of cater-cousins. The late discoveries in animal organization have given them new claims on our curiosity. We want to trace the gradations by which these men of the woods approach or recede from their human relatives; to establish the precise distinction between the New Zealander and the orang; to pursue the chain of affinities which connect a Bonaparte with a baboon. It is time that some certainty were acquired concerning that Indian belief, which has mortified the self-love of mankind for years; and that the bitter theory of our countryman, Monboddo, should be fully disposed of. These are objects possessing a stronger claim on scientific assiduity than the motions of monads, or the amours of microscopic animalculæ.

The wisest of men, as we gather from Holy Writ, in the enumeration of his imports of "gold and ivory, and apes and peacocks," appears to have been fully alive to the interest of this inquiry. There is little reason to doubt that he penetrated the heart of the mystery: it is to be regretted that we possess no record of his zoological observations. It is impossible that he can have been silent on the subject, when doing the honours of his menagerie to the Queen of Sheba; and on this account, as well as on many others, it is unfortunate that so little has been preserved of the passages which occurred during her visit to Jerusalem. A word or two on this subject from the wisest of men would have been of great profit and authority, and the loss of his speculations would form a considerable article in any catalogue of *noticia deperdita*.

However self-love may disguise the emotion under the forms of mirth or disgust, the sight of a monkey awakens in us the consciousness of an affinity which we bear to no other animal. Look at that group in the street, and say whether an involuntary sense of humiliation does not arise at the sight of yonder rueful little ape, in his tattered red jacket and seedy unmentionables? He peers in your face with an air of human solicitude, and holds out his little brown hand, as one who should say, "Am I not a man and a brother?" You feel that his docility is of a kind wholly distinct from that of the draggled poodle which he bestrides. An irresistible sympathy makes you a sharer in his pitiful condition, and excites emotions at once ludicrous and mortifying. He appears sensible of his loss of caste, as one who has fallen upon disgrace and evil days: he accepts the proffered nut with a resentful mien, and takes off his cap, with an air of battered gentility, which comes home to our own bosoms.

We are disposed to ascribe our discomfort at such a spectacle to a cause more deeply seated than mere impatience of the grotesque caricature of the human form and gestures. Few persons, we think, would like to speak their secret thoughts in a monkey's company. The creature has a dangerous air of intelligence, which is suspicious, not so much from its quickness, as from its apparent affinity to our own. To this something unnatural and mysterious seems to be annexed. It would require a clear conscience to live, like Quarll, in solitary companionship with an ape: and we can imagine moments when the presence of such an associate would be almost intolerable. At all times it must be attended with an impression partaking of the distrust and restraint which the

necromant could never lay aside in the company of the demon he had subdued and bottled. No wonder that a rude people should ascribe to the monkey race the concealment of faculties surpassing their own. The most intelligent amongst us cannot perceive, without a mixture of fear and repugnance, the indomitable cunning, the supernatural vigilance, the dexterous furtiveness, and the keen relish for evil and mischief, displayed by these extraordinary munnikins. Their antics are almost unearthly, and appear the more elvish from the gravity with which every extravagance is performed. It would require but a little stretch of the imagination to regard them as parts of some heathen mystery; and we cannot wonder at that popular belief of the middle ages which described the figure of an ape as the favourite incarnation of demons and familiars. Of this not unnatural superstition, Sir Walter Scott has made a fine use, in that exquisite performance, "Wandering Willie's Tale."

There is matter for mortification and wonder in a comparison of our tardy and feeble motions, with the astounding quickness and levity of an animal, in structure so nearly resembling ourselves. The suppleness which has immortalized *l'homme sage* was but a feeble mimicry, and the flights of Monsieur Gouffe would have been disgraced by the stiffest greybeard in Monkey-land. The absence of tail, we speak it in sorrow, must for ever defeat all such efforts of human competition. Here the superiority of the monkey race is manifest; and when we observe the manifold advantages of an appurtenance, which Monboddo assures us we have only lost by degenerating, its use as a* third arm, a walking stick, a fishing-rod, a ladder, &c., &c.—we cannot regard the loss, as some have done, in the light of a privilege. In our journeys and labours we have need of all aids and appliances, and we have no reason to boast that we are destined to struggle through life without the comfort and assistance of tails. •

Notwithstanding what we have already said, it seems to us, on the whole, that the monkey character has been unjustly aspersed. All accounts that have been collected of their native habits, represent monkeys as living in peace and good-fellowship amongst themselves, and rejoicing in many virtues which mankind have agreed to praise, but rarely to practise. They are good husbands; and such affectionate parents, that it is to them Gall owes the discovery of *Philoprogenitiveness*, or No. 2; reverent towards the aged, social in their habits, Pythagoreans in diet, inoffensive neighbours,—deserving, in short, by the simplicity and alternate activity and contemplativeness of their lives, no unhonoured place amongst the Gymnosophists. It is bondage and exile that develop the qualities we stigmatize as odious. And with what justice can we condemn the propensity of these little people (strangers to European civilization) to damage and annoy their kidnappers and gaolers? Why they should be blamed for the display of hostility in revenge for wrong, or be expected to confide in those who have subjected them to irreparable injury, is a question which may reasonably be asked. The very fact of the monkey's irreclaimable viciousness in captivity, is evidence of his moral superiority over duller animals,—of his consciousness of the imprescriptible rights which have been invaded in his person. The wrong admits of no compromise; he is the weaker, indeed, and must submit per force,—but he does not, therefore, cease to murmur and resent. Cunning and vigilance, the arms of the feeble, supply the means of vengeance; and

• Vide Sir William Jardine on the South American Monkeys.

every opportunity is watched and employed with this object. Why should the tenacity of purpose which we admire in an American Indian be less respectable in a rib-nosed baboon?

And how do we educate our captives? Is the treatment which they undergo calculated to improve their morals, or reclaim the asperity of their temper? A system of stripes and persecution is not the most favourable to the development of intellect: the only allurements we employ are addressed to the monkeys' sensual appetites. They are taught to pick pockets and drink gin, and are turned out into the streets with bears and other vagabonds; is it wonderful, that depravity should follow such a course of instruction? Sir William gives us several anecdotes of a young orang, who was brought to England in company with Dr. Abel, the naturalist. The creature was remarkably gentle and docile, and might, by judicious treatment, have been taught to rival the celebrated ape, whose correspondence and attainments are recorded by the Kapellmeister* Kocisler; and like him would probably have learned to make verses, and occupy an undisputed place amongst the amateurs of the *salons*. But the doctor, by his own account, appears to have found greater pleasure in teasing than in teaching his fellow passenger. The narrative is chiefly occupied with details of the persecutions inflicted on the poor orang by the philosopher and his friends; in which, we must say, the animal appears to more advantage than his tormentors. An old sailor, to whom it became warmly attached, behaved with more kindness and wisdom; and found it a ready pupil;—but poor Jack could only communicate what he knew; so that all the orang gained, by his intercourse with mankind, was the art of drinking grog, and eating burgoo with a spoon. Such were the means employed to ascertain and develop the capacity of one of the most intelligent species of monkeys. It is not fair, until something more than this has been attempted, to deny their propensities and pronounce them irreclaimable.

The more nearly we examine animal history, the more vague appears the distinction usually drawn between *understanding* and *instinct*. It is not easy to define in what respect the wisdom of sagacious brutes differs from that of the human species. We find in a closer acquaintance with the former, the presence of combination, resource in unforeseen accidents, action influenced by experience, the power of mutual communication; in short, there is hardly an attribute, which we ascribe to the reasoning faculty, the traces of which may not be discovered, in perusing the habits of birds and quadrupeds. The old standard of distinction must evidently be laid aside, and some other definition adopted, to distinguish the supremacy of human intellect. It is not enough to say, that man is the only animal that speaks, and cooks, and makes tools. We feel that there is yet a higher and nobler distinction; but it is not established by any of the *formulae* hitherto employed. As to our monkey brethren, their aptitude for imitation alone would lead us to the conclusion, that the education and despatch of a few missionaries of their species might convert them, in exterior at least, to civilized habits. On the frontiers of South Africa, they already appear to dispute the palm of cultivation with the Bushmen, and might perhaps be instructed as easily as the Hottentot savages. But it is a question, after all, whether the exchange of silvan for urbane habits, would in anywise

* See Hoffmann's *Kleine Schriften*.

promote their respectability or happiness. From Sir William's pleasant description of their proceedings, in a natural state, we are inclined to think that they would gain little by the change. But we must indulge no longer in speculations of this kind, amidst which the volume before us has been almost forgotten.

It may seem presumptuous in us, unlearned as we are in scientific matters, to comment upon the Baronet's work; our excuse must be sought in the popular character of its subject. And we imagine that one purpose, at least, of the publication in which it appears, is to obtain the attention and support of general readers.

The commencement of the book announces, whimsically enough, a "*Natural History of Monkeys*," illustrated by plates, &c. &c., and a *portrait and memoir of Buffon*. We feared, at first, that something disrespectful to the French naturalist was designed; but, in place of offensive comparisons, we find a sober and laudatory memoir alone. How this may be said to *illustrate* the *Natural History of Monkeys* we have not been able to discover.

The first chapters are devoted to the general properties and habits of monkeys; concerning which little new information is imparted. The Baronet's summary has disappointed us: it is deficient in clearness and detail, and is chiefly composed of materials already well known. We are told that the abode and habits of monkeys are silvan, that they are generally gregarious, that their food is vegetable: that many exaggerated accounts of the species have been circulated by travellers; that savages, no wiser than they should be, have been frightened by the appearance of great hairy apes, "producing a chaos of sensations;" that some nations have thought them demons,* and others have worshipped them; that in India they have been congregated in hospitals, and that in one city, captured by General Goddard in 1780, there were 40,000 inhabitants, and an equal number of monkeys, &c. &c.; with all of which matters the world is already pretty well acquainted.

But the preamble becomes more interesting as the Baronet girds up his loins to demolish the suspicion of consanguinity between apes and Christian people; and we think he proves his case very satisfactorily on the whole. The entire structure of the monkey tribe bespeaks their destiny to be a climbing and scrambling life, amidst the branches of trees, and manifestly unfits them for continued progression in an erect posture. The Indian tradition is disposed off by an anatomical examination of the monkey's organs, proving that they cannot talk if they would. Although some of the South American tribes possess a splendid faculty of howling, no nearer approach to articulate speech can be attained. This is very comfortable and conclusive; and we are indebted to Sir William for delivering our minds from an unpleasant impression that has remained untouched too long. Some of his proofs are, nevertheless, a little equivocal: he considers, for instance, that the structure of the orang otang's foot, which, in walking, rests on the edge instead of the sole, with the toes turned inwards, sufficiently indicates its unfitness for that operation. Now this is hardly conclusive, unless the Baronet means to insinuate that the Americans, who, almost to a man, walk precisely thus, in defiance of dancing-masters, were also designed

* It is surprising that Sir William makes no allusion to the conjecture sported by Dr. Adam Clarke, in his learned Commentary on the Bible, as to the identity of the serpent which tempted Eve with one of the orang tribe.

ly nature for clambering amongst tree-tops alone. A similar remark may be made on the inference drawn from the stooping posture, (caused by the weight of the orang's head and jaws,) as disproving the intention of this animal *erectos ad sidera tollere vultus*. Did the author ever see Prince Talleyrand, or the Earl of Sefton? or would his theory include them amongst the genus *simia*? However, we may regard it as a settled fact, that monkeys were never destined to usurp the attitude or habits of man, although they may be taught most successfully to imitate both; and in a very genial way, as the following extract shows:—

Among the greater part of them the love of wine or diluted spirits becomes almost a passion. Vormær's orang one day, when loose, commenced its exploits by finishing a bottle of Malaga; and Happy Jerry, the rib-nosed baboon in Exeter 'Change, performed all his tricks upon the anticipation of gin and water; and the relish and expression with which it was taken, would have done *honour* (?) to the most accomplished taster.

We shall not attempt to pursue the scientific details, which, in fact, occupy two-thirds of the work. The orangs come first, as most nearly resembling man in size and appearance. They are of two kinds, the red and black. The former, *Pithecus Satyrus*, a native of Borneo, is a prodigious fellow, with a paunch like an alderman, and a most cynical physiognomy. When young, he is courteous and gentle,—but becomes terribly strong and savage with years. One adult, shot (for what crime is not stated) by Messrs. Craigyman and Fish, was upwards of seven feet in height. The black is smaller and less fierce; this is the African orang, known in Europe for its mimicry of mankind.

We then have the guenons, or long-tailed monkeys of the old world. At the head of these the Baronet places a certain *nasalis larvatus*, whose grotesque form almost leads us to suspect a hoax on the part of the engraver. The creature rejoices in a snout like the hook of an umbrella handle, a body like a porter pot, and a black vizard surrounded by a frill of white whisker; he is the "rarest monster" we ever saw represented. Yet he is ranked with a class which the author describes as "the most agreeable of the monkey race," "with forms light and graceful, and dispositions mild, peaceful, and affectionate." This is *un peu trop fort*, after such a specimen: we would ill like to trust to the affection of such a beauty as *Nasalis*.

Next come the baboons, the most disgusting of the monkey tribe,—the *sans culottes* of the species: and a rascally-looking set they are. Yet something may be said in their favour. Happy Jerry's accomplishments have already been hinted at, and he was a rib-nosed baboon. We have some amusing biographical particulars of this animal, whose talents were sufficient to redeem "a whole wilderness of monkeys" from opprobrium. He was a thorough citizen of the world; and would sit and smoke with the decorum of a Turk, and wind up with a stiff glass of toddy, like any Christian. We are told how he dined with George IV. at Windsor, and had good manners enough, on that occasion, to depart from his customary vegetable diet, and partake heartily of the royal venison. This was no ordinary baboon.

The next in order are the monkeys of South America; smaller, it is true, than those of the old world, but excelling in the splendour of their tails. Amongst these are the howlers, the sapajous, and most of the small and beautifully furred monkeys. There is one, however, well named *Pithecus Sathanas*, a Brazilian, whose face is certainly the most diabolically grim that can be conceived. Humboldt, with little regard to human

feelings, says that of all the South American monkeys, this wretch has the strongest resemblance to man. We are no great sticklers for the beauty of our species, but either Mr. Lizars has belied the beast, or the Baron is the veriest libeller in existence. The description of a numerous tribe of minikin monkeys, almost absolutely quadruped in form and habits, completes the series.

Respecting the classification and other scientific features of this work, we do not pretend to offer our opinion. We think the nature of the subject required a greater attention to what may be termed the *morale* of the monkey race, than the Baronet has given. His details on this head are scanty and vague; and in closing the volume, we feel that we have gained more new information as to the character of the species from Mr. Lizars' excellent delineations, than from all Sir William's history: with the exception of the distinction established between men and monkeys, to which allusion has already been made.

The book, moreover, presents not a few difficulties to the unlearned reader. The Baronet, in general, adopts a style of writing which is quite too recondite for persons of ordinary understanding. In many passages we have been utterly unable to pronounce with certainty upon the author's meaning, for want of sufficient insight into the mysteries of his language. We subjoin a few of these thorny puzzles, which some of the initiated would oblige us by explaining. Perhaps in the next edition the Baronet, himself, will condescend to favour us with a note or two, by way of interpretation.

Speaking of monkeys in general, p. 26, he says,—

Their habits *would require much patience*, and a greater allowance of time than it is often possible for those individuals who possess the enviable opportunities to devote to them.

Was the *investigation* of their habits meant to be elegantly understood here? P. 31.

An evergreen, or the hollow of some decaying tree, *like the shrouded owls*, are the abode during the day of other small species.

An evergreen like the shrouded owls! Of what small species *are* the shrouded owls the abode? P. 50.

In intellect we consider the quadrumanous *animals*, notwithstanding what has been written and recorded of many of them, not superior, and in many cases inferior to others of the animal creation; it has the *same* constitutional distinction, and presents the same great differences from a true reasoning power.

What this latter clause signifies we cannot, at all, comprehend. P. 58.

The black orang is a native of Africa, and particularly of the Guinea coast and Angola; *they* are said to live in vast troops.

We, at least, never heard before that the Guinea coast and Angola lived, either in troops or single.

In p. 83, the Baronet, speaking of a monkey, on the head of which a cat was wont to perch, says,—

In this position the claws became troublesome from their restlessness, and were sometimes attempted to be pulled out. This could not be accomplished; but so much pleasure appeared to be *experienced by the position*, that the inconvenience of *their scratches* was afterwards unheeded.

A *position* experiencing pleasure, and *their scratches*! There is something very abstruse in this, which we cannot fathom.

P. 103. The Siamang, by some naturalists, has been separated from the other long-armed apes, on account of the feet. They have the first and second toes closely united. (The apes or the naturalists?) *It was discovered by Sir Stamford Raffles.*"

What was discovered?

But there is something yet more remarkable in a passage concerning the *Entellus* Monkey, p. 122.

It is a native of the Indian archipelago, and some parts of the continent; and, upon comparison of the relations of travellers, must abound in many parts of these countries, where *they* (the travellers?) are venerated, or at least looked upon with a kind of superstitious awe, which prevents the natives from destroying *them*, and makes *them* often suffer from their depredations.

Here is a passage possessing great metaphysical or metaphorical difficulties.

The mona, says Sir William, p. 131, is superior to all the guenons in the elegance of its form and grace of its movements, the mildness of its disposition, the delicacy (?) of understanding, and sagacity of countenance; and its outward adornments vie with its internal acquirements, in the beauty and variety of their tints. (!!!!!)

The following gives us a singular account of the manufacture of an opportunity.

In their attacks, (those, namely, of the *cercopebus cynosurus*,) the opportunity is watched when the person or animal is off *their* guard, and otherwise employed; and it is always made from behind.

We shall conclude our extracts with the subjoined almost incredible account of the benevolence displayed by the sapajous. The prolixity and extent of the embraces of this tribe, must be unrivalled, unless by those which Pope imagined in describing the effects of self-love in a virtuous mind. After stating the size, habits, &c., of the sapajous, Sir William proceeds to say, p. 175,

They are gregarious, and, generally speaking, they may be said to supply the place of the guenons of the old world. *They embrace all the remaining monkeys of the new world which are possessed of prehensile tails.*

Gregarious indeed, with a vengeance! What, *all* the owners of prehensile tails? Why, these poor monkeys must pass their entire lives in giving and receiving the *accolade*!

It is with great diffidence that we speak of the works of the learned; but were the specimens above given extracted from the writings of an ordinary author, we should say that they betrayed ignorance or carelessness; either alike disgraceful and disqualifying for appearance before the public. And we must say, that the frequency of such slip-slop as we have quoted, in a treatise professedly didactic, is not well calculated to inspire the student with much reverence for the authority of a teacher, who appears thus absolutely unable to manage the vehicle in which his doctrine is conveyed. From authors of high scientific reputation, too much may at times be required; but surely it is not unreasonable to expect that they should at least write intelligible and grammatical English.

THE LAST CAMPAIGN OF LEGITIMACY.

THE great cause of legitimacy, to prop which Britain incurred her national debt, and Europe poured forth blood and treasure, has suffered in many ways during the last forty years; but the honour of giving it the finishing blow was reserved for the Duchess of Berri. The antagonist principles of legitimacy and illegitimacy were, for the first time, fairly

matched in the fastnesses of La Vendée, and in the *Demoiselles Deguigny's Mansards*. The latter triumphed; and to the Queen Mother—the Duchess Regent—belongs the glory of having converted the *prestige* of loyalty to *crowns*, into a ridicule which, in France, is more irreparable and fatal, even to a cause that is just, than any other kind of failure. It is impossible, on the soil of France, to surmount disgrace, combined with the ludicrous. “Stick to the crown were it hanging on a bush,” was the dying injunction of the old English cavalier to his children. But the Duchess has not left even a bush upon which the gaudy toy may be presumed hanging. The Bourbon crown, tied to the apron-string of a mad-cap Queen Regent, who, by the statements of her best friends, is ignorant, presumptuous, giddy, headstrong, and self-willed, even beyond the ordinary pitch of princes, becomes more an object of contempt and laughter than of either the rational respect of ultra-royalist men or enthusiastic veneration to women. After the fatal campaign of the Duchess, it is impossible to connect a high sentiment or loyal prejudice with the cause in which she fell. “From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step,” said Napoleon. Did he foresee the *faux pas* of “the extraordinary heroine” of La Vendée, as we find the Duchess named in the last *Quarterly Review*. The tragic-comic crusade of this lady had ended in farce so broad that we could not have believed it would have stood another bout of laughter to grinning Europe, till gravely assured, on the authority of the first English organ of legitimacy, that than the adventures of “this EXTRAORDINARY HEROINE, neither the adventures of Charles II. nor of Charles Edward are so romantic, nor were either of them called upon for so much personal exertion of body and mind as the Duchess.” This was a whet to curiosity. Everything considered, the Duchess, from the 4th of June, when the gallant but infatuated Chouans, in spite of their adverse feelings, and their disapproving judgment, rose at her command, till the 16th of that month when she was safely lodged, for the next five months, in Nantes, in the dwelling of the *Demoiselles Deguigny*, the Duchess, for “a lady in her condition” must have undergone considerable fatigue of body. Her mind we should take to be of the order which gives its possessor little disquiet in any way; violent enough in its passions, but undisturbed by reflection, and never, in the least, disposed to turn inward and prey upon itself. We had foolishly imagined that the world had heard enough of *Marie-Caroline*, and that her admirers would have seen it to be wisdom to say as little about her as possible. Where was the good of it? The “catastrophe” and *denouement*, though scarcely so innocent as that of that other “extraordinary heroine,” Mr. Barrett’s “*Héroïne*,” *Cherubina*, to wit, was as inevitable. Both were forced to end the campaign, and capitulate, from those inglorious infirmities to which heroic female flesh is quite as much heir as the frailer fibre of mere ordinary woman. The *Quarterly Review* entertains a different opinion from ours. It renews the campaign in its romantic history. It grounds an attempt to whitewash the errant Duchess, on the narrative of her adventures in La Vendée, purporting to be written by old General Dermoncourt, who, after a gallant skirmishing campaign against the misled Chouans, had the honour, at last, of captivating the Duchess, and the higher felicity of becoming, by Parisian rumour, the captive of the fair eyes of some one of her ladies. At least, he had his grey head turned by the attentions of the fair Regent, and merited and received the distinction of being superseded for his superannuated gallantry.

The work, after all, was, it appears, not composed by the General

He only talked over his adventures to a more skilled artificer in plaster of Paris compositions; and to the pen of Alexander Dumas, we, it would seem, really do owe the drama, of which the *Quarterly Reviewer* says, "We doubt much whether M. Chateaubriand's elegant pen could have produced anything so likely to re-elevate the character of the Duchess of Berri in France, or even in Europe, as this unpretending, but forcible panegyric from the lips of her captor." This is, at least, high panegyric on the volume composed or dictated under the influence of the flatterers of the illustrious prisoner, who had turned the head, and openly tampered with the fidelity of the brave old General. He was, fortunately for himself, as we think, separated from her society in a very few days, and before he had been guilty of more than the glaring indiscretions of which this volume affords so many proofs. The *Quarterly Reviewer*, severe in political virtue, sternly denounces the infamy of those Ministers of Louis Philippe, Montalivet and Thiers, who, by bribery, converted *Madame's* confidential agent, the Jew Deutz, into their own tool. He pronounces grandly, "*Their ignoble names, if they should ever reach posterity, will do so in vile association with that of Deutz,*" but he entirely overlooks the attempts made by the Duchess and her *dames* to seduce the old General from his duty and allegiance. After a scene of this kind had passed, General Dermoncourt says,

I dropped the hand of the Duchess, which I held.

"All the respect that your Royal Highness is entitled to you may claim from me; every service you may ask of me, which lies within the compass of my ability, I will cheerfully perform, and consider myself fortunate in being able to do so; your every wish also, if I can guess it, I will anticipate—" I suddenly stopped.

"But why say all this?" said the Duchess.

"I will," I continued, "ask your Royal Highness only one thing in return, which is to request Mademoiselle Stylite never to allude to the same subject again."

"You hear this, Stylite," said the Duchess. "Let us talk of something else. Did you ever see my son, General?"

"I never had that honour, Madam."

"Well, he is a brave child; very mad like me, very obstinate like me; but, like me, devoted, body and soul, to France."

"You love him much, no doubt?"

"As dearly as a mother can love her son."

"Such being the case, your Royal Highness must allow me to observe, that I cannot comprehend how, after all was over in La Vendée, when, after the actions at Vieilleveigne and La Penissiere, all hope was lost, you did not think of returning to that son whom you love so dearly. We gave you plenty of time and opportunity."

It is now our purpose to trace rapidly the principal events of the campaign of the *Quarterly's* "extraordinary heroine," whose adventures were more romantic, and her exertions greater than those of our own Royal Charleses.

The gallant narrator, be he Dumas or Dermoncourt, felicitously describes these adventures as things "which began *à la Marie-Therese*, and ended *à la Marie-Louise*." For this ill-timed pleasantry, he is rebuked by the reviewer. Notwithstanding the encomiums passed upon his chivalrous feeling and gallantry towards the *Quarterly's* heroine, he is told "the work might have ended in better taste without this last pleasantry, which involves Napoleon's widow Marie-Louise in the same censure to which the Duchess of Berri has unfortunately exposed herself; frailty is certainly no excuse for frailty, and the cases are not parallel, for Marie-Louise never volunteered to make her conduct a national concern; but General Dermoncourt was probably, and certainly not unreasonably indignant at the hypocrisy of a party in France, which censured, so severely and brutally in *Marie-Caroline*, "*mésalliance* which they

forgave, and even applauded in *Marie-Louise*." Now all this, the "hypocrisy" especially, comes with admirable grace and effect from the relentless and remorseless detractors of Caroline of Brunswick. Twelve years have rolled over her grave, over her errors, her virtues, her wrongs, and her ill-starred fortunes; and here we find her memory forming the subject of a scoffing article in this same *Review*, and in juxtaposition with this vindication of the last heroine of legitimacy. Admirable consistency! How many orthodox standards in morals, in manners, and in mercies to frail sinners do the Tory oracles recognise? This one assures us of his belief, that Deutz, the Jew-traitor, must have been a—*Liberal*;—this is candid! We, however, admit his justification of *Marie-Louise*. In marrying, or misallying herself with her chamberlain, she probably, though forgetting her *glory*, consulted her happiness, and probably strengthened her virtues in lessening her rank. There can be no common term to designate her ties, and those still mysterious and degrading *liaisons* of the Duchess Regent, which the Quarterly reviewer gently calls her *misalliance*.

The ex-King Charles X. and his children have all along opposed the pretensions of the Duchess of Berri to the Regency. They have never yet, without a struggle, allowed her to assume much influence in the education of her son. By late accounts, it would appear that the ex-King has even attempted to recall or nullify his act of abdication in favour of his grand-son, and that the Duchess Regent refuses, in her son's name, to sanction a nullification of the solemn act, by which the finest kingdom in Europe was handed over by a dethroned and superannuated prince to a child; like a rattle flung aside, or a box of bon-bons, for which the grey-headed original proprietor had no longer taste or teeth. How heartily the men of the 20th century must laugh at the "wisdom of their ancestors," which seriously discussed this and similar acts, and fought and bled, and lavished to maintain and make them good! To them they will probably appear about as authoritative as the act by which the *pious* Pope Alexander VI., and others of their Holinesses, portioned out the New World recently discovered, or yet to be found, among their favourite tributary kings. These *wills* were questioned even then by refractory reigning princes. The rebellious people are the questioners of the modern deeds of sovereign conveyancing.

With some difficulty *Marie Caroline* at last wrung from her imbecile father-in-law a letter dated at Edinburgh, addressed to the chiefs of La Vendée, bidding them recognise in her the Regent of France. Furnished with these credentials, the abortive insurrection was organized in the latter part of 1830, and in the spring of the following year. During this period the Duchess lived in different parts of Italy. Delusion and gross deception prevailed on all hands. The chiefs of La Vendée were flattered with hopes of foreign aid; and to the Carlists everywhere, the strength, spirit, and importance of La Vendée, to the cause of legitimacy, was exaggerated and misrepresented. Before the bubble burst, every man of sense was quite aware of the real position of the royalist party; but "*le Diable et la Duchesse*" drove them on. The La Vendée of 1830 was no longer that of 1794. The new purchasers of national property had a strong interest in supporting the *Mouvement*; and are directly opposed by that interest to the Carlist nobles and their diminishing retainers. The youth of the country, forced out by the conscription, had mingled in the armies of Napoleon, and brought back the new ideas;

and the *men* and electors had long proved their opinions by sending patriotic deputies to the Chambers.

The semblance of a civil war was at this time absolutely necessary to Louis Philippe. La Vendée furnished a safety-valve for the overboiling military feeling of the youth of France, bent on war for "principle," whether with the Carlists, the Pope, Nicholas, Miguel, or the Dutch King. The People of Europe had appealed to France, and all France responded to that flattering appeal! At this crisis the mad crusade of the Duchess tallied exactly with the wary policy of Louis Philippe. She formed his most useful auxiliary.

But our object is private, and not political history. The Duchess Regent, to be near France, resided openly for some time in Piedmont. The royalists crowded to her, to aid in organizing the insurrection which was to restore Henry V., and establish his mother in the Regency. The government of the Tuileries remonstrated, and his Sardinian Majesty, though, by constitution, very well disposed to the cause of the Holy Alliance, was compelled to send the lady out of his dominions. He wrote her a letter which contains an edifying *exposé* of the tactics of the Holy Alliance. "He informed her that the sovereigns of Europe, too much harassed themselves by popular discontent manifested in their own dominions, to meddle with other countries, so long as it could be avoided, were unwilling to wage a war of principles with France, as they should be but badly seconded by their own subjects. It was their intention, however, to unite against the French nation on the slightest aggression which could afford them a plausible pretence for doing so."

The letter concluded with the order for her departure. The indignation of the Duchess was right royal. "She could not comprehend how Charles Albert, whom she had seen with *epaulets of red wool*, join, as a volunteer, the French army destined to conquer Spain, could so soon forget the kind reception he had met with at the court of Charles X.; and how, eight years after, having himself become a king, he could order her to quit his dominions. This letter was a *source of humiliation* to which she constantly alluded in her conversation with those Frenchmen who went to Sestri to receive her commands."

The Duchess went to Rome where the Pope presented to her the too famous Christianized Jew, Deutz.

She resolved to land in France, "though every prudent man, however warmly he might be attached to the restoration of her son, wrote her not to come." According to her admirer, the gallant old Dermoncourt, this lady, remarkable for self-willedness, "restless, and adventurous," possesses another quality often attributed to Princes as well as Irish pigs. "It is a peculiarity," he says, "in the character of the Duchess of Berri, to adhere more strongly to her resolutions when any opposition is offered to them;" and, accordingly, having determined to land in France, and hazard every extremity of suffering to the unhappy persons whose mistaken sense of loyalty placed them in connexion with a woman whose incapacity was only surpassed by her violence, she made good her purpose. Her landing was characteristic of all her subsequent proceedings. It blew so hard that the captain would not land; but it "being a peculiarity in the character of the Duchess to adhere more strongly to her resolution when any opposition is offered to them," she peremptorily ordered out a boat, and, with Menors and General Bourmont, reached the shore unperceived, and after considerable danger. Night set in. She slept under a rock, wrapped in a cloak, with the two gentlemen as her guards. With day-

light they could observe the progress of the preconcerted movement in Marseilles. They saw the white flag raised; soon, however, to be displaced by the tri-color; and heard the drums beating to arms,—the National Guards assembled, the few Carlists who had mustered took fright, the steamer stood off to sea, and MADAME, and her two knights, having their retreat thus cut off, were forced to adopt some expedient. The resolution adopted by the Duchess was to cross the kingdom, and take shelter in La Vendée.

She declared, that since she had entered France, she would not leave it, and, with the rapidity always attendant upon her resolves, gave orders for immediate departure. She was desirous of taking advantage of the darkness of the night to make the first stage as long as possible. They had neither horse, nor mule, nor carriage but the Duchess declared that she was a very good walker. Nothing was now wanting but a guide; and the owner of the hut* having offered his services, the mother of Henry V. replied by repeating her orders for instant departure.

The Duchess of Berri had a friend residing in the neighbourhood of Montpellier, upon whose fidelity and attachment she could depend. It was therefore advisable to reach his house as soon as possible; but as the high roads were, no doubt, already guarded, and a woman and two men of the appearance of the princess and her companions, travelling on foot, whether they journeyed by day or by night, could not possibly escape the attention of the police, her royal highness asked the guide, if he knew of any road through the mountains, and on his replying in the affirmative, exclaimed, "Then lead the way."

The little party now left the sea-shore. The night was dark, and they could distinguish Marseilles at the other extremity of the bay, only by its numerous lights, which twinkled like stars. Now and then a murmur arose from the agitated city, and being carried forward by a low and humid current of air, reached the ears of the travellers. Then the Duchess would turn round, cast another parting glance towards the city of her lost hopes, and again resume her wearisome journey with a sigh. These symptoms of regret did not, however, last long; and no sooner had she lost sight of Marseilles, than she seemed to have forgotten her disappointment, and to think of nothing but the road, the difficulties and ruggedness of which increased with every step of her progress.

The fatigue, hardship, and privations, which the Duchess of Berri underwent on this and subsequent journeys, and when afterwards engaged for ten days in the insurrectionary movements of the Chouans, her condition too, being that in which "ladies wish to be who love their lords," is incredible. She suffered more personal hardship than would have destroyed a half dozen *poissardes* in like circumstances; nor is it unreasonable to assume that one motive to her exertions might have been that of Christian, the pilgrim, in the Slough of Despond, struggling to get rid of his burden. The conduct of the Duchess, at this time, is more like that of a reckless creature abandoned to despair under the apprehension of discovery, by the parish beadle, and disgrace from society, than that of a rational being who cared anything for herself; laying altogether out of view the many noble and disinterested persons she was involving, in what they saw to be utter ruin.

On the morning of her second bivouac, an adventure occurred, which is worthy of commemoration, and another proof of the desperate feelings of the Duchess.

At dawn of day the Duchess awoke. The instant there was light enough, the guide, who had gone astray, discovered where he was. The Duchess perceiving a country-seat at a little distance, asked to whom it belonged.

"To a furious republican," the guide answered; "and, what is more, he is Maire of the commune of C * * *." "Very well," replied the princess, "conduct me thither." Her companions looked at her with astonishment.

* A charcoal burner's hut, in which Bourmont had left the Duchess while he reconnoitred.

"Gentlemen," she said, in the tone of voice which she always assumes when her determination is irrevocable, turning towards them, and without giving them time to speak, "the moment is come when we must part. There is less danger for us separately than if we remained together. Monsieur de Bourmont, you shall receive my orders at Nantes: proceed thither, and wait there for me. Monsieur de Menars, do you reach Montpellier; there I will let you know where I am. Adieu, gentlemen; I wish you a safe journey, and may God be with you! So saying, she gave them her hand to kiss, and took leave of them. They both withdrew, well knowing that remonstrance would be vain. The Duchess, on finding herself alone, repeated her order to the guide to conduct her to the house of the maire. In a quarter of an hour they were in the maire's drawing-room, and notice was given to the master of the house that a lady wanted to speak to him in private. He made his appearance in about ten minutes, and the Duchess advanced to meet him.

"Sir," said she, "you are a republican, I know; but no political opinions can be applied to a proscribed fugitive. I am the Duchess of Berri,—and I am come to ask you for an asylum."

"My house is at your service, Madam."

"Your office enables you to provide me with a passport, and I have depended on your getting one for me."

"I will procure you one."

"I must to-morrow proceed to the neighbourhood of Montpellier; will you afford me the means of doing so?"

"I will myself conduct you thither."

"Now, Sir," continued the Duchess, holding out her hand to him, "order a bed to be got ready for me, and you shall see that the Duchess of Berri can sleep soundly even under the roof of a republican."

Next evening, the Duchess was near Montpellier; she had travelled thither in the maire's *char-à-banc*, seated by his side.

It is quite clear that there was no urgent desire to arrest the Duchess at this time, nor indeed at any time.

She travelled from Montpellier to Toulouse with M. de Menars, and there held a sort of public levee, of which an old maiden royalist lady, who was affronted at not receiving an invitation, ran about and told everybody. Sometimes her movements were all mystery, at other times she threw off all fear.

From Toulouse, she was accompanied by M. de Menars, to the chateau of a Carlist, in the vicinity of her final prison, the fortress of Blaye. From this resting-place, where she remained a week, she wrote to her partisans at Nantes, those in the south, and also in Paris, exhorting them to "take courage! *I am in France*, and shall soon be in La Vendée. It is from thence you will receive my definitive orders, and they will reach you before the 25th instant. Get ready then; there has been nothing but mistake and error in the south. *I am satisfied with its preparations; it will perform its promises.* My faithful provinces in the west never fail in theirs. In a short time, all France shall be called upon to resume its ancient dignity and its ancient happiness."

A proclamation, by Madame, was issued to the inhabitants of the western provinces.

"I am at length among this people of heroes. Open your doors to the fortunes of France; I will place myself at your head, certain as I am of conquering with such men."

"Henry V. calls upon you; his mother, the Regent of France, has devoted herself to your happiness: on some future day Henry V. will be our brother in arms, should the enemy threaten our faithful countries. Let us repeat our old, and our new cry, 'Long live the King! Long live Henry V!'"

It was with the utmost reluctance that the chiefs of La Vendée, after earnest remonstrances, obeyed the call of this weak and vain creature, urged on by so many private and purely selfish motives, in the mad career she had commenced; nor can the most fantastic loyalty, and over-

strained sense of honour, palliate the weakness and guilty cowardice of the men who plunged their country into a hopeless civil war, and sacrificed their brave and devoted followers, for the obstinacy or caprice of a heartless, brainless woman. Seven of the twelve chiefs, who were to lead the twelve divisions of the Generalissimo Charrette, protested against the order to rise, on a fixed day, in the name of their men, whom they sent to their homes; but declared that, so far as regarded their individual persons, their blood, under all circumstances, belonged to the Duchess, and they were ready to shed it for her. They trusted, however, that she surely would not assume before God and man the terrible responsibility of dragging their peasants into an attempt which would prove nothing but a sanguinary and useless piece of rashness, since La Vendée, reduced to its own means, had no other hope but to protract a civil war in four or five departments, which would thereby be cut off from all communication with the rest of France.

The separatists were ridiculed, by the Duchess and her friends, under the nickname of *Pancailliers*, a species of cabbage, which springs rapidly, and then decays without forming in a head. The Marquis of Coislin, one of the most distinguished of the Carlists, did all in his power to dissuade the Duchess from her mad enterprise, by arguments addressed at great length, to the reason and generosity, with which she did not happen to be endowed. The Regent would not be convinced, and De Coislin rushed upon ruin, to himself and the cause, with his eyes open, and prepared against the day when, by Madame's express orders, which every loyal gentleman was bound to obey, arms were to be assumed.

General de Bourmont, who had reached Nantes, was as adverse to the movement as any one else, and ventured to suspend the order for a few days, in the hope that the Regent might be brought to reason; and the Carlists in Paris, to whom the Duchess had sent her imperative orders, without even the key to the cypher in which they were conveyed, were in utter consternation. As the Duke of Fitzjames and Chateaubriand durst not hazard a journey to La Vendée, without incurring suspicion, the task of warning the Regent, was deputed to M. Berryer. The organization of La Vendée is shewn by the following singular extract, and still better by what follows in the description of M. Berryer's route to the head quarters of the Duchess. Having given a military survey of the country, the historian of the campaign says,

But these roads are scarcely more favourable to military operations than the smaller cross-roads. Bordered on either side with wide and deep ditches, bushes, and trees, sometimes between two slopes, they give the Chouans great facility in forming ambuscades on their whole length. Besides this, each individual estate, great and small, is surrounded with a hedge; and these estates communicate with one another, only by means of small wickets made of the same materials as the enclosure. The inhabitants of the country alone can discover these openings, termed *échalières*; and if pursued, can raise a wicket and replace it so as to render the spot where they passed imperceptible to their pursuers. Thus, a Vendean, as I have already stated, follows every strategic calculation of the military art, especially when made for open plains.

As for the army which you expect every instant to encounter, it vanishes like smoke, for in truth it has no existence.

When a day is fixed on to strike a blow, at daybreak or even during the night, the tocsin is sounded in the village designated as the point of union. The neighbouring villages reply in the same manner, and the villagers quit their cottages, if it be in the night, or their ploughs if in the day, throwing upon their shoulder the gun which they scarcely ever quit. Having stuffed their belt with cartridges, they tie their handkerchief round a broad-brimmed hat which shades their sun-burnt countenance, stop at their church to utter a short prayer, then inspired with a two-fold faith, in God and in the justice of their cause, they wend their way from all parts of the coun-

try to the common centre. Their chiefs soon arrive, who acquaint them with the cause of their being assembled; and if the object be to attack some patriot column, these chiefs state the road which the column will pursue, and the hour it will pass. Then, when this information is well understood by all, the chief in command gives them the plan of the battle in the following words:

"Éparpillez vous, mes gars!" "Scatter yourselves my fine fellows!"

Immediately each breaks, not from the ranks, but from the group, marches off his own way, proceeds onward with precaution and in silence, and in a short time every tree, every bush, every tuft of furze bordering either side of the high-road, conceals a peasant with a gun in one hand and supporting himself with the other, crouched like a wild beast, without motion and scarcely breathing.

Meanwhile, the patriot column, uneasy at the thought of some unknown danger, advances towards the defile, preceded by scouts, who pass without seeing, touch without feeling, and are allowed to go by scathless. But the moment the detachment is in the middle of the pass, jammed in between two sloping banks, as if it were in an immense rut, and unable to deploy either to the right or to the left—a cry, sometimes an imitation of that of an owl, issues from one extremity, and is repeated along the whole line of ambuscade. This indicates that each is at his post. A human cry succeeds, one of war and of death. In an instant each bush, each tuft of furze, glares with a sudden flash, and a shower of balls strikes whole files of soldiers to the earth, without their being able to perceive the enemies who slaughter them. The dead and wounded lie piled upon each other on the road; and if the column is not thrown into disorder, and the voices of the officers are heard above the firing—if, in short, the troops attempt to grapple body to body with their assailants, who strike without showing themselves—if they climb the slope like a glacis, and scale the hedge like a wall, the peasants have already had time to retire behind a second enclosure, whence the invisible firing recommences as murderous as before. Should this second bridge be stormed in the same manner, ten, twenty, nay, a hundred similar entrenchments offer successive shelters to this destructive retreat: for the country is thus divided for the security of the children of the soil, which seems to show a maternal solicitude for their preservation, by offering them a shelter everywhere, and their enemies everywhere a grave.

It is not wonderful that rebellion, when the heart is in it, which it was far from being in the last movement, is not easily subdued in La Vendée.

M. Berryer's route is a tale of romance. After an interview with Bourmont at Nantes, who highly approved of his purpose of dissuading the Duchess Regent, in name of her friends and her son's cause, in Paris, from her wild enterprize, he inquired at her agents in Nantes, where he was to find the "heroine." He was thus guided:—

In fact, no sooner did the peasant perceive the cabriolet in motion than he trotted forward, so that M. Berryer could follow without losing sight of him. In this manner they crossed the bridges and entered the open country. The peasant never once turned his head towards the person he was guiding, but jogged on with such apparent carelessness and inattention, that M. Berryer more than once thought himself the dupe of some mystification. With regard to the cab-driver, as he was not in the secret, he could give no information about the road they were pursuing; and when, on his asking whither he was to drive, his fare had merely replied, "Follow that man," he strictly obeyed the injunction, and took no more notice of the guide than the latter took of him.

After a journey of two hours and a half, during which M. Berryer felt considerable uneasiness, they arrived at a small town, and the peasant on horseback stopped in front of the only inn it contained, and alighted. The cab immediately drew up at the same place, and M. Berryer got out. The peasant then continued his journey on foot; and M. Berryer, having told the cab-driver to wait for him there till six o'clock the next evening, instantly followed his strange guide.

Having advanced about a hundred yards, the guide entered a house; and as during this short walk M. Berryer had gained upon him, he followed close at his heels. The man opened the door of the kitchen, where the mistress of the house was alone, and pointing to M. Berryer, who was close behind him said:—"Here's a gentleman who must be conducted."

"He shall be conducted," replied the mistress of the house.

No sooner had she uttered these words than the peasant opened a door and disappeared, without giving M. Berryer time to thank or remunerate him. The mistress

of the house then made the stranger a sign to be seated, and continued, without saying a single syllable, to attend to her household affairs, as if she were alone.

A silence of three-quarters of an hour succeeded the sole mark of politeness which M. Berryer had received, and was only interrupted by the arrival of the master of the house, who bowed to the stranger without evincing either surprise or curiosity; only he looked towards his wife, and the latter, without stirring from her place, and without interruption to what she was doing, repeated the words previously uttered by the guide—"Here's a gentleman who must be conducted."

In this manner he was conducted from post to post, by silent guides, till, in defiance of General Derruoncourt's patrols, he reached *Madame* at a farm-house, and the Vendean chief, giving the password, they were admitted.

"We want to see Monsieur Charles," said the chief.

"He is asleep," the old woman replied; "but he gave orders to be immediately informed if any one arrived. Come into the kitchen, and I will go and awaken him."

"Tell him that it is M. Berryer from Paris."

The old woman left them in the kitchen, and they approached the huge fire-place, in which were still some burning embers, the remains of the fire used during the day. One extremity of a board was in the fire-place, whilst at the other there was a slit containing one of those lighted pieces of pine which, in the Vendean cottages, are used as torches in lieu of lamps or candles.

In about ten minutes she returned, and informed M. Berryer that Monsieur Charles was ready to receive him. He accordingly followed her up a rickety staircase outside the house, which seemed scarcely fastened to the wall. It led to a small room on the first floor, the only one in the house at all fit to be inhabited.

This was the apartment of the Duchess of Berri, into which the old woman ushered M. Berryer, shut the door, and returned to the kitchen.

All M. Berryer's attention was now directed to the Duchess, who was in bed, upon a wooden bedstead, clumsily made with a hedging-bill. She had sheets of the finest lawn, and was covered with a Scotch shawl of green and red plaid. She had on her head one of those woollen coifs worn by the women of the country, the pinnars of which fall over the shoulders. The walls of the room were bare, the apartment was warmed by an awkward stove of plaster of Paris, and the only furniture, besides the bed, was a table covered with papers, upon which were two brace of pistols, and in a corner, a chair, upon which lay the complete dress of a peasant boy, and a black wig.

I have already stated that the object of M. Berryer's interview with the Duchess was to persuade her to quit France; but, as I cannot give the particulars of this conversation without intruding, into matters of general interest, such as might prove injurious to private individuals, I shall pass it over in silence. The reader, with the details we have already given, may easily supply this deficiency. At three o'clock in the morning, but not until that hour, the Duchess of Berri yielded to the arguments urged by M. Berryer, both in his own name, and in that of his party. Nevertheless, though she might easily have convinced herself that very little advantage could be expected from an armed insurrection, it was not without tears and cries of despair that she gave up the point.

"Well, it is settled," she said; "I must quit France; but I will not return, you may depend upon it; for I will not come back with foreign armies. They are only waiting, as you well know, for a proper time; then, when the day comes, they will demand my son. Not that they care much more about him than they did about Louis XVIII. in 1813; but he will prove a means of their having a party at Paris. Well! but they shall not have my son; they shall not have him upon any consideration. I would rather he should labour in the mountains of Calabria. Look you, M. Berryer; if he is to purchase the throne of France by the cession of a province, of a city, of a fortress, of a house, nay, of a poor cottage such as I now inhabit, I give you the word of a Regent and a mother that he shall never be king."

This was a clap-trap, which the Duchess constantly employed to flatter the feeling of the national glory, shared alike by Carlist and Republican. She had agreed to quit France, and a route was arranged, but in a few hours she changed her mind, doubtless for more reasons than her friends could at that time understand. M. Berryer

returned in consternation to Nantes ; and the Regent of France issued a fresh proclamation, commanding that the rising, fixed for the 24th of May, should take place on the 4th of June. " I call all men of valour to my standard ! God will aid us in saving our country ; no danger, no fatigue shall discourage me ; I will appear at the very first meeting."—Bourmont had no alternative, and made a virtue of necessity.

The troops and national guard were now in full activity. Skirmishes took place frequently during the week ; the chateaux of the Vendean chiefs were searched, plundered of stores and papers, and sometimes burnt. Several of the leaders were surprised by the activity of General Dermoncourt, and made prisoners ; and if his head was afterwards, as we have said, a little turned by the blandishments of his heroine, he at this time did excellent service, and, moreover, shewed great generosity to all his prisoners. It was well known that the Duchess of Berri was in the field, and every day reports were abroad that she was captured. Her wardrobe was captured, and her saddle. However severe the duty of the Duchess while on active service, the period was not of very long duration. The rising was on the 4th of June : before the 16th of that month, as she obstinately refused to quit France, she was induced to enter Nantes in disguise. This scheme, the *Quarterly* reviewer rightly concludes, was devised by the disgusted leaders, anxious to be free of this foolish woman and her counsels. She was made to believe that the castle of Nantes might be seized by a *coup de main* ; that this city should be declared the centre of the provisional government, and herself proclaimed Regent of the kingdom ! This was a scheme too brilliant and captivating to be resisted ; and the Duchess having, as we are told in the *Quarterly*, " in vain shared the dangers of the field and the painful labours of the hospitals," [can one help laughing !] entered Nantes disguised as a peasant girl, accompanied only by Mademoiselle Eulalie de Kersabiec and M. de Menars.

In consequence of this decision, the Duchess of Berri set out, on the very next market-day, which I believe was the 16th of June, at six o'clock in the morning from a cottage at which she had slept, situated in the neighbourhood of Chateau-Thibaud. Mademoiselle de Kersabiec was dressed like the Duchess, and M. de Menars as a farmer. They had five leagues to journey on foot.

After travelling half an hour in this trim, the thick, nailed shoes and worsted stockings, to which the Duchess was not accustomed, hurt her feet. Still she attempted to walk ; but, judging that if she continued to wear these shoes and stockings, she should soon be unable to proceed, she seated herself upon the bank of a ditch, took them off, thrust them into her large pockets, and continued her journey barefoot.

A moment after, having remarked the peasant-girls who passed her on the road, she perceived that the fineness of her skin, and the aristocratic whiteness of her legs, were likely to betray her ; she therefore went to the road-side, took some dark-coloured earth, and after rubbing her legs with it, resumed her walk. She had still four leagues to travel before she reached the place of her destination.

The old General here becomes quite flowery and pathetic, in depicting the sufferings of her who, only two years before, held " the place of Queen Mother in the Tuileries, possessed Chambord and Bagatelle, and rode in a carriage drawn by six horses, with body-guards clad in gold and silver," &c. &c. " Oh ! these are curious times we live in, when almost every country has its kings who wander barefoot through the highways !" Without sharing in all the high-flown griefs of the old General, we allow, that after her ten days' campaign, the Duchess did require the rest most necessary to any female bred in civilized society, and in her delicate condition. Nothing of the in-bred grace of royalty,

the "air of condition," at any time betrayed the "Queen Mother," or revealed the goddess in the country woman's garb. At this time, as at others, she escaped unnoticed.

At length, Nantes appeared in sight, and the Duchess put on her shoes and stockings to enter the town. On reaching the Pont Pyrmile, she found herself in the midst of a detachment commanded by an officer formerly in the royal guard, and whom she recognised as having often seen on duty at her palace.

Opposite to the Bouffai, somebody tapped the Duchess on the shoulder; she started and turned round. The person guilty of this familiarity was an old apple-woman, who had placed her basket of fruit on the ground and was unable by herself to replace it upon her head.

"My good girls," she said, addressing the Duchess and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, "help me, pray, to take up my basket, and I will give each of you an apple."

The Duchess of Berri immediately seized a handle of the basket, made a sign to her companion to take the other, and the load was quickly placed in equilibrium upon the head of the old woman, who was going away without giving the promised reward, when the Duchess seized her by the arm, and said, "Stop, mother, where's my apple?"

The old woman having given it to her, she was eating it with an appetite sharpened by a walk of five leagues, when, raising her eyes, they fell upon a placard headed by these three words in very large letters:—

STATE OF SIEGE.

This was the Ministerial decree which outlawed four departments of La Vendée and set a price upon the Duchess's head. She approached the placard and calmly read it through, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, who pressed her to hasten to the house where she was expected. But the Duchess replied that the placard concerned herself too nearly for her not to make herself acquainted with its contents. The alarm of her two companions, whilst she was reading it, may easily be imagined.

At length she resumed her walk, and in a few minutes reached the house at which she was expected. There she took off her clothes covered with dirt, which are now preserved there as relics. She soon afterwards proceeded to the residence of Mademoiselles Degnigny, Rue Haute-du-Chateau, No. 3, where an apartment was prepared for her, and, within this apartment, a place of concealment. The apartment was nothing but a mansarde on the third floor, consisting of two small rooms; and the place of concealment was a recess within an angle closed by the chimney of the innermost room. An iron plate formed the entrance to the hiding-place, and was opened by a spring.

This was the hiding-place in which she was finally caught, five months afterwards.

Deutz, the converted Jew, who had been the able and active agent of the Duchess on various occasions, and also in raising a loan to be shared between her and Don Miguel, and in corresponding with her partisans in different quarters, now became the agent of the French Government in betraying her. It was said at the time, that jealousy was the leading motive of Deutz in betraying the Duchess, as he had formerly been a favourite himself.* On this point we can say no-

* Hyacinth Simon Deutz was born at Cologne in 1802. When eighteen or twenty years of age he became a journeyman printer at M. Didot's. About this period, his brother-in-law, M. Drack, having become a Catholic, Deutz, enraged at this conversion, uttered such faithful threats that Drack applied to the police for protection. Nevertheless, two or three years afterwards, Deutz's Judaical fanaticism had subsided so considerably, that he even declared his intention of himself embracing the Catholic faith, and for this purpose solicited, through his brother-in-law, an audience of the Archbishop of Paris. During the progress of his conversion, this prelate, thinking that it would probably be more rapid and more efficacious at Rome, advised him to proceed thither. Deutz accordingly performed this journey in the beginning of the year 1828. M. de Quelen recommended him in the strongest terms to Cardinal Capellari, then Prefect of the Propaganda, and now Gregory XIV. Leo XII. the then reigning Pope, directed Archbishop Optini to instruct him in the

thing. His motives were probably merely sordid ; and we fully agree with the reviewer, that this worthy could not be that still great unknown, the lover of the Duchess of Berri ; as for any thing that appears in this book at least, she had not seen him from the end of 1830 till he obtained an audience of her on the 31st October, 1832, and revealed her hiding-place to the police. It was not without some difficulty that he made his way to her. The Duchess, whose condition by this time made sequestration from all strangers peculiarly desirable, was now so closely watched by the little coterie around her, that Bourmont himself was, with difficulty, permitted to see her. Concealment for a short time longer was scarcely more desirable to herself, than to those who had built so many extravagant hopes on the success of her cause, on the Regency and the restoration of her son. At the first interview, the Jew-Christian neither knew the house nor the street where he had been, and he was obliged to solicit another, which the Duchess willingly granted. This took place a week later, when she had prepared despatches to intrust to him.

By his information the house and the street were invested by troops and the police. The Duchess, one of her ladies, M. Menars, and M. Guibourg found a hasty refuge in the place of concealment behind the grate, exactly as the soldiers entered the apartment. The ladies of the house were closely guarded. Two female servants shewed the fidelity in which the Jew protégé of the Pope, the agent of *Madame*, so

Catholic religion. For some time, and on several occasions, Deutz seemed to waver in his resolution. In 1828 he wrote as follows :—

“ I have experienced some days of storm, and was even on the eve of returning to Paris without baptism. This was the last struggle of expiring Judaism. Thanks be to God, my eyes are now entirely opened, and in a short time I shall have the happiness of being a Christian.”

He was at length judged worthy of baptism, and Baron Mortier, First Secretary of Embassy, was his godfather. An Italian princess was the other sponsor.

Thus it was by betraying his God that he exercised himself in the art of betraying man.

He was soon after presented to the Pope, who received him with the most benevolent kindness. A pension of twenty-five piastres [five pounds sterling] a month had been allowed him, the moment he arrived at Rome, from the funds of the Propaganda. His brother-in-law, Drack, being recommended to the Duchess of Berri by Baron Mortier, had been appointed librarian to her Royal Highness. It was at this period that, on the recommendation of the Pope, Deutz was admitted into the Convent of the Holy Apostles as a boarder, and he always continued to affect the greatest devotion in public. Nevertheless, the persons who were intimate with him, easily perceived with what view he had made his abjuration. Most of his original patrons discovered that he was deceiving them, and abandoned him successively. He soon had nothing left but the support of Cardinal Capellari, who seeing him but seldom, continued to feel the same interest in his welfare.

In 1830, Deutz, under pretence that he would no longer live upon charity, obtained from his patron, the present Pope, a few thousand francs, with which he left Rome, to settle, he said, as a bookseller, at New York. In 1831, he returned to France, after having spent the funds destined to purchase his stock in trade. From France he again went to Italy. At this period the Duchess of Berri, who was making preparations for her landing in France, was in search of a resolute and intelligent man to undertake certain missions of the highest importance, in Spain, Portugal, and Russia. The Pope mentioned Deutz to the Duchess, as a man perfectly qualified for such an undertaking, and deserving of her fullest confidence. On this recommendation the Duchess of Berri decided upon seeing him.

At Massa, a town belonging to the Duchy of Modena, and situated upon the coast of Tuscany, he had several audiences of the Duchess, but always in different houses. He set out, with instructions of the most delicate nature, which he fulfilled with great ability.

lamentably failed ; one was Charlotte Moreau, the *femme-de-chambre*, designated by Deutz as devoted heart and soul to the Duchess of Berri ; the other was Marie Boissy, the cook. The latter was taken to the castle, thence to the barracks of the gendarmes, where, as threats had no effect upon her, an attempt was made to bribe her. Sums, constantly increased in amount, were offered to her, and spread successively before her ; but her unvarying reply was that she knew not where the Duchess of Berri was.

General Dermoncourt has a note stating, that the Duchess had agents at Paris, in the family or Government of Louis Philippe, who gave her constant information of all that passed in the offices of the Ministers and at the Tuileries ; the English translator says that this was M. d'Argout, then Minister of Commerce. We should call him traitor, if not persuaded that these communications were made by direct connivance, or a politic contrivance, to be rid of a personage who boasted that "if made a prisoner, the three great powers, Spain, Prussia, and Russia, would claim her." "The Holy Alliance," said the Duchess, "would never have suffered me to appear before a Court of Assize ; for the dignity of every crowned head in Europe would be compromised by it." Even the Holy Alliance must by this time see the wisdom of "Dignity" which must be maintained by a general war, being placed in more prudent keeping than in that of a lady, thus described by her admirer the old General :—

Marie Caroline, like all young Neapolitan girls, of whatever rank or station, has received scarcely any education. With her, all is nature and instinct. She is a creature of impulse ; the exigencies of etiquette are insupportable to her, and she is ignorant of the very forms of the world. She allows her feelings to carry her away, without attempting to restrain them ; and when any one has inspired her with confidence, she yields to it without restriction. She is capable of supporting the greatest fatigue, and encountering the most appalling danger, with the patience and courage of a soldier. The least contradiction exasperates her—then her naturally pale cheeks become flushed ; she screams, and jumps about, and threatens, and weeps by turns, like a spoiled child ; and then again, like a child, the moment you give way to her and appear to do what she desires, she smiles, is instantly appeased, and offers you her hand.

Before we quit this branch of the story, it is proper to set before those who make rank the standard of honour, the contrast between the conduct of Marshal Soult, Peer of France, and Marie, the cook-maid of the Demoiselles Deguigny. Among the curious correspondence seized by General Dermoncourt, was a letter from the Marshal to the Duchess Regent, stating, that he would "be entirely hers, on condition that she would re-establish, in his favour, the office of Constable of France !

To return to the poor Duchess in the rat's hole. The search lasted all night. At last it was imagined the Duchess had escaped, though the house was not yet abandoned ; soldiers and police agents filled every room ; two gendarmes were placed in the apartment in which was the place of concealment. The weather was very cold, and they lighted some turf in the grate, and set it a-blaze with heaps of the *Quotidienne*, which lay about the room ; thus, by a singular kind of retribution, the Carlist Journal as literally smoked, or burnt out the Duchess, as illegitimacy destroyed the cause of the legitimates. The heat and smoke became intolerable to the four miserable, cooped up persons. Their situation was insufferable.

Each moment rarified the air in the recess still more, whilst the external air did not enter in sufficient quantity to enable the poor sufferers to breathe freely. Their lungs became dreadfully oppressed ; and to remain ten minutes longer in such a furnace would be to endanger the life of her Royal Highness. Each of her companions

entreated her to go out; but she positively refused. Big tears of rage rolled from her eyes, and the burning air immediately dried them upon her cheeks. Her dress again caught fire, and again she extinguished it; but the movement she made in doing so, pushed back the spring which closed the door of the recess, and the plate of the chimney opened a little. Mademoiselle de Kersabiec immediately put forward her hand to close it, and burned herself dreadfully.

The motion of the plate having made the turf placed against it roll back, this excited the attention of the gendarme, who was trying to kill the time by reading some numbers of the *Quotidienne*, and who thought he had built his pyrotechnic edifice with greater solidity than it seemed to possess. The noise made by Mademoiselle de Kersabiec inspired him with a curious idea; fancying that there were rats in the wall of the chimney, and that the heat would force them to come out, he awoke his companion, and they placed themselves, sword in hand, one on each side of the chimney, ready to cut in twain the first rat that should appear.

They were in this ridiculous attitude, when the Duchess, who must have possessed an extraordinary degree of courage to have supported so long as she had done the agony she endured, declared she could hold out no longer. At the same instant M. de Menars, who had long before pressed her to give herself up, kicked open the plate. The gendarmes started back in astonishment, calling out,

"Who's there?"

"I," replied the Duchess. "I am the Duchess of Berri; do not hurt me."

The gendarmes immediately rushed to the fire-place, and kicked the blazing fuel out of the chimney. The Duchess came forth the first, and as she passed was obliged to place her hands and feet upon the burning hearth; her companions followed. It was now half-past nine o'clock in the morning, and the party had been shut up in this recess for sixteen hours, without food.

The Duchess threw herself upon the honour and gallantry of old Dermoucourt; but was fortunately taken out of his custody before he had done anything very foolish, beyond playing the *preux chevalier*, fully as much as became his years and public duties.

The citizens of Nantes were less chivalrous. The Duchess was taken to the castle, which was within a few steps of her place of refuge;—double rows of soldiers guarded the path. She hung on the arm of the General: "Oh! General," she said, casting a last parting glance at the mansarde, and the now open chimney-plate, "if you had not waged war with me after the fashion of St. Lawrence's martyrdom, which," added she, laughing, "was unworthy of a brave and loyal knight, you would not now have my arm under yours."

The tone of the citizens was more stern. What was sport to the Duchess-errant, had been death to them.

Among these men who looked at us, were to be seen eyes flashing fire, and many other symptoms of bitter hatred. Low murmurs, but of deadly import, greeted us on our passage, and some shouts began to vibrate through the air. I stopped and looked round on both sides alternately; and I commanded, by expressive signs, the respect due to a woman, more especially when that woman was a prisoner.

Fortunately, the distance to the castle was very short, being not more than sixty yards. I must add, that even this distance would have been too great for the Duchess, but for the respect and deference with which we surrounded her. Our own bearing towards her enforced the silence of the multitude, who had been reduced to great privations and suffering from the civil war, which, for the last six months, had raged round the city of Nantes, destroying its trade, and decimating its children.

The newspapers which the Duchess requested from her gallant jailor were chiefly the *Jacobinical* and liberal ones, the *Courrier Français*, and *L'Ami de la Charte*. Duval, the Prefect, entered her presence—one of those boorish persons, it would appear, who mistake ill-breeding for independence of character. The hero and conqueror of Austerlitz and Marengo was driven from his propriety into undignified bickerings with Sir Hudson Lowe, about wash-hand basins; and such like. It is less surprising that the captive heroine of La Vendée was beyond measure indignant at the hungry Prefect, whom she had kept on the alert all night,

now helping himself to food, and even eating in her presence ! She appeared to forget her own plight, in indignation at the unmannered Prefect.

Having called for a knife and fork, he began to eat with his back turned towards the Duchess, who, having looked at him with an expression of countenance I shall never forget, turned her eyes towards me.

"General," she said, "do you know what I regret most in the rank I have lost?"

"No, Madam."

"Two ushers to punish that man's insolence."

The Prefect's conduct filled her Royal Highness with such indignation that she continually returned to the subject, and every now and then would squeeze my arm, and say,

"His hat upon his head ! His hat upon his head !"

Poor Princess ! This was worse than all she had suffered.

The General was despatched, towards midnight, in pursuit of Bourmont ; and the Duchess and her two attendants were, with a suitable escort, sent off to Blaye, before his return.

The catastrophe is well known. The reviewer in the *Quarterly* shows no mercy to Louis Philippe. "This narrative," he says, "gives him (the reviewer) additional reasons for deploring the scandal and the guilt, the *publication* of which—thanks to the chivalry of a kinsman-king ! has so wofully tarnished the catastrophe of so noble and interesting a drama." *Publication* is indeed a hateful thing. We would whisper consolation from the fag-end of another tragical catastrophe, from the prophecy of, not Chateaubriand, but Merlin, in THE AFFECTING TRAGEDY of *The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great*.

So when the child whom nurse from danger guards,
Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards.
Kings, queens, and knaves, throw one another down,
Till the whole pack lies scattered and o'erthrown ;
So all our *pack* upon the floor is cast,
And all I boast is—that I fall the last !

ODE TO THE RIVAL PRINCES.

"A plague on both your houses."

Oh ! thou, whatever title galls thy pride,
Usurper, traitor, tyrant, homicide,
Of hell's regalia the brightest jewel,
Fain would the muse to thee indite a stanza,
Thou vigorous scion of the tree Braganza,
Thou man-destroying miscreant, Dom Miguel.

In faith thou art a pretty babe of grace,
Thus for a throne to thin the human race ;
However, Napier's pills shall make thee tramp ;
Even Nero, caittiff, when compared with thee,
Appears the pink and pearl of courtesy,
Thou superstitious, Bishop-ridden scamp.

For thou hast drench'd the Lusitanian sod,
With widows' tears, orphans' tears, and patriots' blood ;
A field of graves is thine unhappy realm :
Down from thine elevation come thou must,
And, like a wounded serpent, lick the dust,
Thou crowned, anointed reprobate and schelm.

The friars, monks, and bishops, all adore thee,
 And pray with zeal and fervour for thy glory ;
 The Pope and all his cardinals petition,
 That heaven would have thee in its holy keeping ;
 While curses on thy brother they are heaping,
 His myrmidons, and eke the Constitution.

I'm told that thou'rt a very constant visiter,
 To that enlightened priest, the Arch-Inquisitor,
 So famed for Christian meekness and urbanity ;
 And thou descendest from thy pride of place,
 To give an heretic the *coup-de-grace*,
 A *striking* proof of kindness and humanity.

Now that thy cousin, Ferdinand, is gone,
 To fill what poets call an "Ebon throne,"
 And stir of Tartarus the glowing fuel,—
 Where shall a regal hand be found save thine,
 To pour libations at the Virgin's shrine,
 And broider petticoats like him, Miguel ?

Impure descendant of a miscreant line,
 Why didst thou *start* ten thousand tons of wine,
 And wash thy filthy streets with glorious port ?
 Thou brutalized barbarian, I protest
 Thou'lt have the curse of many a rosy priest,
 Their hussing and anathemas, in short !

The bloated "Deans" of many a corporation,
 The triple-bottle men throughout the nation,
 Nay all the pumpled ruby-nosed fraternity,
 Shall speak thy name with scorn and execration,
 From generation unto generation,
 Till time itself shall mingle with Eternity !

Eheu ! I hear that thou art wounded—dead,
 Of broken spirit, and a broken head,—
 'Tis more than hinted in the *Globe* and *Traveller* :
 Well,—wheresoever thou didst *go to pot*,
 A GIBNET shall be raised upon the spot :
 Success to DEATH, the *Radical* and *Leveller* !

Now Pedro, man—a word or two with thee,
 Thou perfect model of consistency :
 Hast thou the love of Freedom in thy heart ?
 Nay, *inter nos*, a despot's soul thou hast,
 And Europe's millions—undeceived at last—
 Shall know, arch-hypocrite, thou *act'st* a part.

But LIBERTY shall flourish, fair and free,
 In grace and beauty, like a green-bay tree,
 Nor despot's impious hand shall dare to wrong her ;
 For mark, imperial one, from year to year,
 "A little bird has whisper'd in mine ear,
 The people by and by shall be the stronger."*

And Madame GLORIA you in years are young,
 And may be spoil'd by Flattery's honeyed tongue ;
 So take my council, little beauty, do :
 Reflect, that Carlo Napier's hand hath made
 You of your countrymen the regal head,
 So make not *them* a set of slaves to you.

Collected during a residence in that country, By Miss PARSON.
In Two Volumes, Part two. London; Saunders and Otley.

"Luxian slave, the lowest of the low."

**"The swan on lone St. Mary's Lake,
Swims double—Swan and Shadow."**

Miss Pardoe agrees with all seamen travellers in praising the beauty of the Tagus, and when "arrived" what she was expected to have felt deeply, and has therefore expressed briefly.

It was under a glorious sky, blue, deep blue, without a cloud, that we sailed up the Tagus; and nothing can, I think, exceed the enjoyment which I then experienced. I had heard, I had imagined, so much, of the beauty of this kindly river, gliding between its golden shores, that I almost dreaded lest the reality should prove less glowing than the anticipation, but it was not so, and I felt for a time as though the scene before and around me *ought* to have made me a poet—in truth it was delightful! Here, an island, so fairy-like and diminutive, that it seems to have grown out of the ocean purposely to afford a foundation to the fort, (*Bongio*,) which almost covers it; there, hills swelling above hills, studded and surmounted by *Quintas* and Convents—the dark and sombre foliage of the olive groves, in striking contrast to the bright green of the Indian corn and barley—the orange-trees, redolent at once of flower, fruit, and perfume—Fort St Julian and Belem castle stretching into the river, like the giant sentinels of the gleaming city—the houses clustered upon the heights—the fishing-boats studding the bright bosom of the water—the fine wing of the new palace (*the Adjuda*) looking proudly down on the mass of buildings beneath it—the superb towers of the patriarchal church, and the extensive and time-worn walls of the Estrella convent—the venerable monastery of St. Jeronymo, with its magnificent portal, and gorgeous architecture, spreading far along the bank of the river—all combined to present a picture alike splendid and imposing. And yet, as our vessel sailed slowly along, my eye turned with a proud and *English* feeling from the “golden shores,” to contemplate the little fleet of British craft of different descriptions which were then borne upon the breast of the imperial Tigris—the flag-ship, gay with its flowing signals—the agent-ships, with their long pennants streaming in the wind; and the lettered transports anchored closely, their tall masts looking in the distance like a forest of wind stripped trees, and here and there a ship of war, seated like some stupendous bird upon the water, her graceful shadow stretching far along the waves. The opposite shore of the *Alentajo* formed a singular contrast to the thickly-inhabited hills on which Lisbon is so picturesquely built—the long range of heights, cleft as if by gunpowder at almost regular intervals, with scarcely half-a-dozen buildings at their base; and terminating, as they neared the sea, in a long tract of sand.

She, however, forms no exception to those who allude to—for who can detail—the unutterable abominations of the interior of the city, where

“Hut and palace show like filthily,
And dingy denizens are reared in dirt.”

Providence has wisely ordered that the pigs, which literally swarm in the streets of Lisbon, and feed upon the filth (of all descriptions under heaven!) which is to be met with there, are almost universally black, or dark russet, for I am sure that the complexion of an English pig would not stand one month's good practice in Lisbon. In my first day's ramble through Belem (the Westminster of the metropolis, as Buenos Ayres is its St. James's,) I encountered about a hundred dogs, all of them without a proper owner, literally “on the parish.” I may as well remark in this place, *par parenthese*, that hydrophobia is unknown in the country; and that during all the hot months, a certain number of the tradesmen place vessels of water at their shop doors for the use of these wandering quadrupeds, who, in the article of food, are not more nice than the pigs. Necessity, it is said, has no law; and were it not for the revolting and unnameable garbage to which I have already alluded, nine-tenths of these wretched animals must starve, or take to the mountains; the latter alternative being decidedly a most undesirable one for the biped population, as those dogs which have from time to time done so from instinct have become as wild and almost as dangerous as the wolves.

The Lisboners, or rather I should say the Portuguese generally, are very proud of their capital, which they incessantly call upon you to admire; and which might certainly, with other inhabitants, be a world's wonder; but unfortunately, the *doles* *far niente* of the Italians is as well understood in Lisbon as it ever was at Florence or Naples; and from the disgusting practice of accumulating dirt, dead animals, &c., in the streets, they have rendered their boasted city very “anti-celestial.” There was one instance of this which struck me forcibly while I was at Belem: a large dog was killed in the principal street leading to the Adjuda Palace; the *Primos* drove through that street certainly three times a week; it was the great thoroughfare for the *Attachees* of the Court; and yet all that remained of it, despite the sun by day, and the reform by night, was to be found in the same spot when I left the city, which was about a fortnight afterwards.

Their treatment of the dead argues a very low tone of civilization indeed:—

One evening the sharp ring of the bell summoned me to the balcony, but I at once saw that there was something unusual in the procession; the number of persons was greater, and they were travelling at a jog-trot, very inimical to the interests of charity; as they came nearer, I saw by the fierce light flung by the torches, of which there were six or eight, that four of the men bore some burden; and looking more attentively, I soon discovered its nature—it was a corpse, stretched on its back in a long wooden tray, precisely similar to those made use of in England by butchers—the dead man was in full costume, evidently dressed in his best, but what excited the greatest horror in me, was the fact that the tray was far too short for the body; and the head, the arms, and the legs were hanging over it, and juking up and down as the bearers carelessly scrambled along the rough-paved street. The process of interment, I was told by an officer who had the curiosity to leave our house and follow the procession, was as summary as the journey to the grave—the “narrow bed” was also a frightfully shallow one, the face of the corpse not being more than three inches lower than the surface of the earth; into this misshapen grave he was flung without the least ceremony, a slight covering of soil was scattered over him, and then came the last horror of this revolting, this humiliating mode of interment—the sexton jumped upon the body, and with a heavy wooden rammer literally reduced it to a jelly!

The reason given to my friend for this savage proceeding, was that it would prevent the dogs from tearing up the body—and this because they lacked the energy to bestow upon a fellow Christian a coffin and a grave!

The beautiful Monastery of Saint Jeronymo is a favourite burial-place for infants; I cannot now charge my memory with the reason of this preference, but I know that some superstition is attached to it. It is a very common thing to meet four or five *Cejas*, [a carriage which resembles a cabriolet traversed,] on the same morning, each holding a lady and gentleman in full dress, and a little wooden tray containing a dead infant, gaily attired in flowers and coloured ribbons. These *Cejas* drive to the Monastery; the occupants alight, remain for a time in prayer before the high altar, and then quietly taking the child out of the tray, they lay it down on the marble pavement of the chapel wherever they please, leaving money beside it to remunerate the monks for the trouble of its burial; and so depart without a tear, or that “long-lingering look” which might create for after-years another, later memory of the early lost! And yet it is, I was told, generally the parents who thus bear the children to their cold resting-place in that proud pile. The little creatures clad in their revolting finery, have precisely the appearance of waxy images; and a friend of ours, who one day walked into the chapel, and saw as many as six of these poor little beings on the pavement, actually lifted one to look at it—he said afterwards that he never experienced so sickly a sensation as he did when he discovered that it was a dead child! As I knew the nature of these gaudy deposits, I never ventured sufficiently near to them to inspect the materials of their showy apparel; and was very much surprised, on expostulating with a Portuguese lady on the folly of burying infants in such costly cloths, by her assuring me that all this finery cost no more than six *vinos*, sevenpence half-penny, and was invariably purchased at a depot for such articles, as it made the *meninos* [little children,] look pretty! Further expostulation would have been idle!

Our fair readers who have formed their notions of Lusitanian gallantry, from the fervent descriptions of ignorant romancers, and whose ideas on the subject are therefore redolent of moonlight walks in orange-groves, and midnight serenades, and dagger-bearing rivals, will, we fear, be disagreeably surprised, and somewhat scandalized, at the following description of the formal, stiff, ridiculous reality. Miss Pardon had been asked by a bride-elect, if she should like to see the lover;—

Of course I expressed a becoming anxiety on the subject, and I was desired to hold myself in readiness at six o'clock that evening. I confess that I was somewhat curious to see the suitor of such a mistress, and I accordingly promised to be punctual. Six o'clock came, and I was astonished, on walking into the apartment usually occupied by the family, to find the fair one alone, who, having embraced me, led me to a chair in the balcony, and established herself as my *vis-à-vis*. She then carefully drew the Venetian blind over the balcony, leaving us visible only from the two extremities of the said screen. All this ceremony was perfectly insignificant to me, and I began to apprehend that I was to have the honour and happiness of being three (and

consequently *une de trop*!) in a thorough love-scene. With this fear before my eyes, I ventured to inquire whether we should not be more conveniently situated in the room than the balcony; but the lady looked quite astonished, as she demanded, in her turn, how she should be able to see him, and worse still, how he would be able to see her, if we were not in the balcony when he passed?

"Is he not then coming to visit you?" I inquired in my ignorance, as I surveyed her careful *coiffure*, her clean dress, and the tale-telling carnation in her bosom.

She looked at me for a moment in perfect astonishment; and then coolly informed me that in Portugal, holding any intercourse with the man whom you were to marry was a thing unheard of—that she had never spoken to her intended husband in her life—but that he every day sent a carnation to her; which she wore in her bosom each evening at the hour when she expected him to pass the house, as a proof that his attentions were agreeable to her. And she assured me that nothing would offend her so much, as his allowing the weather, be what it might; business, be it never so important; or any occupation, be it as agreeable as heart could wish; to interfere with his punctuality in the performance of this duty. The first time she should resent the neglect by omitting to wear his *cravo* [carnation] on the morrow: and the second dereliction from gallantry would infallibly subject him to final and irrevocable dismissal.

At this period of the conversation the *Senhor* made his appearance—took off his hat as gravely as though he had been passing a funeral, and—walked on! The lady on her side bowed and smiled; and then continued calmly to enlighten me on the subject of Portuguese courtship. She informed me, among other equally interesting particulars, that I now knew the reason why she did not comb out her hair, and wash her face when she rose in the morning, for both which indelicate habits I had frequently challenged her—she always put off her ablutions and their concomitant ceremonies until five o'clock, in order that she might look nice and fresh when she met the passing glance of her *namorado*! This was of course an unanswerable argument; and having remarked that the *lover* (!) was a little ill-looking fellow, and decidedly many years younger than herself, I asked her whether she did not feel unhappy at the idea of marrying a man of whom she knew nothing. The reply to this question was as sensible to the full as her previous reasoning had been—she liked the match extremely, for her intended husband was much more wealthy than the person who had married her sister, and she should consequently be enabled to dress better, and to give larger parties; besides which, singlewomen were not allowed to attend the assemblies at *Villa Franca*, and she was very fond of dancing.

All this being extremely satisfactory, I had only one more question to ask: How had he ventured to propose to her? That, also, was easily explained; he was settled in life, and his friends were anxious that he should marry—her father having ascertained the fact, and knowing that he had *muito dinheiro*, [plenty of money,] had offered her to his family; which offer, as she had a fortune of four thousand *crusada novos*, [half-crowns,] they had joyfully accepted!

It is a singular fact, that when, in Portugal, a lady is reputed to have such or such a fortune, it is perfectly understood that she has not actually that sum in money; but previously to the marriage, a friend is appointed by each family, and these two individuals value the bride's trinkets, clothes, and every article, however trifling, which belongs to her; and the father, when their value is thus ascertained and decided on, makes up the deficiency of her reputed property in specie!

Nor is the wedding any better:—

When we entered, the bride-elect was on her knees between her two bride-maids; all three were dressed in black silk, and wore large cloaks, with the hoods drawn over their heads, and long black veils beneath them. The youngest lady of the party sported a pair of white cotton stockings, and pale blue satin shoes, which was the only attempt at finery amongst them. The bridegroom wore a cloak of brown cloth, with gilt buttons on the shoulders. I never saw a more anti-bridal costume.

As we entered the church, each of the gentlemen² was presented with a long wax candle, ornamented with painted flowers and gold leaf, which he held lighted during the whole of the ceremony. The matrimonial rites were very simple: the contracting parties followed the rector to the extreme end of the aisle, close to the door of entrance—a short prayer was read—the lady repeated a few Latin sentences after the priest—and the gentleman followed her example—one hand of each, during this portion of the ceremony, being covered up, clasped together in the *Solana* [surplice] of the priest; these, at the conclusion of what we supposed to be the mutual vow of acceptance, he sprinkled with holy water; the ladies then knelt down at the church door, while the bridegroom, and his friends followed the rector to the altar, where

they remained for about two minutes, when the bridegroom very deliberately walked out of the church, followed by his two companions, scattering *doves* [sweetmeats] as they went, to a crowd of dirty children who thronged the entrance:—and thus he made his exit in a manner as anti-bridal as his costume, leaving the ladies to follow as they might!—and these people, we were told, were highly respectable, and tolerably wealthy.

Beggars, peasants, priests, monks, robbers, soldiers, sum up the men of Portugal. As your true bandit is in every climate an interesting character, we shall extract a few notices regarding the Portuguese minions of the moon:—

While I am on the subject of the *Ladrones* [thieves,] I may as well mention, that in the event of travellers, unattended by any guard, being desirous to prosecute their journey without an encounter with some of these free-woodsmen, it is necessary for them to procure their *cejas* [post-chaises,] or mules, from particular individuals in Lisbon, or the towns on the road; when the driver of the carriage, or the *coreiro* [courier,] who rides the second mule, are invariably in correspondence with the band, if it should even chance that they be not members of it; the spies, who are in ambush by the road-side, know the signal of their comrade, and do not leave their lurking-places: and while the traveller continues under the charge of this man, he is as safe as though he were seated at his own hearth, unless he should be personally obnoxious to any individual of the band—thus practically illustrating the old adage of “honour among thieves.”

I know an instance, where a friend of mine, who had resided many years in the country, and had married a Portuguese lady, was on his way from Oporto to Leiria, and suddenly pulled up his mule, to direct the attention of his *coreiro* to the body of a man who lay in the road-side with the head nearly severed from the body.

“*Vá-se, vossa merce* [go on,]” said the man quietly, “you must look strait forward; I will overtake you in five minutes.”

The traveller did as he was desired, and within the stated time he was again joined by the *coreiro* who was singing the constitutional hymn of Don Pedro at the very top of his lungs, to the accompaniment of his mule’s clatter on the rough *calçada*: “They did their work dirtily, *los marotos*! [the rascals]” he remarked, as he pulled up beside Mr. ———, and began to adjust his scarlet sash, which had been displaced by his exertions: “to leave the *asneraço* [thick-skull] lying there for me to remove, when had they rolled him quietly into the ditch, as I have done, the wolves would have disposed of him at once—he is warm yet, the *cara de mono*! [ape’s face] but he is dead enough.”

Surely to comment on such a state of things were a work of supererogation indeed!

The same gentleman received a letter directed to him at Leiria, from a man whom he well knew to be one of the leaders of the band: in which he was informed that it was well known to the *Ladrones* that he contemplated a journey to Oporto, where he was to receive a large sum of money; and that consequently he was in good case to lend them ten *moidores*, of which they were much in want, having experienced a very unprofitable season:—the letter indicated the spot where he was to deposit the money, which would be secured by a man on the watch for him; and assured him that it should be returned on a particular day; but that in the event of his declining to comply with their request, he had better not venture to travel by that or any other road in Portugal, as he would never reach the end of his journey while there was a quick eye and a sharp blade left in the woods! What was to be done? the wife of Mr. ——— was possessed of considerable landed property—Portugal was the land of his adoption—and he well knew that if the *Ladrones* could boast no other virtue, they were at least well known never to falsify their promises. He went to Oporto: and when on his return he reached the spot appointed by his correspondent, he quietly dismounted, and deposited his ten *moidores* as he had been directed—it need scarcely be remarked that he entertained not the slightest hope of ever seeing them again.

The *coreiro* looked on, but he did not affect any surprise at the proceeding; on the contrary, he muttered to himself the old proverb *a bom entendedor poucas palavras*: [a word to the wise is enough]: and then continued the conversation which had been interrupted by the incident just related.

The day arrived on which the *Ladrons* had promised in his letter to repay the money: but Mr. ——— had so little faith in the promise, that he did not even remember the fact: at dusk one of his servants informed him that a mulatto wished to speak to the *Senhor*; he was accordingly shewn up stairs, and entered the apart-

ment as unconcernedly as though he had been the parish priest. Mr. ——— looked at him, and perceiving that he was a stranger to him inquired his business.

"*He isso, [it is this]*" he said respectfully, as he counted out ten *moidores* on the table; "this was the day appointed; and I come to return with thanks what was so trustily lent. If the *Senhor* is ever pushed for money, let him leave a letter where he deposited his money the other day, we will help him if we can—*Faca-me a honra de me pôr aos pés da Senhora* [do me the honour to throw me at the feet of your lady.]" And having so said he drew his *chapéo* [hat] lower on his brow, and sprang down the stairs.

I need scarcely say that Mr. ——— never availed himself of this extraordinary offer of service; but the *Ladrones* were by no means so scrupulous, as they frequently applied to him for assistance: and in no one instance did they ever break their faith.

The following extract, though rather long, will at once show forth the men that monks are made of, and serve as a fair specimen* of Miss Pardoe's talent for narration:—

Fifty years ago, the then King of Portugal had been lion-hunting, a sport of which he was inordinately fond, in the immediate neighbourhood of Batalha, accompanied by a great retinue of nobles. Previously to his return to Lisbon, he honoured the community by sojourning in their monastery a day and a night, to recover from the fatigue of his expedition. At this period Father Lawrence was about twenty years of age, already a monk, and, judging from his appearance even when I saw him, as handsome a friar as ever drew round over a shaven crown; tall, and athletic, with a dignified carriage, and an eye like an eagle. Be this, however, as it might, it is certain that he had long been attached to a beautiful peasant girl in the hamlet of Batalha, who had returned his affection; when the royal party arrived at the monastery. As he contemplated the magnificence of the nobles, their gorgeous array, and their liveried retinue, a pang of jealousy shot across his heart; for he felt that *she* too was looking with wonder, and probably with admiration also, on those gilded countiers. It is easy to imagine the littleness with which, young, high-spirited, and devotedly attached as he was, the monk turned from the jewels, plumes, and steeds of the nobles, to look upon his own robe of serge, his shaven head, and untanned sandals! The event proved that the moment had been gall to him.

Among the *Fidalgos* was the King's Master-of-the-horse, who was described to me as a strikingly handsome man, in the bloom of life, of high family, and higher hopes; light-hearted, generous to excess, and an enthusiast in beauty. Worned, after a time, by the monotony of the monastery, this young noble, such as I have endeavoured to portray him, unfortunately wandered into the hamlet, and there encountered the beautiful peasant; he thought her lovely, and he scrupled not to tell her so; the dark-eyed *donzella*, [maiden,] was unhappily not indifferent to the admiration uttered by such courtly lips; her vanity taught her heart to flutter, even if it failed to make it false, and she smiled where she should have shunned: as she listened to the noble, Father Lawrence was forgotten; her new lover talked long and tenderly to her, unheard, but not unseen; and when at length they parted, and the gorgeous noble raised the hand of the fair peasant to his lips, she had promised that this meeting should not be their last. Alas! they met no more in this world! The monk had seen all—he knew the meaning of every glance of the dark eye in whose light he had lived so long; and he watched them until the young *Fidalgo* gathered his *capa*, [cloak,] round him to return to the monastery; he had not lost a look, nor a gesture; and as he stood in his hiding-place, gnashing his teeth, and clenching his hands, he swore in the depths of his spirit that their hour of dalliance should avail them nothing; it was a silent and a guilty vow, and fearfully was it kept!

When the young monk emerged from his concealment, his brain was on fire: he paused not to reflect on consequences—he hesitated not on results—but traversing the little street of the hamlet with hasty strides, he hurried to the cottage of a peasant who was in his confidence. The monk needed not to tell his tale of guilty love beneath that humble roof—he acquired no breathing time to explain to his solitary listener the rise and progress of his fatal passion—he had only to plunge at once into the narrative of what he designated his wrongs—to give a loose to the demon which was working within him—to lend words to the frightful project which had suddenly sprung up in his heart—and to claim the co-operation of his obsequious auditor—all this required but scant time; and after the lapse of a few moments, Father Lawrence quitted the cottage: and it was afterwards remembered that he was calm, perfectly calm, and had spoken courteously to one of the villagers whom he had encountered on his way.

After the evening banquet, the young nobleman again left the monastery, and entered the stable which was appropriated to the horses of the King. The door was suddenly closed behind him, and he was struck to the earth by a blow from an axe! The work of death was soon completed; but not with sufficient speed to permit the escape of the murderers. As they were about to retreat from the scene of blood, some of the royal grooms entered the stable, and they were instantly secured:—need I say that the assassins were Father Lawrence, and the peasant, his confidant?

The fearful event caused great and general consternation; the rank of the victim, and the vocation of one of his murderers, augmented the sensation and the horror of the public: the culprits were tried and condemned; the ill-judging and ill-fated girl, who had been the cause of the barbarous act, was placed in a convent, and the peasant suffered death: but as monks are never executed in Portugal, the crimes what they may, owing to the scandal which it would cause among the laity, Father Lawrence was delivered up to his Order, to be dealt with as they should see fit. The Prior of Batalha, justly indignant and exasperated at the disgrace brought upon his house, summoned a Chapter of the Order, and by it the delinquent friar was condemned to be confined for life in the prison-vault beneath the chapel. Rigidly was his sentence enforced, for the Prior was so deeply wounded by the stigma which the crime of the culprit had cast upon the community, that he would not soften down in one iota the bitterness of that fate which had been awarded to him: a loaf and a stone pitcher of water were placed beside him, and the guilty wretch was briefly counselled to make his peace with heaven, as with this world he had then done for ever—sight or sound of man was he never to know again—the sentence of excommunication was passed upon him—and he was left in utter darkness to perish miserably by famine! The stern Prior himself turned the key of his fearful prison, and carried it away no one knew whither; and from that day the name of Father Lawrence never passed his lips. Some of the younger monks, however, if not less oblivious, were decidedly less unrelenting; and they found means to convey food to him in trifling quantities through a crevice beneath the iron-studded door of the vault: and shortly after his incarceration, they supplied him with a tool, by means of which he made an opening large enough to admit whatever they wished to convey to him. Thus did he live—if such an existence may be termed life—without a ray of light, and fastened to a ring in the wall of his dungeon, by a manacle, which passed round his body, and was attached to a chain, barely sufficient in length to enable him to profit by the good offices of those whose pity outweighed their horror; and this for upwards of eight long years!

In the year 1810, the French army brought partial ruin to this monastery, but to Father Lawrence it brought freedom; he fled with the brotherhood; and as, during the period of his imprisonment, the Prior of Batalha had been elected General of the Order, and a successor appointed, little remark was excited in those troublous times by his re-appearance. When, after the retreat of the French, the monks returned to the monastery, Father Lawrence voluntarily surrendered himself to the brotherhood; who, in consideration of the long captivity which he had already endured in chains and darkness, suffered him to be at large in the monastery, stipulating, however, that he should neither serve the monks, nor leave the premises unaccompanied by another of the community. That the culprit should again voluntarily subject himself even to these restrictions may appear extraordinary; and the fact that he was ignorant in how far indulgence would be extended to him on his return, renders it, at first sight, still more so; but, be it remembered, that Father Lawrence was under the ban of the church—that he was an excommunicated outcast—and that the mere hope of being once more admitted into the bosom of that Church, was alone sufficient to induce him to risk all the rest;—thus read the simple monks the secret of his re-appearance—let the subsequent actions of his life declare the truth or fallacy of their judgment.

Shortly after this arrangement, the former Prior of Batalha made a tour of the Houses of his Order, and announced his speedy arrival at his old monastery. Father Lawrence was once more immured with all speed in his vault; the manacles were replaced; and, by his particular desire, the holy visitor was informed of his existence, and of his pious wish to obtain the pardon and blessing of his spiritual Father ere his miserable career should end. The saintly superior started at the unlooked-for and unwelcome intelligence, and spared neither reproach nor penance to such of the community as had contributed to prolong the existence of the criminal; but when he heard that the penitent had returned conscience-stricken to his cell, and that he now waited in humility and tears, to kiss the hem of his own most holy garment, he was softened; and yielded to the entreaties of the brotherhood that he would shed a ray of light over the darkness of the sinner's dungeon. He went accordingly, attended by two inferior

monks, and approached the criminal with the words of pardon and of peace—but he trusted too much to the safeguard of his own sanctity—he diminished too greatly the space which divided himself and the culprit—his throat was suddenly grasped as by a hand of iron, and he was hurled to the earth! Well was it for the proud Prior that he went not alone, or he had never returned alive: Father Lawrence clung to him with all the strength and energy of eight-and-twenty, and all the rage of one who believed himself to have been injured and oppressed; and it required the united efforts of the two attendant monks to free their affrighted and panting superior from the clutch of the desperate criminal.

After this adventure, the brotherhood feared to free him altogether from his confinement—they dreaded alike to risk the anger of their General, and their own personal safety; they permitted him, however, to have the whole range of the subterraneous beneath the chapel—they supplied him plentifully with food; and after a few months of irritation and restlessness, the guilty monk sought some occupation which might beguile his tedious hours. He learned to knit embossed stockings, and to work lace—in both which arts, when I knew him, he excelled. The Madonna on the High Altar is indebted to the incarcerated assassin for both her hose and her petticoat! This second captivity he endured for twelve years; and it terminated almost imperceptibly. First, the criminal was allowed to ascend to hear mass in the chapel, in consideration of his time being spent in the service of the Virgin, and the Saluts! Then he was permitted to occupy a seat below the lay-brothers in the refectory, on high festivals and feasts—and next he became an attendant in the hospital; and repaid by his assiduity, the cares which had so long preserved his own existence. When I mention that he was a man of superior understanding and talent, it will be less a matter of surprise that, having already conceded so much, the brotherhood should eventually receive him once more among them upon equal terms; still, however, insisting that he should not wander beyond the monastery. Thus ~~was~~ he situated when I first saw him, save only that he had been elected Sacristan.

Miss Pardoe gives a very pleasing account of the splendid Monastery of Batalha. We extract her notice of the chapel, chiefly for the sake of the tradition by which it is accompanied:—

Over the principal entrance to the chapel is a magnificently painted window, the labour and time bestowed upon which, I was informed, were nearly incalculable: it was assuredly the most elaborate thing of the kind which it has ever been my fortune to see. To the left of the high altar is another window, which to me appeared extremely curious—three figures are represented, one clad in silk, one in armour, and the third in serge. It appears to have been an experiment as to the capabilities of the art; and truly the effect of the different costumes, and the great dissimilarity in the character of the drapery, is astonishing.

At the entrance of the chapel, a flat stone bears the name of *Matthæo Fernandez*, and those of his wife and children. He was the architect of the unfinished “octagon chapel,” the boast of Batalha, which was considered to be so consummate a specimen of architecture, that, on the death of the great man who had designed it, the king preferred suffering it to remain in the incomplete state in which it was left at his decease rather than incur the risk of permitting it to be finished by an inferior hand; and thus marred, by an unjudicious completion, the inimitable design of *Fernandez*.

Near the grave of this famous architect, lies *James Traversus*, the favourite of John I. and Queen Philippa, the only English Queen who ever reigned in Portugal, and for whose memory they appear to entertain great respect. I was somewhat surprised to find the slab, which covered the remains of this favoured courtier, ornamented by a wreath of thistles.

There is a very extensive rent in the roof of the chapel, which was caused by the great earthquake in Lisbon; and is certainly not the least interesting relique which is pointed out to the visitor. The chapter-hall, which you enter by the south-east cloister, is accounted a great curiosity, being very extensive, immensely lofty, and supported only by its outer walls, without a single column or pillar. They have a singular tradition attached to this noble building. Twice it was built, and roofed in; and twice, when the scaffolding was removed, the walls gave way, and it became one heap of ruins. But the architect would not be thus foiled in his magnificent undertaking;—a third time the walls were raised,—the richly groined roof, rising spirally at its centre, once more united them,—all the best energies of the spirit which had conceived, and the perseverance which had yet again produced the work, had been exhausted in the undertaking; and *Alphonse Domingues*, after having surveyed, with mingled pride and dread, the lordly pile which he had reared, swore,

that if a third time his skill had failed, he would not survive the disgrace, but would find a grave among its ruins. In vain was he dissuaded from what was universally considered an act of voluntary self-immolation. He walked calmly to the centre of the hall,—he issued his directions with an unfaltering voice,—portion by portion, he saw the mighty beams, which stood, perhaps, between him and a painful and revolting death, removed by his reluctant assistants. At length, the last prop was drawn away, and many covered their eyes with their hands to shut out the miserable spectacle; but there was no necessity for the precaution. The architect stood unharmed and secure,—his mighty work was above and around him,—vast, magnificent, and wonderful! A memorial of his undying genius!

It is asserted that King John was so charmed by the high spirit and heroic daring of *Domingues*, that he commanded him to place within the hall some commemoration of the deed. With a modesty equalled only by his genius, the architect obeyed; and a small figure, not exceeding a foot in length, is seen in the act of supporting a portion of the edifice, where the roof touches on the north wall. It is a representation of *Alphonse Domingues*!

The mothers that bore such men are now extinct in Portugal!

We close our extracts with the following *morceau*; and shall not be provoked into politics, even by the favourable opportunity which the concluding remarks afford us:—

The environs of Coimbra are romantic and beautiful to a degree! I look back to my sojourn in its neighbourhood as to the most sunny portion of my past existence. The country was so lovely, the inhabitants so courteous, the sky so brightly blue, that there were times when I could almost have doubted that sickness or sorrow existed in the world! Then there were *Quintas* and convents to visit, where I was always welcome—rocks, and woods, mountains and valleys to explore, where I was always delighted—and a hardy peasantry, amusing and amused, whose happy ignorance often made me smile, as they marvelled how the *menina* [young lady] would be able to exist, when she left their fine country to return to a land where there was neither sun nor oranges! With the *lavadeiras* [washerwomen] of the Mondego I was delighted; and often did I stroll down to the river-bank, and join one of the groups assembled round the large smooth stones, which rose white and dazzling far into the stream; the women with their small wooden bats in their hands, striking quickly, and singing gaily, as the river-tide washed over the linen which they placed upon those stones to be beaten. The scene was one for a painter—the dark eyes, the white arms, and the finely moulded figures of many of these women, as they stood, or bent, in graceful attitudes, over the mimic river-rocks—the constant succession of female water-carriers balancing on their heads the classically-formed *panelas*—with the occasional addition of a passing muleteer, or peasant, presented groups which would have inspired the pencil of a Claude: meanwhile, rang their gay songs or cheerful laughter on the clear air, and the *coup d'œil* was altogether animated beyond description. There was one cluster of cottages close to the water's edge, to which I often directed my steps; it was a humble but a happy community; the sound of the washing-bats made ceaseless music—the vicinity of the city secured incessant occupation—the fine air, the clear sky, and the bright river, almost insured health, while, as to happiness, I scarcely ever rambled to that little washing-hamlet when I did not hear a guitar or a merry voice coming towards me on the wind.

After all, what are our wants?—mere factitious creations, enervating extravagancies,—enemies which we ourselves raise up to smite us. These humble peasants feasted on a *sardinha*, an onion, and a slice of Indian corn bread; and, when the labour of the day was over, they spread their mats in the open air, and slept through the long sweet night at the portal of their cottages. They had no fear of thieves, for they possessed not wherewithal to tempt the cupidity of the unprincipled; they had no dread of death, for no consciousness of evil pressed like an incubus upon their hearts; they went to work with the rising sun, and, at its set, the dance and the song wound up the day. For all dissipation, a walk to the city and a lounge in the *Roscio* sufficed; while a frequent visit to the confessional of a neighbouring church, and a frequent attendance at its mass, kept their minds ever rightly balanced.

Will it be thought that I am painting a modern Utopia? I only know that I am sketching from the life.

Miss Pardue will, we trust, acknowledge we have done our spiriting gently. There is, however, one blemish in her work, which amounts

almost to a deformity:—we allude to the piebald style in which Portuguese words are scattered over almost every page, requiring the uninitiated constantly to recur to the foot-note, by which his ignorance is to be enlightened. We have no objections to titles and distinctive appellations being expressed in the language of the land, but that such expressions as “Very pretty;” “It is very warm;” “The clock strikes;” “You can do nothing in this;” “There are men so wicked;” “Very fond of wine,” &c., &c., &c., should be first rendered in Portuguese, and translated at the bottom of the page into English, is quite ridiculous. As Sir Hugh Evans would say, “It is affectations.”

THE RECORD COMMISSION.*

IN many of the collateral departments of an executive government, the superintending authority which is relied on for keeping all the actual workmen to their duty, is constituted upon a strange principle.

Birth, wealth or station, united with private influence, is commonly the qualification entitling a member of the Board to his appointment. It matters not that he be without the slightest previous knowledge of the subject upon which his office empowers him to judge and determine, and that habits of indolence or sluggish indifference disincline him from any exertion to seek information. He is commissioned with powers which, divided amongst numbers, become wholly irresponsible; and the peculiar nature of his duties may allow a skulking secrecy from public observation. He is master of an uncontrolled expenditure of a quantity of public money,—the only guarantee for the right appropriation of which is valueless, as resting merely upon character as “a man of honour.” What marvel that a Board thus constituted should exhibit a fitness for the perpetration of every species of jobbery,—the misapprehension of all its functions,—the abandonment of all its duties, and the successful incubation of a nest of interests bitterly opposed to public good? If we desire an example possessing the most aggravated features, we have only to glance at the proceedings of the Record Commission.

Of this Commission the public fears little, and has observed less; and being unwatched and unchecked, it has indulged in the full swing of a maleficent career during the long period of thirty years. It was established for the preservation and better arrangement of the national records. An expenditure of public money, averaging considerably beyond £10,000 per annum, has been most imprudently committed to its disposal; and after a cost to the country of more than half a million, every individual object, for which it was incorporated, remains to be, not merely accomplished, but even properly commenced.

We have not refrained from this notice of the Record Commission, because through its agency the publication of certain ancient records, the Close Rolls, has been lately produced. We deem it important, indeed,

* A description of the Close Rolls in the Tower of London, (prefixed to the first volume of the Close Rolls, printed by the Record Commission. Fol. London, 1833.) By Thomas Duffus Hardy.

that some protest should be entered against the production of such works at the public expense, and to the dereliction of other more important duties of the Commission; and, moreover, we desire to make preparation for the flourish of trumpets, which the Commission will doubtless cause to be sounded through the medium of a free and disinterested press, upon the meritorious execution of this work. The question whether such works belong to the duties of the Commission will be smothered, by the very decent and respectable appearance of the particular production, by comparison with previous publications; and its superiority will be ostentatiously protruded in illustration, and as a fair specimen of the admirable operation of the Commission. With the real merits of this Commission, the public will become acquainted in due season; and we spare the detail of all that we can adduce to substantiate our opinion of the institution, until the advent of its trial, which we prophesy to be at no distant period: thanks to the pamphlets of Sir Harris Nicolas, whose unreserved exposure of abuse and jobbing, induces us to suspect the report of his having submitted himself to the office of sub-commissioner, to be mere calumny; thanks to the impatient proceedings of Sir Francis Palgrave, who, with an ubiquity not uncommon with the servants of the public, finds time and ability to perform the duties both of record and corporation commissions, although the former Commission pays him £1000 per annum, upon express stipulation, that he render undivided attention to its interests; thanks, moreover, to the performances, unexampled in the history of public affairs, of the presiding genius of the Commission, the secretary, Mr. Cooper; thanks also to certain commissioners who refused, in the House of Commons, returns of the expenditure of the Commission, and who were backed in their refusal by the Ministry; and, finally, thanks to the member for Liskeard, Mr. C. Buller, by whose exertions the public are likely to obtain some clew to the proceedings of the Commission, since its reconstruction under the auspices of the Lord Chancellor Brougham; who being omniscient, and as deeply versed in the nature of public records as in the science of hydrostatics, placed himself as the corner-stone of the Commission, confiding the entire direction of its affairs to his protégé the secretary.

Incompetency, ignorance, or dishonesty—perhaps a union of all three, caused the old Commission entirely to mismanage its business. The mere *printing* of Records, to the neglect of all beside, alone attracted its attention, and became the vehicle for the distribution of its patronage. During the whole thirty years of its administration, hardly a single step was taken for the better classification of the Public Records, which were in the most hideous confusion; nor were even any efficient measures prosecuted to ascertain what records were in existence. No inquiry was instituted to learn their comparative value, originality, or validity; but, with most indecent haste, the Commission proceeded to print whatever any of its stupid and selfish attachés brought before its notice. Of course, there was no superintendence of the manner in which the work of printing was executed; and, as might be expected, not a single publication of the Commission can be shown without an accompanying exhibition of the grossest fraud, negligence, ignorance, or greedy jobbing. The present Commission has, in some degree, moderated the eagerness for printing *Public Records*; although with it there has been no lack of printing such trash as its own private squabbles. Rare specimens of frippery and expense will appear in the bill of the Commission's *private* printer.

Sufficient ground for condemnation of all this printing is to be found in the enormous disproportion between the outlay and the return. From the commencement of the Commission until the year 1831, it appears, from one Parliamentary paper, that more than L.108,000 had been expended on this object; and from another similar paper, that the sale of the Record publications amounted only to L.5,237. In its most odious light, publication is but a pretence for putting money into the pockets of sub-commissioners; and, at best, serves the convenience of a very small fraction of the community, scarcely fourscore individuals at the largest estimate. Of the best executed and most popular of the old Commission's publications, the *Parliamentary Writs*, only twenty-five copies were delivered for sale to the booksellers. One volume, and two imperfect parts of a volume, of this work, have cost the country for printing alone, exclusive of the charges of editorship, L.12,688.* Most of the publications of the Commission may be purchased for their value as waste paper. It may be said that the public receives the benefit of these publications through the medium of public libraries. The only library in London, to which there is tolerably easy access, and which possesses these publications, is the British Museum. Copies of the works are sent, we believe, to the various Record Offices, to the library of Lambeth Palace, to Sion College, and the Town Clerk's Office: but no one will pretend that these sanctuaries in anywise concern the public.

Whilst the public money is thus squandered, a most flagrant injustice and gross absurdity is committed under the authority of the Commission. We allude to the exclusion of the public from the use of its own Records. The Commission pays an enormous premium to have that done, professedly for public benefit, which it forbids the public to do for itself. The drift of excluding the public, is doubtless to secure the monopoly of printing Records. The public should understand its anomalous position in this matter; it pays heavily for the publication of Records, and yet submits to be refused the opportunity of publication. It bribes certain persons to enter Record Offices, and extract their contents; and whilst exercising this authority, remains passive upon having admittance denied to itself. Wonderful absurdity! It gives a licence, and permits a refusal.

The Record Commission, in this monomania for printing, neglects its really important duties. The greater portion of the Public Records still remains in indescribable confusion. Not a single repository can be approached without submission to various despotic forms, and the payment of fees to the sinecure office-keepers, so troublesome and onerous, as to be tantamount to entire exclusion. The remedy of these evils forms the proper business of the Commission, and it possesses all the means and powers to effect both objects. It has unlimited authority of granting admission to any Record Office, and it could exercise that power immediately for the benefit of the public, if it also possessed the disposition. Should the office-keepers offer any impediments, application to Parliament would instantly remove them. When the Commission has obtained a knowledge of what Records are existing, has classified and properly arranged the whole, and has afforded the freest access to the public, it will then be time to consider the propriety of printing: but

* "The sum received or claimed by Mr. Palgrave, as editor of the new edition of the *Rolls of Parliament*, from March 1822 to April 1832, under the various heads of salary, editing, &c. amounts to L.14,000."—*Observations on the Parliamentary Writs, published under the authority of the Record Commission.*

until all this is accomplished, and to confine the Commission within the proper scope of its duties, we would suggest, if any further grants are made to the present Commission, (a matter of some doubt,) the expediency of accompanying the grant, by an express stipulation, that no money be expended in printing. We desire that our objections to printing should in no wise reflect hurtfully upon the utility, and intrinsic value of the present volume of the Close Rolls. We should certainly have been better pleased to have welcomed it from any other source. The work appears to be the cheapest,* and is certainly one of the most efficiently executed of all the Record publications; still, honourably and meritoriously as the work has been performed, we are not satisfied that it should have been produced at the public expense. The Commission having for once produced some comparatively cheap and good workmanship, will lustily sing its own praise. The *Edinburgh Review*, the *Law Magazine*, the *Times* newspaper, and the rest of the press retained by the Commission, or by its patrons, will raise loud shouts of applause; extolling the excellent management of the Commission, its spotless purity, and entire freedom from error or jobbing. Whatever credit belongs to this publication, is the property of the editor, who seems to present the remarkable phenomenon of an employé of the Commission, uniting fitness for his occupation, with abstinence from rendering the opportunities afforded by his appointment subservient to grasping selfishness. It is a piece of luck for the sake of the Commission, and still more so for the interest of the public, that it has found capacity and honesty together. The editor might have been all that most of his predecessors have been—ignorant of the business—fraudulent or exorbitant in charges,—and there would have been no one to detect his incompetence, or to restrain, or expose his roguery; he might perchance have found even a screen and protector in some tender-hearted and misguided Commissioner. As respects the Commission, it is mere accident that the case is different.

Before concluding, we must introduce the "Close Rolls" to our readers.

"The Records intituled *Rotuli Litterarum Clausarum*, or Close Rolls, are a series of parchment Rolls, commencing with the sixth year of the reign of King John, A.D. 1204, on which are recorded, or enrolled, all Mandates, Letters, and Writs of a private nature. They are denominated *Close*, in contradistinction to another series of Rolls called *Patent*. The entries registered on the *Close Rolls*, are letters addressed in the King's name to individuals, for special and particular purposes; and were folded up, or *Closed up*, and sealed on the outside with the Great Seal."

This work will afford the most complete exposition of the actual state of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, yet known to the public. It furnishes most rare and authentic material awaiting the workmanship of the philosophical historian. What has been written upon guess, will have now to sustain, for the first time, a severe probation. The information is afforded without any other than the chronological arrangement of the Record itself. In the same column occur—Writs for Summoning the Council of the Kingdom; the Array of Military Service; the Execu-

* Mr. Hardy's estimate was below £.800: reckoning the actual cost at £.1,000, it is about one-fifth of the charges for editorship of one volume of the Parliamentary Writs; and there is at least three times more of original matter in these Rolls than in the Parliamentary Writs.

tion of Malefactors ; the Commission of the Peace ; the Wages of Artisans ; the Expenses of the King's Wardrobe and Household, &c. It is a *fac-simile* of the original in modern type. The intelligent editor, in a useful introduction to the Rolls, describes their contents "as illustrating, in an eminent degree, the policy and history, as well of foreign nations as of this country, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries ; the biography of the princes, and other illustrious personages of the times ; and elucidating the laws, particular and general, the prerogatives of the Crown, the power and influence of the clergy and nobility, and the relative condition of the people, as well morally as politically."

"In reference to the King and his Royal Rights and Authority, may be included articles concerning the Royal Prerogatives, Crown Revenue, Decadends, Treasure Trove, Gold and Silver Mines, Donationes Regis, Fines for Transgressions, Royal Parks and Forests, Magna Charta, the Charter of the Forests, the Royalties of Hunting and Hawking, Economy of the Royal Household, Royal Marriages, Robes and Dresses, Jewels, Coins, Aurum Regium, or Queen's Gold, Tournaments, Levying of Armies, King's Messengers, Naval and Military Affairs, Homage, Fealty, Knights' Service, Aids and Marriages, Duels, Bail and Pardons, Protections, Truces, Public and Private Letters to and from the King upon State Affairs, Sentage, Tallage, Livery of Lands, Assignments of Dower, Royal Presents to distinguished individuals, &c. Connected with the Courts of Law, may be found matters relating to Politics and Laws, the Chancellor of England, Deliveries of the Great Seal ; Jurisdiction of the Courts of Chancery, King's Bench, and Exchequer ; Wardship of Minors, Custody of Idiots and Lunatics ; Appointments of Justices of the Peace, Escheators, and Coroners, the Privy Council, and Summons to the Councils ; Ordinances, Books, Records, &c. Under Ecclesiastical Affairs, the subjects of Divorce, Adultery, Alimony, Prayers, Masses, Papal Bulls, Knights Hospitallers and Templars, &c. will occur. In illustration of the introduction and progress of Trades and Manufactures, various entries will be found respecting Repairs of Palaces, Public Buildings and Bridges, &c. ; the Arts, Pictures, Costume," &c.

MY COUSIN!

PERHAPS there is not in the life of man a purer feeling of existence than that which he enjoys, when, after a lingering illness, he walks abroad, for the first time, on a beautiful spring day. In that gay season everything breathes of life, and love, and joy. It is as if the hearts of living things had been frozen up with the ice of winter ; for, where all before was hushed and silent, all now is festivity and mirth. And no sooner have the heavens again smiled upon the earth, and the earth resumed its beauty, than there is a wild and tumultuous burst of joyous and ardent feeling from the heart of every living thing. His own heart, grateful in the renovation of existence, naturally expands with every generous emotion ; selfish and worldly feelings die within it ; and, entering largely into the general joy, it unreservedly goes out, in the mystery

of its fulness, to the great Creator, who perhaps rejoices in nothing so much as in the happiness of the creatures which his goodness has made.

Such may be supposed to have been the feelings of Alfred Yorston, when he left Mossburn Cottage, where he had been confined to a sick-bed for several long months. He had struck down the avenue which leads to the Hermitage, and had just come in view of that sequestered pile, when he was accosted by an old female mendicant—

"God bless yer honour!—eh! but, my dear, that bonnie face is pale: was it grief, himie, that made ye sae wan an' thochtfu'? Nae doubt—nae doubt," she continued, advancing nearer to Alfred, and assuming a sort of confidential tone: "young hearts, Maister Yorton, hae their sorrows, an' young een sometimes greet till maybe there's na anither tear to drap, altho' a sweetheart was lyin' i' the deathdraw."

Alfred was surprised to hear his name mentioned by a person whom he had never, to his knowledge, seen before.

"How do I know you, dear? hoo sud I hae kent ye, indeed, for ye are sair changed!—an' hoo sud I hae kent yer uncle, wha's heir yer honour noo is; an' hoo sud I hae kent ane ye wud hae liket weel to hae been nearer an' dearer to ye? Hae na I aften seen you an' her sittin' thegither, whan ye baith thocht nae een but yer ain were upon ye?"

"For God's sake, woman! of whom do you speak?" eagerly inquired Alfred; while his breathing became difficult, and his limbs trembled beneath him.

"Of whom do I speak, said ye? Wha sud I speak o', but the bit lassie ye anre liket sae weel—an' wha liket you as ne'er agin will she like man? Hae ye sic a short memory, Maister Yorston?—Dinna ye mind bonnie Miss Ethelaid—an' hoo she was sent aff to the north lest ye sud mak' her yer bride?—an' dinna ye mind o' her greetin' on yer bosom, aneath the haw tree, that bonnie mune-light nicht, till her young heart was a' hut broken, an' yer ain na far frae't, when na ane heard ye but mysel', an' the God that made us a'?"

A deep stifled groan came from the bottom of the unhappy man's heart. He put gold into the woman's hand, and solemnly entreated her, if she knew nught of that lady, to acquaint him of it.

"Me ken ony thing o' the young leddy! hoo sud I ken ony thing o' her, puir thing? We're a' sinfu' cratures, yer honour, an' whan a woman's love is thwartet, an' her sweetheart forgets her, ye ken, think ye it a strange thing if a young maiden sud e'en tyne heart a'thegither, an' become reckless o' what may betide her, he it weel or wae?"

"And is this all you know about Miss Stuart?" asked Alfred impatiently.

"Hout! I maybe ken some mair about her; but your honour is sae hasty. But what signify's speakin' about a thing that'll sune be as it ne'er had been? The lassie's days—ay, Maister Yorston, her hours are number'd—the sand o' her short life is rinnin' fast to a close. See ye that sun wi' its bricht face glowrin' thro' the tall trees?—it'll no set afore it looks upo' the cauld corp o' Ethelaid Stuart."

Alfred turned away, under the supposition that the woman was crazy. The feelings she had conjured up, however, were of such a nature as not to be easily diverted from the current they had taken, even though he had wished to do so. She had distinctly alluded to circumstances long gone by, of which he had thought no one had any knowledge but himself. She had, moreover, adverted to other circumstances, apparently of a more painful nature, of which he was ignorant. Anxious to ascertain the

import of the dark words which the woman had uttered, he turned back, in the hope of overtaking her ; but she seemed purposely to have eluded his search, for she was not to be found.

Alfred Yorston was of humble but respectable parentage. On the death of his father, who, though a pious and learned man, had never advanced beyond a poor curacy, his mother was invited, with Alfred, her only surviving child, to spend a few months in Scotland, with her brother, a bachelor, who, at an advanced time of life, had retired from business, with the view of spending his remaining years in the peaceful obscurity of his country villa. Mr. Livingston loved his sister and her little boy too well ever to think of them returning to England ; so she continued to live in family with her brother till she died. Alfred, now a youth of very prepossessing exterior, had been educated with an eye to the Scottish church, but his delicate constitution was found not to admit of the severe and ceaseless study necessary for an aspirant to the Scottish pulpit ; and as it was not thought prudent by his uncle that he should undermine his health in qualifying himself for a profession for which, after all, his extreme delicacy might unfit him, he, shortly after his mother's death, discontinued his attendance at the college, and betook himself to such studies and pursuits as his fancy or inclination suggested. Though young, Alfred was by no means deficient in those accomplishments which, though of lesser value, never fail, when united to gentlemanly manners and a cultivated understanding, to render the company of a man estimable in any society. He danced well—sang better than he danced—was well versed in the literature of his own and other countries—and had a natural talent for keeping up the conversation of a little party, whether grave or sprightly ; and all this with the most child-like simplicity and good nature. He had, moreover, from his boyhood, imbibed a thorough contempt for, and detestation of, those low and vicious indulgences to which the youth of great cities are unhappily prone. Long, therefore, before he had reached his full stature, Alfred was a declared favourite of the ladies, young and old ; and seldom or never did he leave a family circle without sincere wishes on the part of the parents ; and as devout, though perhaps more secret, wishes on the part of their fair daughters, to become more intimately acquainted with the handsome young Englishman. At any time the English accent has a wonderful effect upon the ears of Scottish maidens ; but when, after the heart-opening and innocent gaiety of a tea party or little dance, it is listened to as the party, arm in arm, walk leisurely homewards, perhaps in the clear moonlight, it may, in truth, be said to possess something like a charm in the female estimation. But though really beloved by all who knew him, Alfred had continued an utter stranger to what is called “ the passion of love.” He regarded his young female friends with almost the same feelings which he would have cherished for his own sisters, had they been living. And while suppressed sighs, and unrepressed smiles, and soft glances, and occasionally a fluttering of hearts, were the electrical effects of his entrance into the drawing-room or family parlour ; and while these, one and all of them, were often brought to bear upon him, during the winter evenings, even like the besieging of a beautiful city, Alfred, all unmoved by the splendour of so brilliant an array, remained provokingly proof against its overwhelming battery. Perhaps he had not even been sensible of these little blandishments, or never once thought whence they originated. But such a state of things could not always continue. His pale countenance, with its touch of melancholy ; his large, dark, expressive eyes ;

his finely arched eyebrows; his high smooth forehead, overshadowed with dark-brown luxuriant curls,—all bore unequivocal testimony that he had both a heart and a soul. Nor was the time distant when both were to revel in all the enchantment, and wildness, and mystery of a passion, the most consuming and destructive known among mortals.

In the pew next to that which Mr. Livingston's family occupied, in the parish church of Goslington, sat a young lady, the immediate descendant, by the mother's side, of a noble Scottish family; whose beauty, in Alfred's eyes, had certainly never been equalled since the fatal affair which terminated long ago in the expulsion from Paradise. There were neither roses nor lilies in this young maiden's face, which, truth to speak, was somewhat slightly freckled; but, for all that, she was really a beautiful young creature, with eyes like a turtle dove's, and hair like gold, and a voice like the sweetest sounds of an Æolian harp, and a smile the most touching in the world—sweet, thoughtful, serene, simple, innocent;—it came directly from the heart, and therefore to the heart it went, showing how calm and how tender were the thoughts that dwelt there,—giving, as it were, an open manifestation of woman's original loveliness, ere blighted by sin, and reminding the gazer of the last soft bright rays of the setting sun, shed upon a little garden, while the mavis is singing among the hedge-rows, and the balmy air is yet perfumed with the sweet breath of the closing flowers. And when Alfred looked upon this lady he knew a joy which he had never known before—a pure, unmixed, unspeakable happiness;—something which seemed not of this world, and which he felt was too glowing and vivid long to continue. For it was a beautiful and soul-touching thing to hear the soft, pure, fervent voice of this orphan lady, rising up in holy and tender communion with the Great Father of Spirits. And if there was a time when he saw more clearly the perfect beauty of holiness—when he found what an awful thing it is to stand in the sanctuary of the living God—and when, taking up the language of the erring but loving disciple, he could say, in the sincerity of an affectionate and subdued heart, “It is good for us to be here!”—surely it was, when, bright in the consciousness of her purity, he saw this beautiful and sinless being prostrated in lowly adoration—her delicate form bending over the front of the pew—her forehead resting upon her clasped hands—and her soul lifted up, in the simplicity of faith,—in the art of presenting unto him, to whom such an offering is ever well-pleasing, the sacrifice of her guileless, affectionate, and innocent heart.

Nor, as Alfred looked upon her, did this gentle being ever seek to turn away, till his gaze became almost cruel in its steadfastness. But still her pretty head would ever and anon revert to its former position—and then she would seem to look long and thoughtfully on some object immediately beyond Alfred—undesignedly communicating to him, in a language more eloquent than mere words, the truth of the aphorism “that love begets love,”—with her little white hand raised to her soft cheek, and the nail of her marriage finger touching the extremity of her pretty lips, imparting to the small ring, somewhat ostentatiously, but allowably sported (perhaps for the first time) upon that finger, a beauty and a value which it did not otherwise possess,—while the workings of her pure young heart were such as she, herself, only knew. And sometimes he would even detect her soft dove-like eyes resting upon himself—but, of course, quite accidentally; and then she would suddenly avert her sweet face, and perhaps not again look towards him during the re-

mainder of the service. And, no doubt, when it was concluded, they would leave the church, both greatly edified by the sermon which they had—not listened to. And, then, as he walked behind at a respectful distance, perhaps he was treading upon the self-same spots which her little feet had pressed but a few moments before—and this was always something. Nor, emboldened by the distance, did they now pass from each other's view, till they had exchanged a long lingering look, by the way of observing some intervening object which seemed to have attracted their mutual attention.

TO ETHELAIDE.

Your huir's like the golden sky, Ethelaide!
 When the sun is about to set—
 An' your ee—O! it's siveet as the heather bell
 When wi' mornin' dew it is wet.

Guiltless an' guileless your maiden breast,
 Without an sinfu' stain.
 Your thochts are the thochts o' an innocent heart—
 Pure as the snaw on the plain.

I see ye in God's kirk, Ethelaide—
 But when at his altar I baul my knee,
 My thochts are na o' the haly ruid—
 They hae wandert awa' to thee.

An' why do ye turn awa', then, Ethelaide—
 Why do ye aye turn frae me?
 I see naething but darkness, Ethelaide,
 When ye turn frae me the licht o' your ee.

May God forgi'e me, then, Ethelaide—
 May God forgi'e me my sin—
 For I've gien to ye the love o' that heart
 Which I kent was due to Him.

An' when I meet you, an' mair pass ye by,
 I wonder aye what it can mean,
 For I scarce can keep frae fa'in at your feet,
 An' a mist owre-spreads my een.

O! had I the gowd i' the gowden mines—
 Or the wraith that's i' the saut sea—
 Or the flocks that feed on the bonny hill side—
 Ethelaide! I'd gie them to thee.

An' ye wud hae been my ain, Ethelaide—
 An' I had been yours for aye—
 An' our love had increast wi' increasin' years,
 An' wud never hae kent decay.

O! ye canna be mine, Ethelaide!
 It canna—winna be—

But the flame o' that love which consumes this heart
 Will burn till the day I dee.

But Alfred was neither poet nor prophet.

About this time Mr. Livingston had gone the way of all living. He had ever tenderly loved his nephew; the good old indulgent man had always encouraged his affection for Ethelaide Stuart; and, now, in addition to his warmest blessing, he had left him in the unfettered possession of sixty thousand pounds.

And the day at length arrived, when Alfred was introduced to Miss Stuart, and touched the fair hand of that young lady, for whom he had long cherished the sincerest affection. Many were the hours which he

passed in her beloved society—on the green hills—in the hollow glens—at the river's side, and by the sea-shore ;—at sunset—at noon-day—in the dewy morn—and by the calm moonlight. But this delightful intercourse seemed to him no sooner begun, than it was suddenly cut off. The lady returned hurriedly to Moray. Alfred had written, but had never heard a syllable from her ; and now, almost three years had elapsed since he had parted from her to whom he had solemnly plighted his faith and his troth.

All these circumstances now passed before the mind's eye of Alfred Yorston, as he roamed through the wooden and romantic glen of the hermitage ; not in the indistinct glimmer of perspective, but in the very front and foreground of his affectionate though devoted heart.

When he had emerged from the wood, he sat down to rest himself upon a mossy bank, where the gowans and the blue-bells lifted up their humble heads, and the wild thyme was fragrant around him. But the day had become gloomy—the birds had ceased singing—and a chill wind was felt coming over the hill from the north-east. As he sat, with his head leaning on his hand, his eyes resting vacantly on the misty glen, and his thoughts dwelling upon the past, he was somewhat startled by something falling on the soft light sod at his feet. It was a young wood-pigeon. He looked up, and saw a large hawk. There it stood, but a few yards above his head, with its broad wings extended in the air, as motionless as the bronzed eagle spread over a concave mirror, and its beautiful eyes fixed piercingly on the quarry that had fallen from its talons, as if it were meditating a descent, even at the risk of its own destruction. A slight movement of its wings was now perceptible ; and, uttering a shrill scream, it swooped across the hill, and, gliding upwards, circled round the front of the ivied crags, and pitched on a projecting rock, beside a large hawthorn bush. Alfred lifted up the dove. Its plumage was ruffled and stained with blood. It gave one or two feeble gasps, stretched out its unfledged legs, and, after a slight convulsive motion, ceased to breathe.

"Said I not that death was advancin' wi' lang strides?"—It was the old woman who had accosted him in the glen. She stood within the shadow of the planting ; an old black velvet bonnet of huge dimensions covering her head, and a tattered grey cloak wrapped about her.

"An' why sjt ye here Maister Yorston, when yer presence may be sair needit elsewhere ? Up, then, an' awa' to the port—spear for ane Mistress Fairgrieve, the undertaker's wife—they leeve i' the tanner's close, stracht forment the roon' montht entry. Just gang a wee bit doon the close, and turn till yer richt han'—pass by the smiddy, an' then ye'll see a door—but that's na it—pass that door, and gang even on till ye come to three steps—and then turn till yer left, an' there ye'll see Mistress Fairgrieve's door i' the corner,—ye canna gang wrang."

"And what am I to do with Mrs. Fairgrieve, good woman, when I find her out ?" asked Alfred, smiling at the minuteness of her directions.

"Was there e'er the like o' that heard ?—that a man sud ask what he sud do, when his sweetheart is aither deen or dead !"

"Who ?"

"Miss Ethelaide—yer ain Ethelaide—Ethelaide Stuart !" answered the mendicant.

Alfred rose, and advanced one step towards the speaker. "Am I to understand from thy words that the lady whose name thou hast mentioned hath become an erring and sinful creature ?—that she is now in

the city, the child of poverty, and shame, and disease?—and that she is now—even now, at the point—speak, woman ! for I feel my brain turning.”

“O ! Maister Yorston, I thought ye had mair o’ the fortitude o’ a Christian, else had I never never mintet sic a thing. It mayna be preceesely as ye say—but that the young leddy is deein’, an’ abandoned by them that sud be near her—an’ that she has been stayin’, this month past, in a place that ye wud think unfit for your hounds—is a’ as true as that young cushy-doo is lyin’ dead an’ bluidy at yer feet. But bear up like a guid man, an’ a brave, for I ken ye are baith—” and the poor old creature, herself overcome, lifted up her voice and sobbed aloud.

“Did you see her?”

“I did no mysel’ see Miss Ethelaide ; but Mistress Fairgrieve, a decent an’ obleegin’ body as can be, teld me a tale about her, in her ain mooth, this very mornin’, as I was gettin’ a wheen splinters frae her to mask my tea ; an’ I just thoct I wad gang my wa’s out to the moss, an’ try an’ get a word o’ yer honour, whan I forgathert wi’ ye doon by at the hermitage. Ye’ll maybe na min’ me, Maister Yorston ; but I leev’d for mony a year just at the bottom o’ yer uncle’s park, i’ the wee bit cottage on the ither side o’ the burn.”

From the first dark intimation which Alfred had received from the old woman, regarding Ethelaide Stuart, the thought which had now been presented to him, stript of all disguise, had again and again forced itself upon his imagination ; but he had as often indignantly repelled it, as the highest insult which could be offered to the memory of one for whom he cherished the purest and strongest regard. And though what he had dreaded seemed to be now but too true, he, nevertheless, clung, even with the eagerness of a drowning person—to a vague, indefinite, and sickening hope, that still it *might be* otherwise. So, requesting the woman to call at Mossburn Cottage in the evening, he set off with hurried and irregular steps towards the city.

Alfred, with little difficulty, found out the place to which he had been directed. It was a dark passage or close, entering by three or four steps from a narrow lane. After traversing the little world of misery which lay dimly known, and, therefore, scarcely heeded, in that noisome close, he came to the spot which he conjectured was that marked out to him as the abode of Mr. and Mrs. Fairgrieve, and rapped gently at the door. It was opened by an elderly female, who, to Alfred’s inquiry, whether Miss Ethelaide Stuart lived with her, replied, “Alas ! Sir, the young leddy for whom you inquire, has entered into her rest !” Alfred seemed to gasp for breath, while he supported himself upon the lintel of the door ; but the next minute he was standing in a room darkened by the closed shutters. Mrs. Fairgrieve had said something, but Alfred heard her not. He stood in the middle of the place, his body bent, his head stretched out, his right hand lifted up, and his eyes strained and dilated as if they had rested upon a spectre. He looked—and he thought he could distinguished what appeared a human figure lying on the bed. He looked, again, and he saw a young female pale and ghastly. He looked again, and he saw nothing—a thick darkness passed before his eyes—a death-like sickness had come over his heart—and, staggering forward, he fell with a heavy groan upon the lifeless body of Ethelaide Stuart !

When Alfred awoke from that long swoon, in which he might, in truth, be said to have been with the dead—he opened his eyes, and immediately closed them again, for the blood which had retreated to his

heart was returning into his veins, and a noise was in his head like that of the rushing of water, while the cold sweat was dropping from his pallid face. He found himself lying in the same bed where he had seen the dead body of Ethelaide Stuart. In the middle of the floor, supported upon two chairs, lay the corpse, stretched out upon a dead-deal. Mrs. Fairgrieve, with the assistance of her husband, had just finished laying out the body, and they stood at each side, without speaking, stooping down, and looking upon the face of the beautiful dead.

"This is a sad sight!" said Alfred, who was the first to break the mournful silence. "Can you tell me anything about her for whom you have performed these last sad Christian offices?"

"That can I, Sir!" answered Mrs. Fairgrieve; and beckoning to Alfred to sit down on a chair at the head of the body, she herself took a seat as the foot, and cleared her voice:

"It is just three weeks this very day, late in a rainy evenin', sin' the deceast cam' to our dwellin'. It was easy to see, even then, that she hadn't many days to leeve. We agreed at once to tak' her in; for I saw that whatever micht be her misfortunes, an' hooever she micht be forsaken by her freends, an' whatever mystery there micht be in her forlorn situation, she was nae evil-doer. Na—na, Sir! thae bonny, meek, waesome-like een, cou'd never hae belang'd to ane that had a wicket or sinfu' heart. An', besides, the leddy hersel' wad na be persuadet to gang till genteel lodgings, nor let a doctor come near her. We baith had ta'en a likin' to the young leddy—for a leddy I weel may ca' her, Sir; an' I'm sair mista'en if she was na come o' mair than gentle bluid, for a bonnier han', an' a sweeter, fairer face, I never lookt upon—an', indeed, if she had been our ain bairn, Sir, we could scarcely hae been mair tender o' her. Lindsay read a chapter o' the Bible to her every night; and last night, bein' Sabbath, after singin' the last four verses o' the sixteenth psalm, we kneel'd doon thegither at her bed-side; an' the guidman pryed lang an' fervently, that whatever micht be the sorrows o' this mortal life, her soul micht, thro' the merits o' her Redeemer, hae an entrance ministered to it abundantly into his everlastin' kingdom. An' when we rose frae our knees, we saw she had been greetin'; but she shuik han's wi' us baith, an' askt us to kiss her, an' smil'd wi' sic a sweet, heavenly smile, that we had never seen ony thing like it.

"After she had ta'en a cup o' tea this mornin', wi' ha'f a wine-biscuit and jeely, it struck me that she was mair stoot an' lively-like than I had ever seen her; and I was tellin' her, in a cheerfu' way, hoo weel she looket, and that simmer was comin' in, an' that it micht na be lang afore she was able to gang out an' tak' the air; but oh! Sir, if ye had seen sic a look as the dear young creature gae me—it gaed stracht to my heart, an' I was vext an' like to greet, that I had ever said sae.

"Mrs. Fairgrieve!" she said, thae were her very words, Sir, 'it has grieved me to think that I have been the occasion of so much trouble to you and your excellent husband—but it is drawing near a close. From your great kindness to me, you have a right to know something of my situation. I am a native of Moray; my name is, as I have told you, Ethelaide Stuart; my family is one of rank; but I left them clandestinely, and married without their sanction or knowledge. Yes! I was married. My husband was the Hon. Mr. ————An' here a faint blush cam' owre her sweet face—but no matter,' she added, 'his affection for me soon ceased, and within two months after his desertion of me, he was publicly married to another woman. My heart did not break,

but it received a shock, against which I have not been able to bear up. I never could dare to return to my family; but sorely have I suffered for the sin which I thus committed. I came to this city in the hope of meeting him, but I found he had gone to London. I cannot regard him as I would have done, but I forgive him—yes! I sincerely forgive him, as I pray God to forgive me. The last time we parted, he gave me bank-notes to a large amount. All these notes are in my small sealed trunk. I used them not. I give them to you, and to your husband and children. It is my last wish that you destroy all the letters and papers in that little trunk, without looking at one of them—and I know you will attend to it. You have often wondered and grieved at my situation: but this lonely apartment has been to me more agreeable than if I had been living in a palace—nor could I have chosen a place more congenial to my feelings. Go, my friend! and bring me a clean bed-gown and cap, for I feel I shall now require them.’

“ Her voice becam’ weakly towards the end, but I gied her a little jeely an’ water, an’ it revery’d her. I took out that same night-gown an’ cap which yo see on the body—it had never been out o’ the fold sin’ the day it was made—an’ as I put it upon her wastet form, my heart was like to break, for I thoert on the words o’ ane that had compassion upon sinners—that against the day of her buryin’ had she keepet this. But whan I had sortet her a’, an’ washt her face an’ her han’s wi’ a wat cloth, an’ braidet her yellow hair, she was sae bonny an’ fresh-like, an’ her een werena’ sunk us I had seen them; an’ there was a bit spat o’ red just i’ the middle o’ ilk white cheek, sae that she looket mair like a bride arrayed for her bridal-bed, than ane preparin’ herself for the grave. She then ask’t me what a clock it was; an’ whan I telt her, she said ‘ It is enough—it will be all over by noon!’ She lay doon again, an’ I sat by the bed-side lookin’ upon her; wi’ her white han’ locket in mine; but she seemed restless, and ask’t me to read a chapter o’ the Bible. At her nin request, I read the fourteenth chapter o’ John’s Gospel, ‘ Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me!’ An’ whan I had read to the ond o’ the twenty-seventh verse, she gave a deep sigh, an’ I fand a gentle pressure o’ her saft han’ on mine. I lookt up, an’ saw she had fu’n asleep; sae I laid down the buik, that I micht na disturb her, an’ leant owre her as I used to do. She had indeed fa’n asleep; but eh! Sir, it was that lang sleep frae which there is nae awakenin’, till we wake to the licht o’ eternal day!”

The body was carried out by Mr. Fairgrieve and his workmen. A silent and mournful procession was instinctively formed. Mr. Fairgrieve preceded the body, which was borne upon black spokes, by four young men, two on each side, with their heads uncovered. Alfred walked at the head, and Mrs. Fairgrieve followed, weeping, behind. Slowly and sadly did that little procession move up the close; and when it reached the top, which was somewhat darkened by the houses above it, a number of persons had ranged themselves on each side, to get a view of the body as it passed by. A gust of wind blew aside the white napkin that covered the face of the dead. Men took off their hats, and kept in their breath with a holy feeling of awe. Women, anxious to get a nearer view of that dead face, stretched out their heads, and suddenly drew back and wept; while their young ones, with an instinctive dread, clung closer to their mothers, hiding their little faces. A few stifled sobs escaped from feeling hearts, but not a word was spoken; and the bier passed by. The body was raised into the coach which waited in the

narrow lane. Alfred stepped in—the undertaker followed—the door was shut—and the coach drove slowly off to Mossburn cottage.

Great was the consternation of the domestics at the Moss. Old Alison, in particular, who had been in the house from Alfred's boyhood, lifted up her hands, and looked with an expression of bewildered pity on her young master. But the body was carried into the house, the sealed trunks, containing the property and wearing apparel of Ethelaida, were removed from the back of the coach, and the bustle ceased. One circumstance alone deserves to be recorded, to the eternal honour of the undertaker's feelings:—When he had deposited the body in an upper chamber, he locked the door, and stood with the key in his hand, as if considering whether he should himself keep it, or give it to Alfred. There was a fine expression of delicacy and compassion in the man's face; he looked at Alfred, while, hesitatingly, he half put the key into his own pocket. Alfred could not mistake what was passing in his mind. "Be it so," he said; and the next moment he was giving vent to his feelings, unseen, in his own room.

The day appointed for the burial arrived, dust had been committed to its parent dust, and the company had returned with Alfred to the cottage. Before going down to dinner, he ordered the trunks of the deceased to be brought into the room, and requested, at the same time, that Mrs. Fairgrieve and her husband should come up. They both appeared, and Alfred, in the presence of the minister of the parish and his other friends, desired her to relate all the circumstances attending the death of the deceased. She did so, almost word for word as she had before narrated them to Alfred.

"One thing, however, Mrs. Fairgrieve has omitted," said Alfred, when Mrs. Fairgrieve had ceased, "which is this, that the deceased, on the morning she died, bequeathed to Mrs. Fairgrieve, and to her husband and children, whatever money might be found in these sealed trunks; was it not so?"

"Deed, Sir, the deceased did say that; but the guidman and me never thocht that we had ony teetle til't."

There was no disputing the fact. The face of the woman demonstrated that she was incapable of falsehood. The minister declared it to be his opinion that the money belonged to Mrs. Fairgrieve and her family. Every person present, with one exception, echoed the same sentiment:—that exception was Alfred's man-of-business, Mr. Malcolm Griphard, Solicitor before the Supreme Courts.

"There is no legal title here, Mr. Yorston," said the lawyer, with his strong Kintyre accent, and most gear-gathering aspect, as he rose from his chair, and lifted his arm in the manner of one determined to carry his point, strong in the hope that his ingenuity would, as usual, effect a transference of a part and portion of the cash into his own pocket. "The deceased," he said, "cannot be held to have been *recto in animo*, in such a state as to capacitate her for executing validly a settlement of her property; though, as that property was not heritable, some doubt may, perhaps, exist in the case. But, superseding the consideration of this point, the bequest, if there really was a bequest, which, in my opinion, seems very doubtful; I say, the bequest, under the provision and qualification already mentioned, to this woman, and to her husband, and their children, lawfully procreated, or to be procreated between them, of the moveable property, funds, and effects, pertaining and belonging to the deceased, at the time of her death, and contained in the sealed trunk

or trunks, chest or chests, then under the charge of the alleged legatee, and now in your own possession, Mr. Yorston,—hem—and which property does not appear to have been specified or described by the deceased, further than in the loose averment now under consideration, is utterly destitute of those formalities without which the law holds such alleged gifts null and void, and of no avail, force, strength, or effect whatever. The legatee does not even offer to substantiate her averment by the production of witnesses. We have no evidence whatever of the alleged fact. I hold, therefore, that, in law, there was no bequest in this case. But what says Erskine? Erskine says, on this very—”

But Alfred, with a look and motion of his hand, at once silenced the “Outer-House” eloquence of his legal adviser, as if his tongue had cloven to the roof of his mouth; for he had broken open the trunks, committed to the flames the few letters and papers found therein, sealed up again the jewels and wearing-apparel of the deceased, and, lastly, handed over to the old minister, five one-hundred-pound bank-notes, who was about to present them to Mrs. Fairgrieve and her husband, in terms of the wish of the deceased.

The reverend old man rose with a placid and benevolent countenance. “You have heard, my friends, the sentiments of this meeting regarding what I now hold in my hands. It is truly delightful and refreshing to see the religion of Christ animating the hearts, and influencing the conduct of his humble disciples. Never, during the whole course of my ministry, have I seen true Christian charity so beautifully exemplified, as in that instance which has now been brought home so affectingly to our feelings. Doubtless you were the instruments, in the hands of God, of protecting and comforting a dying Christian, in the last weary days and hours of her pilgrimage; but let not such a consideration in any degree detract from the honour which attaches to your truly noble and disinterested conduct. Take, my friends, that which in truth belongs to you. And when ye yourselves feel that hour approaching, which is speedily approaching to all, may you then experience that peace which you may have been the means of imparting to others, even that peace of God which passeth all understanding.”

The village of Goslington is situated in a deep glen, surrounded with dark wooded grounds, rising up to a great height, in the form of an amphitheatre. A clear river flows towards the east, with a silent and almost imperceptible motion, till it reaches the old bridge, where it falls over rocks to a depth of about twenty feet, and thence rushes onwards, through a delightful country, till it is lost in the ocean. A long row of cottages—beautiful in their rural simplicity—their little gardens slanting down to the water’s side—stretches up to the southern height, from whence the murmur of the parish school is heard, like the humming of a hundred bee-hives. A few detached cottages are here and there seen, with their white walls and rose bushes; and, through an opening in the west, the eye traces the course of that winding stream, and wanders over a richly-cultivated district, interspersed with farm-houses and country-seats, till the distant view is bounded by a range of high grey hills. The manse, when viewed from the bridge, seems to rise out of the bed of the river, and might be taken for a damp, dreary residence: but it is founded on a solid rock; and though, when the floods come pouring down from the hills, the troubled waters rise up to the very walls of the house, it is yet as dry as if it had been built on the top of Arthur’s Seat. The kirk itself is a lowly, spireless, stone-roofed fabric,

simple and unostentations in its appearance, but well befitting its sacred use ; for there the terms of salvation have, for many years, been faithfully proclaimed. No effort to dazzle the imagination is here attempted—no pompous declamation—no borrowed lustre—no straining at effect ; but the message is declared in all the plainness and simplicity which belong to it ; and the eloquence with which it is enforced is the eloquence of the heart—that eloquence which seeks to be approved before God, while it commends itself to every man's conscience. Nor is the lonely burying-ground, which surrounds the church, less humble. No fantastic monuments arrest the eye of the curious, as he treads over the hallowed ground,—no laboured inscriptions, that record exploits, ingloriously achieved—talents which were never known—virtues which were never possessed—and piety, which the proud aristocrat, that sleeps beneath, never sought to possess ; but a few simple head-stones point out the spots where the remains of unassuming worth were long ago deposited. Neither do flowers nor shrubs grow in this lonely place : these are the expressions of a morbid sorrow—the contrivances of an artificial and selfish grief, which seeks to gild the chambers of the dead—to hide from its own view the imaginary horrors of the tomb—to shed around the grave itself the solemn mockery of a vivid and unnatural lustre—and to throw life, and beauty, and earthly attraction over the saddest scenes which this world presents. No ! there is no such vain artifice seen in this village kirk-yard, but the long grass waves over each humble and unknown grave, and the kindly feelings and friendly actions which the peaceful inhabitants left behind them, are all that remain to keep alive their remembrance in the hearts of men.

The last rays of a bright sun were shedding their soft light upon the lowly church, as Alfred, who had not entered it since the interment, lingered a few minutes at the gate of its little burying-ground. He stood looking upon the church. The days of other years rose up in vivid remembrance before him, when he sat within its sacred walls with one whose memory was ever dear. Passing over the years that had intervened, he thought of subsequent events—the lifeless body—the coffin—and the grave. As he moved round an angle of the church, he saw a person sitting near the spot which he was approaching. He turned away. She, too, he thought, might be one mourning the loss of a friend that had been very dear—a mother, or a husband, perhaps, the light of whose affection had been quenched in the dark grave,—and he wished not to disturb the grief of such a mourner. But he looked back to get a glimpse of her. There was something in her figure that struck him. He felt that it was rude and unfeeling ; but he could not resist the impulse—and walked directly to the grave. The youthful mourner heard not his footsteps till he was close beside her. She rose—“ Gracious God ! Ethelaide ! Ethelaide Stuart ! ” gasped Alfred—it was all he could utter. “ Mr. Yorston ! ” faintly exclaimed Ethelaide. It was Ethelaide, indeed—the same gentle and beautiful creature he had ever seen her. Alfred was not superstitious, but a mixture of fear and awe darkened his countenance. But Ethelaide, smiling through her tears, held out her hand. Could he refuse it ? He pressed that little hand in both of his, and turned to the marble urn which had been erected—

SACRED TO THE
MEMORY OF ETHELAIDE STUART ;

A NATIVE OF MORAY,

WHO DIED 19TH MARCH, MDCCCXIV, AGED 19 YEARS.

“ Blessed are they that mourn ; for they shall be comforted.”

"That was My Cousin!" said Ethelaide.

"Your Cousin!" echoed Alfred—"blessed be God!"

But she understood not these words, and waited an explanation—Alfred was silent.

"Some other time, I may tell you," rejoined Ethelaide, "the story of My Cousin Ethey's misfortunes, so far as I know them; but how she died—or who raised that vase to her memory—I know not."

"Where you are deficient in the narrative, Ethelaide, it may be that I may help you out."

Ethelaide looked inquiringly. "Come, my Ethelaide! let us leave this lonely place, and I will tell you what I know of your poor sweet cousin." They walked up, arm in arm, to the hill-side, and Alfred narrated—no doubt more affectingly than I have done, the incidents already narrated. No tears were shed—no vain lamentations were uttered over the sorrows of one whose pure and exalted spirit had fled to a better world; but when Alfred ceased speaking, the head of Ethelaide rested on his shoulder, and his right arm was gently round her neck. She looked up—neither spoke; but in that long silent look there was a beautifully mingled expression—of love long cherished—of fear dispelled—of hope now all but realized. It was more than the going out of heart to heart; it was something which would survive the beautiful but frail tabernacle in which it dwelt; something which they felt would exist, when the heart itself had ceased to beat,—for it was the full communion of soul with soul, in which, though the tongue is silent, the spirit reveals the mystery of its deepest feelings. Oh! what can purchase moments such as those! They felt that they had been born for each other; that for them there was in reserve a happiness which the heartless and the sensual know not of. The past was forgotten—the future was all before them; and their bounding hearts filled the opening prospect with visions lovely as ever poet's fancy suggested—skies without a cloud—perpetual sunshine—hills ever green, and waters ever clear; losing sight, in the brightness of that dream, of the melancholy reality, that this world, even with all its joys, is but a valley of tears.



A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR OF CORN-LAW RHYMES,

ON CORN-LAWS, AND THE MANIFESTO OF THE BREAD-TAXRY.

DEAR TAIR,—I ought long ago to have sent you my threatened letter on the Corn-Laws; for the more stupid my thoughts on that subject may be, the more they will amuse the enemy; and if he will read to laugh, perhaps he may read to think. Your neighbour of the *Scotsman*, in one of the ablest articles that ever appeared even in his paper, has shown that our unfortunate landowners are taxed much less now than formerly, and less taxed than their continental neighbours in the proportion of one to five: while in densely peopled, commercial, and manufacturing Prussia, the rent of such lands as in England are called barley lands, varies from four to seven shillings per acre! But I think I can show that our unfortunate and lazy landed worthies pay no taxes whatever, except as consumers of taxed commodities. You will allow that I can neither purchase a commodity, nor pay a debt or tax, with the money which I have this moment consumed in the shape of dinner

or breakfast ; and that while we consume the *whole* of our agricultural products to the last barley-corn and potato, all other products bought by us,—say gold, silver, raw cotton, raw silk, rice, tobacco, tea, coffee, wine, brandy, &c.—*must* be purchased with our manufactures alone. This is equally true of taxes. Besides, so long as the demand for agricultural produce exceeds the supply, it is clear to demonstration, that with or without Corn-Laws, the landowners are protected from taxation by the freight and other charges, (equal to about 10s. per quarter on wheat,) which must be paid before foreign corn can reach the consumers here. *All* the items of their expenditure, taxes included, are secured to them,—and to the amount of the charges alluded to, would be secured to them, even if they had not made a law to wring from the miserable purchasers the uttermost possible farthing beside. *Instead then of being untaxed, and taxing others, ought they not to pay more taxes than others, as they once did, and as the Scotsman proves the continental landowners now do, in countries where the demand for bread does not exceed the supply?* This is a most important question, well worthy of being made the subject of a separate article, speedily to be written, I hope, by some one of your correspondents who has more money than I have, and, consequently, more brains and leisure. John Bull cannot too soon be made fully to understand the attributes of his Juggernaut, that monster god who has never been justly accused of adding anything to the public wealth, and will certainly never be sent to the workhouse, or suffered to die in prison, for inventing thrashing-machines, or improving the steam engine. Such honours are for the rabble only—low fellows like William Symington, or Joseph Lancaster, who invent steam navigation, or cheap methods of instruction, or calculating clocks, or the puddling process in the iron manufacture ; vulgar creatures, who are mean enough to be useful, and, I am sorry to add, stupid enough to keep the useless!

When will your wisest of the wise calculate the landowner's *black mail*? Such a task should not fall to the lot of a crack-brained poet. Leaving the double incidence, and all secondary consequences, entirely out of the question, *What sum per annum do the Corn-Laws take directly out of our pockets?* I will try to answer this query, since, it appears, nobody else will. The common estimate, that they cost the consumers only L.12,500,000 a-year, is made on erroneous principles ; for they raise the price of *all* agricultural produce, in exactly the same ratio as that in which they raise the price of wheat ; to prove which assertion it is only necessary to observe, that no farmer would rear cattle if he could get a greater profit by growing barley or other grain.

Colquhoun, in 1815, estimated the whole yearly value of the agricultural produce of Great Britain and Ireland, at L.216,000,000. His estimate appears to have been formed on the vegetable produce per acre alone, supposing the cattle, horses, &c., to consume a certain quantity of produce, and to be worth what they cost. The Quarterly Reviewers—friends of the bread-tax-eaters, and consequently enemies of the people—estimate the yearly value of all our agricultural produce, as equal to that of one hundred million quarters of wheat ; which, at the low average of 50s. per quarter, would be L.250,000,000. Colquhoun's estimate could not, of course, include the produce of land enclosed since 1815. These estimates, therefore, probably approach the truth, and may be said to confirm each other.

If, then, the fair average price of wheat on the continent is 40s. per quarter, while the robber's price in England is 60s. the difference in

favour of the thieves is rather more than thirty-three per cent. on the gross, or exactly fifty per cent. on the net sum; and if the annual value of the whole agricultural produce of Great Britain and Ireland is £250,000,000, then the *direct* yearly cost of the bread-tax, at thirty-three per cent. on that amount, is £82,500,000; or a yearly tax of £3, 8s. 9d. (nearly twice as much as all the other taxes together,) upon every man, woman, and child, in Great Britain and Ireland, supposing the population to be twenty-four millions. If we would know what the corn-laws have taken *directly* out of our pockets since 1815, we have only to multiply the annual cost by the number of years, or £82,500,000 by 18. The answer will be £1,485,000,000, or £485,000,000 more than all the lands are worth at twenty years' purchase, supposing the rental to be £50,000,000. Why is not the transfer made?

The *direct* yearly cost of the Corn-Laws to the consumers, being £82,500,000, *What are their indirect consequences?*

They destroy the farmer. For he pays out of his capital for untaxing his landlord. Now the landowners are the greatest tax manufacturers that the world ever saw!

They destroy the productive powers of the soil itself. Mr. Mundell has proved, that the annual value of the crops is every year depreciating; and he means the corn value, independent of currency.

By forcing the cultivation of inferior soils, they insure the ultimate loss of the capital invested in such soils, and in the meantime lower the wages of *all* labour, and the profits of *all* capital. For while they limit subsistence, they tend to produce a hopeless and *therefore* superabundant population, necessarily compelling us every day, to give more and more capital, labour, and skill, for less and less profit, wages, and food.

By preventing competition, they prevent improvements in British agriculture, and, of course, the beneficial reaction of such improvements on our manufactures.

They blast, us with a curse, the best blessings of Providence. For a succession of *good* harvests would ruin both the landowners and their mortgages!

They are a declaration of war against every useful and honest person in the realm. For they convert into public enemies men who ought to be, at least, as harmlessly respectable as other idle annuitants are.

They foster boundless insolence, and inconceivable ignorance in parson-judges, soldier-parsons, and other dealers in parlour-law, the *great-kept* generally. For while they *are* kept, what occasion can they have to improve, or to exercise at all, either their moral or their intellectual powers?

They lower the price of bread abroad, while they raise it here; thus offering a double premium for the ruin of ourselves first, and then our oppressors.

They justify every possible or conceivable abuse and villany. For, if the Corn-Laws are justifiable, the inmates of our workhouses have an undeniable right to dine every day on venison, plum-pudding, and mussels. It would be a solemn and instructive spectacle to see them pay a visit of ceremony to my lord, their brother pauper, in the state coach and four.

They discourage honesty, and reward crime. For they tempt the deluded multitude to cry, "Release unto us Barabbas." Now this Barabbas is a murderer.

They convert our best customers into rivals. For, if we are not allowed

to buy what our corn-growing friends have to sell, they have no alternative but to manufacture for themselves, and ultimately for our other customers.

They offer a premium to idleness. For, if we are not permitted to exchange our surplus manufactures for what we wish to buy, we cease to produce a surplus. Thus they may be truly said to cause the loss of unproduced millions, and rob the wages-fund of futurity.

They render the people hopeless. For they are intended to take whatever the tax-gatherer spares, and bring down all profits to that point which will afford starvation wages only; causing incendiary fires, assassinations, strikes, and Trades' Unions; and making every reduction of taxation, however extensive, a mere transfer from the Exchequer to the pockets of the *Great-Kept*. If they do not overthrow the monarchy, they will probably end in a dog-fight for the taxes, between the Executive, and Messrs. Capulet, Cacafoga, and Company. If the Malt Tax and the Assessed Taxes were repealed to-morrow, the Bread-Tax eaters would ultimately reap the whole benefit to the last farthing. If a steam engine were invented, that would do the work of a thousand horses for twelve months at the cost of a pint of turpentine, the advantages of the invention would, at last, go all into the pockets of the Dirt-Kings, or Big-Beggars only. "That *can't* be true," cries some would-be Peel, for I should buy an estate with the earnings of that steam-engine. Then, he would himself be a Dirt-King: which *he* could not be, without sacrificing one-third of his fortune, for the honour of becoming a public enemy.

They have a tendency to prolong their own iniquity. For every little cotton-spiuning dunghill-spurner, who happens to become territorial, dreading a return to the dunghill, supports, of course, the monopoly. Behold, for example, poor, newly-acred, Cacafoga Peel, half doubtful of his own importance, like a mouse on sixpenny worth of copper coin, trying to look over the backs of the rats; Peel, the *parvenu*, who, though he might be respectable as the champion of the people, *chooses* to be ridiculous as their opponent; behold him, I say, rising in the House of Commons, to tell the gentlemen born, how *he* scorns the Radicals, meaning the Bread-Tax *payers*! So true is the saying of that infinitely greater statesman, Sancho Panza, that the higher a monkey climbs the more he shows his breech. And if Sancho were now living, he would agree with me, that it would be time enough for our Bread-Tax-eating ape to give himself airs, *when he could live without robbing the tree.*

They take one-third of his savings from every trader or other producer, who invests his surplus in land. For if he buy an estate, he must pay the price of three acres for two, and ruin his heirs. Why cannot little tradesmen here, as in France, retire when successful, each to his freehold of forty or fifty acres? Because, the Bread Tax will not let them. Why cannot the peasant here, as in France, buy with his surplus labour a wayside cottage, and its two or three acres? Because the land is monopolized, the peasant can make no savings, the Corn-Laws devour them, compelling him to be a pauper, and making that the rule which ought to be the exception.

They have a direct tendency to dismember the empire. For, if they are to be continued, the violent separation of Ireland from England is demonstrably inevitable; and unless the landowners can shew that the great mass of the people here have, or can have, any reason for not wishing the utter overthrow of that state of things, which enables fifty thou-

sand sturdy beggars to plunder twenty-four millions of useful men, let them answer to their own hearts, if they dare, what will be the consequence to themselves, of a convulsion in the sister isle? But our land-owners have been, from the womb, accustomed to eat sour fruit, by cutting off the best boughs of the crab tree. Or, rather, the modern Jonathan Wild sets fire to the house, in order that he may steal, and knows not that he has bargained to die beneath the burning rafters!

They keep the exchanges against us. For if the Americans send no corn to England, they draw no bills on England for corn. Hence, such is often the scarcity of bills on England in New York, as to raise the premium to 10 per cent. But if the corn trade were free, bills representing corn would be found in that market at par; or, if not, the agents of British merchants could remit the corn instead of the bill; whereas, at present, they are giving a hundred guineas for a hundred pounds; another bribe to our rivals! It would be easy to shew, that the Corn-laws in their effects on the exchanges alone, cost the productives of this country £2,000,000 a-year.

They lower the value of men. For they compel us to send men out of the country, at an expense of L.15 per head; whereas, if the corn trade were free, we should save the value of every man, whom we now expatriate, with the surplus profit of his future labour, and the cost of his expatriation beside. Now men are costly. No person has reached the age of twenty years, without having cost his country at least L.80.

They fill the realm with lies and liars. For we are told by their authors, that because they buy our goods when they want them, therefore the money they take from us returns to us in a "fructifying shower." But why should we trade on such terms? We might as well pass our money from the left pocket to the right. We want customers who will buy our goods, not with our money, but their own. If it were true (which it is not) that they expend in the purchase of our goods all that they take from us in the price of bread, they would still get our goods for nothing! If they compel me to pay them thirty pence for bread which is only worth fifteen pence; and if they then expend fifteen pence at my shop, in goods on which I charge a profit of five per cent., what can be clearer than that they obtain from me fifteen pennyworth of goods for three farthings? I want no more such customers, I have had too many such; and whether they are called swindlers, or shudulers, or bankrupts, honest, or fraudulent, or Bread-Tax eaters, rich and rascally, the result is the same on my balance-sheet, and to my poor children's trenchers.

They are paid twice over. For, if I am compelled to pay three shillings for corn, which is only worth two shillings, I am manifestly robbed of one shilling; consequently, I cannot expend that shilling at my neighbour's shop; nor can he gain threepence by it; neither can he pay his creditor with it; and, for want of it, other creditors cannot pay theirs.

They allow us no alternative but utter extinction, or the lowest food that will support life. The apes of Malthus, whose barren minds, and unmarried thoughts, never bred a new idea, are not aware of this. Do those fat-headed and comfortable sages never think of * * * * *
* * * * * ? Suppose we follow the advice of your Chalmers, and fling God's best blessings in his face, what will be gained by the extinction of the noble race of Burns and Watt, Arkwright and Milton? The Irish landlords can breed any number of wretches to compete for potato patches at £12 per acre, and by emigration to supply the

place of those who may chuse to die in single blessedness here, they can valve down the population of Ireland to the starvation safety-point. Our language is already tinged with the brogue, and the deeper the tinge the lower is our degradation. With restricted industry, vain is the prate about moral restraint: it can only make men give place to savages; be we idle or active, moral or otherwise, wise or foolish, careful or extravagant, if corn-lawed, we must die or degenerate.

They offer a premium to rebellion. For either the Government represents the landed hydra, or is unable to defend us from its rapacity. Do we then pay taxes merely for our own wrong? and if so, why?

They are edicts for the prohibition of trade. For if cotton spinners abroad can buy with 3s. 6d. food, which here costs 10s. 3d., how can we retain our cotton manufactures, except by a free trade in corn, which, by lowering the price of bread here, and raising it to our rivals, would force them to give their artisans higher wages, and perhaps shut up shop.

Are they not, then, a tax for the gratuitous ruin of the people, who by consenting to be impoverished will only render inevitable the destruction of their oppressors? They may be likened to a servant-monster, who is preparing for his employers a tomb in his own belly, and will eat them one day, raw and alive. Far, by lowering the rate of profit, they are driving capital out of the country; and we shall awake some morning to learn that two or three millions of labourers have been suddenly thrown out of employment, without wages, without food, without the possibility of either. But it is time to sum up.

What are the present results of the Corn-Laws? Continual diminution of the profit and wages-fund. Want of employment; or increased employment, with diminished remuneration. General misery, individual despair. Competition, a death struggle, kept down by bankruptcies. Life, a masquerade of real poverty and pretended wealth. Premature death by child-murder, by suicide, by overwork, by famine, by intemperance, by sorrow, by terror, by military execution. Universal corruption, interminable cant, unutterable crime, a new name for murder! Patrician beggars, calling their victims vagabonds. Trials for life and death, decided at the Old Bailey in five minutes! The lawyer, the bailiff, the constable, the police spy, and the hangman all at work, like worms in a corpse. The crowded workhouse, the crowded jail, the implored conviction, the derided scaffold, the hasty turnkey, the indefatigable drop! *What will be the future results if the causes continue?* Not, as at Bristol, ferocity that will do evil, but desperation that must! National hunger! The despair of millions! Revolution! Anarchy! Sword-Law! A second Robespierre! Another Napoleon, without his virtues!

From the Agricultural Report, ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, August 2, 1833,—and which may be called the manifesto of the landowners,—we may gather that they intend to secure all their present supposed advantages by a fixed duty, which will prolong every evil of the existing Corn-laws, with this sole advantage, that the duties will find their way into the exchequer, instead of going, as at present, into the pockets of foreigners. This Agricultural Report, as a mere composition, is of inestimable value. It is the very best tragic-comedy in the language. Nothing can be more facetious than its conclusions; nothing more satisfactory and delightful than the self-betrayal of its evidence,—except the public execution of great criminals. It proves that labourers are better off now than formerly, by showing that, in 1831, wheat was 54s. 6d. per quarter, with wages at 10s. per week; and

that, in 1838, wheat is 53s. 1d. per quarter, (not 62s.?) with wages at 7s. to 9s. per week. It declares, but not in these terms, that the condition of England, at this time, is precisely that of a town in a state of siege. It is clearly the interest of the inhabitants that bread should come into the town; but, it seems, it *may* be the interest of certain human demons, that as little shall come in as possible! The poor rates, its authors show, have been greatly increased, and lands already thrown out of cultivation, by the operation of the law which is intended to raise rents; therefore, they conclude, rents must be kept up! that is to say, foreign corn must still be (to the starvation point) excluded! Why don't they exclude tea? Because the Chinese work for a penny per day; and labour is a principal item in the cost of tea. But if we cannot compete with China in tea, neither can we with Poland in wheat. Why sustain a loss by excluding either? Perhaps, then, after all, the true question is not whether we are richer than we have been, *but whether we are robbed?* If we are robbed, *we are poorer than we ought to be.* Two solemn questions here force themselves upon my attention. From a Parliament of mortgaged landowners, and their servants out of livery, what can we expect but land-jobbing expedients? And why should we pray for palliatives, if the Corn-Laws, in their enormity, will speedily rid us of the landed nuisance itself and for ever? Better revolution with hope, than misery without it. That will be best for us, whatever it may be, which will soonest bring the estates into the market. Let us then watch well the Tory-Whigs and their Parliament; or in the very next session they will make out articles of partnership, which will delay the fiat awhile, and then send us *all* to the Gazette together, wherens the swag-sweepers only ought to go. What will be their reasonable proposition? A fixed duty of 20s. per quarter on wheat; equal to a direct annual tax of L.82,500,000, and an indirect one to the same amount, on the productives of Great Britain and Ireland. Thus, laws to make bread scarce, (as an insurance against famine,) are a system of legalized robbery, (to secure us against empty purses.)

The Corn-Law question lies in a nut shell. *Do we keep the Great-Kept*, or do we not? Is the corn which they sell us as cheap and good as that which they exclude? It *cannot* be as cheap, *because there is not enough of it*; and they ground their claim for protection on their inability to compete with foreign growers. Are they not then, palaced-baggars, self-declared, palaced-robbers, self-proclaimed? *They* need not snap their fingers, and say, *They* do not care *that* for public opinion! But why waste words on these superlative worthies? If the vilest term in language is Bread-tax-eater, the infamy of infamies may be expressed in one sarcasm. Why vituperate the *ne plus ultra* of miscreancy? Yet why not? Thieves are thieves, and we are in earnest when we say so. Don't take fright, my hero, at a few hard words, but try one or two of them on your horse, and the whip, too, *if he is vicious*. Our enemies long succeeded in wrong-doing, by crying "Mad dog," when the dog was not mad, but starved; and surely we may prosecute an honest purpose, by telling the truth in plain terms, the plainest being the best. "Oh, but you must argue temperately: you are only robbed, and insulted; don't get into a passion," say the would-be-thought friends of the well-eared multitude. They know what we are; and a sensible passenger might translate their deprecation thus: "Godsoud you, for a stupid jerkass, what ails you? You are only over-burdened. Why do you try to kick? Can't you go on gently, and let your back break?"

Will nothing satisfy you, short of tumbling your load into the mire, and burying your villainous heels in your kind master's bread-basket, you beggar?" Yet this would be hardly characteristic of an ass-driver, unless he lived in a palace.

Let the Bread-taxry be told now, for the first time, not the last—that since their bread-tax-winning battle of Mont Saint Jean, they have not had a leg of mutton on their tables that was not stolen from our pantries; and that, if their agricultural report is true, they will henceforth never get a leg of mutton honestly, *unless they beg it*. Let them also know, that we know well, that it is not in the power of the Tory-Whig Ministers, even if they had the will, to defeat the Corn-laws; except by returning to the infamous inconvertible paper, and so raising the price of corn, as to admit it permanently at 1s. per quarter, duty. What! rake up from his grave the filthiest remnant of cadaverous Pitt? They shall not do it. The miserable attempt they have made towards it,—if its effects be not speedily counteracted by new joint-stock banking companies, will overwhelm them with confusion. Must we then despair? No. We must win a free trade in the only way in which it can be won, as a conquest and triumph over the worst men that ever braved and insulted the forbearance of God and man; and as a first step, or *point d'appui*, establish anti-bread tax societies in every manufacturing district.

Having now probably given you enough of a poet's prose, allow me to conclude by laying before you a sample of a prosier's eloquence. When you have read it, you will allow that matter-of-fact men are sometimes the most eloquent of all. It was addressed to me by a Sheffield engineer, who cheerfully maintains his own nine children, but probably thinks it hard that he should be compelled to feed the rich also; and it ought to be printed for three reasons. It may wring a notice of us from the *Morning Chronicle*; the honest praise of your readers ought to reward him who had the heart to write it; and it will furnish a fine close to this epistolary harangue, addressed, through you, to all the *Great-Kept* and all their feeders.

"The editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, I see, gives the Corn-law Rhymer credit for being a poet, but not a politician. He seems to consider all poets as incapable of patient investigation. Convince him to the contrary; do not rest satisfied with being set down as a madman, so long as you know and can prove that two and two make four. Dr. Black, (who is said to be the editor,) overlooks the injury caused, by prohibiting the *free* exchange of our manufactures for foreign commodities. The great benefit resulting from an abolition of the Corn-laws, would not consist so much in the reduction of the price of bread, as in the advance of wages occasioned by an increased demand for our goods from abroad. If we take American or Russian wheat, which might be imported at two-thirds of the price for which our farmers can grow it, the Russians and Americans will take our goods in exchange; not to *oblige* us, but because we can make and carry them at a less price than they can produce them at home. It is the case *now*, with regard to those countries; and with cheaper food, &c. we should soon be able to set at defiance the competition of France and Germany. Our loss, therefore, is twofold—we may say, manifold. We not only pay too much for our bread, to support the landlord in his luxuries and rotten Corn-law system, but we lose the advantage of that invaluable kind of exchange which sets at naught the absurd and wicked doctrine of Malthus; that all-subduing foreign trade which unites great and far-severed nations in the delightful bonds of

peace ; bringing the Chinese, the Australian, the Peruvian, and the Mexican, as it were, to our own doors ; producing a higher degree of civilization in every branch of the human family, and thus paving the way for the general reception of immortal truth and happiness. Corn-laws might be looked upon as the contrivance of some demon to retard the approach of the millennium ; and if that demon were to appear like Nebuchadnezzar in the shape of a king, he would deserve the dreadful punishment inflicted upon that intolerant and cruel monarch, who would suffer no gods to be worshipped but those of his own manufacture, on pain of being cast alive into a burning furnace. But free trade is like freedom of conscience ; it makes us tolerate the opinions and customs of other nations. The free trader feels himself a citizen of the wide world, yet still attached by nature to his native soil. Moreover, free trade is like the philosopher's stone ; it turns iron into gold, and raw cotton into all the various comforts and necessities of life. The steam engine was not invented to enable us to pay the corn tax, or bear any other unnecessary burden, but to swell the industrious population of our should-be happy country, and spread the growing intelligence of Britain to the remotest regions of the globe."

" Could our chances of amendment have been fewer than they are, if we had placed our destiny in the hands of men like the author of the above extract, instead of resting our forlorn hope, as we now do, on the doubtful abstinence from folly of a Melbourne, whom Nature intended for a turnkey ; or of a Stanley, whose high-caste soul, like his face, seems made of aromatic vinegar ? Believe me, they could not ; and, believe me to be, Dear Tait, yours very truly,

Sheffield, November 4, 1833.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Note.—We think it of much consequence that the different classes of society should know each other's sentiments, and have therefore printed Mr. Elliott's letter, with the omission of only a single passage, and without softening any part of what we have published. But our excellent friend must excuse us for saying, that we dislike the violence with which he has expressed himself. It is of no use to rail in this manner at the landlords. Most of the present landlords had no share in the guilt of enacting the Corn-laws, and few of them have any idea of the misery the bread-tax occasions. In retaining the Corn-laws, they act no worse than every other class of monopolists, sinecurists, and placemen, has done, for their own share of public pillage. It is not by railing at a moral guilt, so extensively diffused, and of which many of the landlords are, perhaps, unconscious, that any good impression is to be made ; but by again and again showing the mischief of a tax on food ; until the crying evil of the Corn-laws is thoroughly understood by all classes ; and when that is the case, there will be no need of violent declamation. At present, it is scarcely just, and assuredly injudicious.

ROYAL ACADEMIES.

We have never been able to forget a biting truth put forth by *The Examiner*, that people talk of " his Majesty's Ministers," " his Majesty's navy," " his Majesty's servants ;" but that we hear of nothing " national" but the " National Debt." Yet there is nothing very suspicious in this impatrimonization of royalty ! Royal Societies and

Royal Academies have proved the bane of science and of art ; we need not add of *literature*, so far as relates to England ; because although we have a Royal Society of Literature, its existence is known to a very select few. Most of these Royal Assoriations resemble nothing so much as a jury of matrons, impannelled to dive into some nursery secret. There is nothing wholesome, nothing manly about them. They stifle genius in its birth ; and amuse themselves with candle and lullabys, as a compensation for the loss of their nursling. One of them elects the Duke of Sussex as its President ; the other, Sir Martin Shee. Such distinguished names as those of Wilkie and Martin, are to *them* mere leather and prunella. A Royal Society has its inherent right divine—its prerogative of stupidity—its despotism of dunceness ! The Royal Institution has been saved from beggary by a generous donation from the reverend Jack Fuller ! He has given his money to one Royal Society :—Why can he not bestow his brains on the two others ? Nor do “ they manage these things better in France.” The “ Institute” flourished ; the “ Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belle Lettres” is rapidly going to pieces. It has once more become a matter of ambition,—of patronage,—of backstairs influence. At the annual meeting which took place in the month of August, under the smiling presidency of Monsieur Rouol Ruchette ; some thirty members assembled in their academic costume—(a court dress embroidered with garlands of green leaves, very easy to mistake for laurel,)—all, or nearly all, being adorned with ribbons of various orders of various countries. Among them were a few eminent names ; but the majority might have announced themselves, like the noble academician, of the time of Louis XV. ; who, on being apostrophized by Rostaut the grammarian with, “ *Moi, je suis ici pour ma grammaire !*” replied “ *Et moi pour mon grandpère.*” Some were there for their campaigns ; and some for their cabinet influence !—The fosterage of all, however, was directed to the same object ;—the advancement of learning :—They met to distribute medals, and institute future prizes. Innumerable essays and treatises had been sent in, to compete for these distinctions ;—but, when the moment of distribution came, it was announced from the chair that not one among them all, either in jurisprudence, moral philosophy, antiquarian or historical research, was adjudged worthy of a prize ! All had been weighed in the balance, and found wanting ! In lieu, therefore, of the promised presentation of Academic Medals, the assemblage was obliged to content itself with a lengthy tribute to the memory of Champollion—grumbled by the perpetual secretary, M. Sevestre de Sacy. True to the example of the learned Theban it pretended to eulogize, the composition appeared to be edited in hieroglyphics ;—not one word in a thousand reached the audience ! Away shrunk the erudite members, one by one ; the Dukes and Marshals to the Tuileries,—the Professors to their Colleges ; and even the less literate auditors, blind to the advantages which might accrue to the cause of learning from the efforts of an old gentleman in an embroidered coat, adorned with numerous Orders, to convince them of so trite a truth as the merit of Champollion, deserted the field. A beggarly account of empty benches remained at the conclusion of the memoir : and the courteous President was compelled to proclaim the abrupt termination of the business,—leaving half-a-dozen other orations safe in the pockets of half-a-dozen learned members,—and putting to shame the printed programme, in which they had been formally announced ! So much for Royal Academies !

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

WELL has it been said, that the romance of absolute fiction is oftentimes less wonderful, and less startling to our previous expectations than the romance of real human life. And, in the same spirit, it has been asserted, that the resources of mere physical nature are more ample, and more effective in the production of the marvellous, than the imaginary world of magic or oriental enchantment.* That was a remark which might naturally have been called forth by the first application of the magnet to the purposes of navigation. Never was any natural agent discovered which wore so much the appearance of a magical device; nor even, to this day, has science succeeded in divesting of mystery that sympathy with an unknown object, which constitutes its power. It is still a mighty talisman; and differing from the talismans of superstition only thus far,—that it obeys a power acting by fixed laws, and in harmony with the other powers composing the system of nature; whereas, a talisman, according to its oriental idea, obeyed the motions of a finite will,—capricious in themselves, and by possibility contradictory to the other forces of nature.

But if the magnet assumed the mysterious air of a talisman, even when applied to the simple and straight-forward purposes of the mariner's compass, much more might it be so viewed when its agencies were directed upon the animal system of man,—a world so vast and so obscure in itself; upon his diseases in the first place; next upon his volition; and, finally, upon the whole phenomena of his sentient nature. It might well be expected in such a case, that, unless the utmost discretion and sobriety of mind on the part of the discoverer accompanied his first exhibitions of these marvellous pretensions, they would inevitably be met and crushed, in their very birth, by an overwhelming movement of contempt, in an age trained almost to excess in the sceptical discipline of science. This result took place: Mesmer, the reviver of animal magnetism in modern times, so far from possessing those endowments of caution and scientific scepticism, which were essential to the conciliation of the public attention in an enlightened age, and to the propitiation of the incredulous temper, and the spirit of ridicule, always so active in Parisian society, was in an extravagant degree distinguished by all the qualities of mysticism and quackery, fitted to bring any science into contempt. He belonged, by the features of his mind, to the earliest ages of European culture. Both in his scientific views, and his personal arrogance, he presented an impersonation of all the bad qualities distributed, in different ages, amongst Apollonians of Tyana,—the worst of the Thaumaturgic Platonists—Paracelsus, and Cardan, whilst, apparently, he had very little of the talent which so eminently distinguished most of these men. And hence it followed, though perhaps in a season of more public leisure even in Paris such a result would not have followed, that the hostility which he had provoked, expressing itself through the organ of a learned corporation, exploited his doctrines, and drove them summarily off the stage, by one emphatic movement of contempt, before they

* A tale was, in fact, written avowedly in illustration of this principle, by Madame de Genlis, and placed amongst her *Tales of the Castle*,—as they are entitled in the English translation. According to our recollection of it, the chief faults lay in the very limited acquaintance of the writer with the different branches of Natural Philosophy; an objection which leaves the subject still open to a writer better qualified.

had been allowed time to win upon the public mind, or even to court examination, by a sufficiently general publication of facts. Powerful, however, as this opposition was, we are satisfied that even for the moment it would not have availed against the extraordinary truths already recorded, and the curiosity already awakened, had it not co-operated with the *charlatanerie* of Mesmer himself.

Frederic Anthony Mesmer was born in Switzerland on the 23d of May, 1734. In his youth he had been a student of medicine at Vienna, under Van Swieten, the great commentator on Boerhaave. In that city he completed his studies, by taking the requisite degree; settled there as a practitioner; and finally raised himself to a condition of comfort by a fortunate marriage. Mesmer had always manifested a love of the marvellous: he studied all the old writers on magic and astrology; and at length, when about 32 years of age, published the fruit of his studies in a thesis, which he publicly defended, *On the influence of the Planets upon the Human Body*. This influence operated, as he here assumed, by electricity. But, finding that agent inadequate to the solution of all the phenomena, about seven years afterwards he abandoned it for magnetism, which had been forced upon his attention by Maximilian Hell, the learned professor of astronomy at Vienna. This happened in 1768; and, for the following nine years, Mesmer acted upon his theory, by applying the magnet as a remedy to various diseases. The effects were powerful; and the use of the magnet was naturally a good deal extended in the medical practice at Vienna. But, as the effects began to vary under this extended application, much discussion arose, much opposition, and, finally, much personal enmity towards Mesmer. From this he withdrew for a time (1775-6) into Bavaria and his native country, travelling extensively; and at Berne, as well as Zurich, performing some noticeable cures. On his return to Vienna, he opened a hospital in his own house, for the relief of persons in extreme poverty; and at this stage of his history it was that he fell upon his main discovery. Up to the present era, he had always employed magnetic rods in operating upon his patients; and the efficacy of his treatment he had ascribed altogether to the mysterious virtues of the mineral magnet. But he now began to perceive that not only the magnet might be dispensed with—that its office could be supplied by another agent,—but that, in reality, the magnet had no office at all, or participation even in most of the results. The virtue was resident in himself; and he next conjectured that, perhaps, the magnetic rod had acted only as the *conductor* of this virtue. Even in that capacity, it soon appeared that it was not indispensable; for he next ascertained that the very same effects might be produced by simple manipulations, beginning at the head of the patient, and passing downwards. Cases occurred even of the *actio in distans*, (an idea so familiar to the students of the Newtonian or other forms of mechanical philosophy.) Mesmer produced all the usual effects without direct contact, by merely tracing in the air certain mimetic motions corresponding to the ordinary manipulations. Finally, he discovered that this virtue, ~~resident~~ *resident* in his own animal system, could be transferred to inanimate objects:—that is, not only the medical effect, but also the causative power was communicable.

This discovery made, why then (the reader will say) continue to designate, by the term *magnetic*, an agency which has no longer any perceivable connexion with the magnet? Exactly so, reply the rational defenders of the new phenomena: that was Mesmer's fault, and that

proved also his misfortune ; for much " of the argument, and the whole of the wit and ridicule," by which the new treatment has been assailed, are to be charged, as Mr. Colquhoun remarks, upon the name. The occasion of Mesmer's error is, doubtless, to be found in the long use which he had made of the magnet, and the possession which it had gained of his imagination. This possession put him upon detecting analogies to the magnetic influence ; and he found two. The first was in the circumstance of *friction*, which, as an exciting cause, was common to the two cases—to his own medical action, and to magnetic attraction ; for, by repeated frictions in given directions, a magnetic attraction could be produced in iron, though untouched by a magnet. The second analogy lay in the circumstance of *polarity*, which seemed to Mesmer a common effect in both cases. Hence he thought himself justified in considering the new power detected in the animal system as a mode of magnetism ; but, to distinguish it from the direct agency of the *mineral* magnet, he called it *animal* magnetism. And thus arose the doctrine and the name.

Meantime the original prejudice against Mesmer gathered strength ; and the personal enmity to the man, as separated from his doctrines, extended to most of those who had once been his friends. He had always been regarded as somewhat of a deluded visionary : he was now regarded as an impostor. Perhaps the belief in Mesmer's dishonesty may have grown out of the notion, (certainly unfounded,) that he still operated by means of magnetic rods concealed about his person ; and that the extraordinary phenomena exhibited were merely new modifications of mineral magnetism. This growing body of prejudice and suspicion, Mesmer strengthened by his own injudicious conduct. He addressed a circular statement of his principles, and the cures he had effected, to the most eminent of the learned societies throughout Europe. Not one of them replied, or took any notice of his address, excepting the Royal Academy of Berlin : and to the doubts expressed by that learned body, which it so much concerned his reputation to have satisfied, he made no sort of reply. This silence, concurring with the previous suspicions, gave force and currency to the general impressions against him ; his pecuniary means had by this time greatly diminished, and there seemed little chance for restoring them in a place so unfavourably disposed towards him as Vienna ; so that in 1777, Mesmer came to the resolution of quitting that city. For some months, the world lost sight of him ; but in February, 1778, he re-emerged into notoriety at Paris. There he was fortunate enough to conciliate, and finally to bring over to his own views, a certain Dr. D'Eslon, on whose suggestion he published in the following year, [1779] a memoir, in justification of his conduct at Vienna, containing also a short theory of his doctrine.

This neither did, nor was entitled to attract public attention ; it was the *practice* of Mesmer, and the phenomena developed in its course, which were really wonderful : his own way of accounting for them was frivolous and visionary. But the fate of his theory had little influence upon the credit of his practice, and the undeniable effects which he produced. He performed some remarkable cures ; and as these were chiefly in the class of distinguished persons, whose report travelled rapidly through the upper circles of society in a city so gregarious and so talkative as Paris, the fame of Mesmer was more effectually diffused than it could have been by printed accounts. Even in that way, however, some patients contributed to spread Mesmer's success, especially the far-famed

and really learned Compté de Gebelin, who had been restored from a very dangerous state to health, and now expressed his gratitude to the new theorist, by publishing and eulogizing his discovery, and by hailing it as the greatest ever laid open to human wisdom.

Such powerful patronage, and for a time the very mystery with which Mesmer surrounded his proceedings, could not but avail to draw the public attention. And, accordingly, Mesmer's house became a great centre of public resort; many patients sought his aid, and, as some have reported, (but there is reason to think falsely,) Mesmer now acquired a large fortune.

But this scene changed, and with a pantomimic rapidity, that mystery, which at first, by irritating curiosity, operated as an advantage for Mesmer, soon fixed upon him the charge of quackery; the press and the wits of Paris were combined, almost by a conspiracy against him; and in 1781, he found himself obliged to appeal to public opinion by an historical summary of the facts relating to Animal Magnetism. A feud arose also about this time between Mesmer and his original friend D'Eslon; and at last Mesmer retreated from Paris, as he had before done from Vienna. For a time he resided at Spa; but at length, upon the persuasion of his friends, he returned to Paris. Previously to this era in his history, he had refused an offer of twenty thousand livres from the French government as the purchase money of his secret. But whatever credit he had obtained for the disinterestedness of that refusal, he now forfeited by the regular sale of his secrets to private individuals at one hundred louis a-head. This measure injured him in another way: absolute secrecy was imposed as one condition upon the purchasers. But in many cases this condition was not faithfully observed; and those who betrayed the secret, having often a merely superficial acquaintance with the new practice, and sometimes perhaps having special motives for engrafting upon it novelties of their own, contributed greatly to disfigure and discredit animal magnetism at this crisis of its immediate fate, when in fact it might be viewed as *sub judice*, and at the bar of public opinion.

This wide and continued diffusion on the one hand, and the corruption on the other, which happened to magnetism, under these circumstances, had the effect, at length, of forcing the interference of the French Government. And, on the 12th of March, 1784, a royal mandate issued to the medical faculty of Paris, requiring them to institute a thorough investigation of the facts and the pretensions of the new doctrine. Two commissions were accordingly nominated, composed, in part, of natural philosophers, (*physiciens*,) amongst whom were Franklin, Lavoisier, and Jussieu,—in part of the most eminent physicians then practising in Paris.

The famous Report, which these gentlemen drew up as their definitive verdict on the question submitted to them, is the most memorable instance on record of violent prejudice, and the extent to which it paralyses the judgment. Almost every member of the commission had so entirely prejudged the whole matter at issue, that they had no senses open to impression from facts; having eyes, they saw not; having ears, they heard not. In fact, if any phenomena occurred of a nature to startle the mind, and to call for further examination, they set them down to the force of imagination: and by that one cabalistical word they evaded all investigation. There are, in effect, four propositions in this Report. The first utterly denies the existence of such an animal fluid as that termed by Mesmer the magnetic fluid. This, as a pure chimera of

Mesmer's, will be readily conceded to them at this day. Yet, even as to this, what is their objection? Because, say they, "*il échappe à tous les sens.*" A reason which, if good for anything, would prove too much; as the attraction of gravitation might thus be equally made questionable. In the second proposition they suddenly recollect that such a fluid, if it really did exist, need not, of necessity, evidence itself to the senses formally, but only in its effects. And thus the second proposition virtually unsays the first. The second and third propositions clear the ground for the fourth, by distinguishing amongst the effects of the supposed magnetic fluid those which furnish true tests of its existence from those which furnish only equivocal tests. Then, having thus determined the proper tests, and, by consequence, the proper subjects for experiments, they give a list of seven different modes of these experiments. After which, in the fourth or final* proposition they state the grand result from them all,—viz., that "*les commissaires ont conclu que l'imagination fait tout; que le magnétisme est nul.*" But the whole report is liable to these two objections, one of them fatal to every line of it: 1st, That it is (as Mr. Colquhoun acutely observes) one theory opposed to another theory: and for Mesmer's theory there was, at least, some apparent evidence of experiment; but for theirs none at all. The second objection is,—That the entire report addresses itself not to the phenomena of animal magnetism, but to the particular theory of Mesmer for explaining these phenomena: a matter quite irrelevant to the main question at issue.

Under these circumstances, the result may easily be anticipated. In England, where the facts of the magnetic treatment, as opposed to the theory of Mesmer, had never been witnessed or made known, naturally enough the official report of a Royal Commission was held to be decisive: and the more readily, because the temper of the nation, always indisposed towards the marvellous, fell in with the award of the French commissioners. But in France the case was otherwise; Animal Magnetism had received a check; and there can be no doubt that many, from this era, dismissed all care about it. These, however, were chiefly such as had been previously ill-disposed towards it. As to all others, the reaction in favour of the new practice, if not of Mesmer himself, commenced almost immediately. This was hastened by various printed protests against the report; and, especially, by an open disavowal of that report by Jussieu, one, and perhaps the ablest of the commissioners. Puysegur, in a few years, remodelled the magnetic practice in a judicious way. His system, through the celebrated Lavater, was again introduced into Germany. It was now adopted by the most eminent physicians. Facts were accumulated in every direction. Three schools of practice arose in France. Journals, avowedly dedicated to Animal Magnetism, were set on foot (and still exist) both in France and Germany. And, speaking generally of France, Switzerland, and Germany, we may say that for the last forty years, the magnetic treatment has prevailed more or less; and that, at this day, no medical man would deny the most wonderful of the magnetic phenomena as facts, whatever practical value he might assign to magnetism as a branch of therapeutics.

These things could not go on throughout the whole extent of Germany, of Switzerland, of France itself, (both in Paris and the provinces,) without fixing the attention of the learned, and at length challenging a

* There is a fifth proposition: but this, merely asserting that (as false) magnetism is also dangerous, manifestly depends on the fourth.

public and official examination—a revision, in fact, of the old one, more equitably conducted, more honestly and cautiously arranged. Sooner or later this event was inevitable. Mere justice, as applied to the old stock of facts, mere good sense, and the instincts of growing curiosity applied to those new facts which were daily put on record, must at length have extorted from the great authentic organs of the national science some verdict upon those extraordinary phenomena, which the progress of animal magnetism was continually bringing up under new circumstances, or continually verifying, as regarded those already known. For a new importance began to signalize the pretensions of this mysterious speculation: in the works of the great German physiologists—Sprenghel, Reil, Aethenrieth, and others, names which, amongst thirty and odd millions of enlightened men, and even the most extensively educated of any in Europe, carry an authority not less than amongst ourselves the names of Haller, or John Hunter, Animal Magnetism now began to give an impulse to the course of theory; and silently, but steadily, amongst the German physicians, even the most cautious, the most suspicious, and sometimes, originally, the most hostile, the magnetic treatment was creeping onwards into general practice. Such things existing, and being at Paris sufficiently notorious, we have reason to wonder, or rather we should have had reason to wonder, in times less agitated for France than the whole period from 1790, that no formal and authorized investigation was proposed into the growing pretensions of psychological magnetism, no revision, in fact, of the old exploded report, until 1825. Nearly at the close of that year it was, when a committee of six eminent persons from the medical section of the French Royal Academy of Sciences was appointed to consider of a proposition, then recently made by a physician of some weight, for a new examination of animal magnetism, suited to the advanced state of its discoveries. For the sake of English readers, who have always allowed, and do yet allow, so unreasonable a weight to the famous French report of 1784,* (from the Academy of Sciences, and the Royal Society of Medicine,) it is here important to notice, that the call thus urged upon the Royal Academy for a new verdict, was not made to rest simply upon the accumulation of fresh evidence and new phenomena arising since the era of 1784, (a basis which would have left unimpaired the merits of the original report, as, by possibility, shaped accurately

* For example, in all the British encyclopedias, even the latest—nay even in that which is built upon an American translation and adaptation of the *Conversations-Lexicon*, where, at least, from its German parentage, one might have looked for more candour, or more knowledge on this particular subject,—the appeal is still made to the old French report of 1784, as having, once and for ever, settled the question; notwithstanding the following climax of reasons for rejecting that report:—1st, That even amongst themselves the reporters were not unanimous, nor each reporter separately unanimous with himself at different periods of his information;—2d, That, had they been internally among themselves in harmony, yet, externally, with the facts before them, their report was not in harmony;—3d, That, finally, supposing the report liberated from these two objections, and, by possibility, valid for the stage of development then attained by Animal Magnetism, even in that case, as regarded the maturer stages of that doctrine, the French Report of 1784 had become superannuated. It applied, in fact, to a just and obsolete era of the doctrine; even to that era, only under an *ex parte* statement of the phenomena, and by means of a theory which prejudged the whole question at issue. But to any improved stage of development that report could not apply even by profession. Yet the British Cyclopaedia, of the able G. F. Partington [*instar omnium*] in September, 1833, still builds upon the report of 1784, and speaks of Animal Magnetism as *exploded*; leaving unnoticed the subsequent report of 1826; and, forgetting that not Animal Magnetism, but the hostile report, is now exploded through Europe.

with reference to such evidence as then existed,)—but did expressly challenge the honesty of the original report, upon the ground “that amongst the Commissioners [of 1784] charged with conducting the experiments, there was one conscientious and enlightened man, who had published a report in contradiction to that of his colleagues.” The old report was not only to be superseded, as an honest report might have been, if framed in the name of the science, but was to be formally recanted, as not warranted, in any part, by that imperfect light under which it had been drawn up. That was the insinuation made by him who moved the new inquiry; and that insinuation was virtually ratified by the Academy in adopting his proposal. Their committee made a report upon this proposal on December 13, 1825, concluding, “That magnetism ought to be subjected to a new investigation.” At two sittings in the ensuing month of January, 1826, this conclusion was warmly debated; but at a third, held on the 11th of the February following, all objections having been met and answered satisfactorily by the committee, a final resolution was passed by the medical section of the Royal Academy in favour of a new inquiry: and, at a meeting held on the 28th of the same February, a special committee was nominated for this purpose, including eleven of the most distinguished medical and physiological names in France.

It is upon the final report of this special committee,—it is upon this most jealous document—sifted, probed, vexed, tormented by a jealous, nay, hostile party of scientific antagonists: it is upon this document after having passed this scrutiny and fiery trial,—substantially, therefore, and in effect countersigned by the most incredulous and vigilant opponents of Animal Magnetism, that we, in now first calling the attention of English students to the subject, take our stand. German authorities, the best and gravest, would not have given us confidence to face an English audience. For Germans, be their merit otherwise what it may, suffer under a comprehensive prejudgment (in our English estimate) of being constitutionally predisposed to the mystical and the supernatural. And, no doubt, in a partial sense, this is true; though, on the other hand, there is a large body of “rationalists,” (technically so called in Germany,) who, both in theology and in everything else which could, by the merest possibility, connect itself with the preternatural, travel on the very loftiest and haughtiest paths of scepticism, and reject the mystical in every form, with a severity and a scholastic consistency unknown in France. But on another argument we could not have appealed to pure German authorities; for the great names of France have a corresponding, if not an equal, value to an English ear: the *prestige* of notoriety invests them almost as closely here as at home. *Magendie*, for instance, or *Dupuytren*, of our own days, or *Ambrose Paré* from the days of the Guises, are heard amongst us, if not exactly in the plenitude of their original sound, yet in the very earliest and most resonant of their echoes: whilst a German name of even greater weight, unless among the poets of that language, reaches us by so distant and faint a reverberation as to command little respect; or, more truly speaking, conveys little meaning or significance of any kind to an English ear. Else, had German guarantees sufficed, we might long since have come forward with overwhelming appeals, irresistible in their tenor and substance—infinite in amount, on behalf of Animal Magnetism. For the reasons we have given, however, knowing *that* to be unavailing,—we waited for French evidence; for evidence from Paris—cold, frosty,

sceptical; and here, at length, we have it—substantially, indeed, not more curious or inexplicable than is supplied already by hosts of German books, stretching through a whole quarter of a century; but then signed and countersigned by a lady of French *savans*, all so thoroughly sceptical that, perhaps, not a man amongst them ever thought of believing his Bible. Here, at last, we have the incredulous in a trap. If they will not believe what these men have seen with their own eyes, heard with their own ears, and attested with their own hands and seals, then neither will they believe though one should rise from the dead. And the sole resource for the animal magnetiser, as regards such men, is to manipulate them with a magnetic *shillelah* four feet long by about three inches thick; in which case they may, perhaps, come to discern practically, as personal patients of magnetism, what they cannot discern as its theorizing critics: thus initiated, they may attain the fourth degree of magnetic passion as *somnambulists*, or even the sixth as *chirurgiens*. But by any arguments of another quality, such arguments as appeal to the understanding, those men who *can* resist the present evidence from the special committee of Paris, we hold to be absolutely and desperately irreclaimable.

The special committee are not prolix, and are not obscure; neither being faults of that class to which Frenchmen are liable. But we propose, on our part, in making use of their evidence, to be far more compendious, and (if such a thing is possible) even more luminous. As a step towards the first purpose, we shall not detain the reader with any minor or more questionable marvels, where there are so many of a capital rank, and liable to no exceptions or equivocations. Singularities or anomalies, such as, separately exhibited, might have justified some minuteness of attention, become lost and eclipsed in juxtaposition with downright mysteries and enigmas, so startling that, if not positively “*opposed to all the known laws of nature*,” (as M. Delpit expresses his view of the case,) they are, however, obliquities in her path, and eccentricities apparently unaccounted for in her motions—suspensions at least, if they are not contradictions, of her ordinary and capital modes of action. We pass, therefore, all the earlier experiments of the committee: Cases which establish either,—1st, Some medical agencies, less or greater, of Animal Magnetism, indicating important applications of its mysterious forces to the physician; or, 2d, Some more general agencies over the human synecrasy or temperament, [and therefore dependant as to *degree*, perhaps, upon individual peculiarities, or idiosyncrasy,] by which the animal functions were at times suspended, and at times exalted and intensified; or, 3d, Cases which, proving only that there are cheats and impostors, or dupes to their own vanity, amongst the patients of animal-magnetism as amongst all other classes of human beings, arranged on whatsoever principle, prove, in fact, nothing which needed proof, and are (numerically valued) precisely = 0:—dismissing all this part of the committee’s records as of no immediate worth for any purpose now before us, we come at once “*in medias res*,” agreeably to the odd epic rule—to the very centre of their most astounding revelations, those in fact which they themselves, “like Katterfelto, with their hair on end at their own wonders,” introduce to our attention with the following words of preparation:—“Here the sphere seems to enlarge; we no longer seek to satisfy a simple curiosity, no longer endeavour to ascertain whether, &c. &c.; curious and interesting questions; but which, in point of real interest, and in the hope of benefiting the science of medicine, are

infinitely beneath those with which your committee are now about to make you acquainted."

This, for men of science, writing in that character upon a question of science, is somewhat rhetorical ; and followed by a less remarkable or appalling fact, might rank as an idle artifice of ornament, or as a trick for sustaining attention. But it is deeply justified by what follows, and in a manner challenged as a natural burst of feeling upon first witnessing so portentous a disturbance of what we have long held to be among the ordinary laws of nature,—a disturbance absolutely unparalleled of physical usage, if not (as we have hitherto supposed) almost of physical necessity. *Appalling*, we have called the case ; for it relates not merely to nature, to physical truth, but to our own *human* nature—to that part and section of physical truth with which chiefly we are concerned ; and we are bold to affirm, that not the first solar eclipse visible to man, not the original, and as yet enigmatic earthquake, when the 'steadfast earth was first perceived to rock like the waters beneath his feet,—not the sudden treachery and desertion of the mariner's compass at a critical point in the first voyage of Columbus, when an ancient law of nature, by suddenly giving way, seemed to argue an entrance within some new system of natural forces and laws, or, possibly, of utter lawlessness,—the march of chaos and old night,—not any, or all of these cases, are fitted to excite awe so profound, or a thrill of horror so startling as the sudden transfiguration of parts in the human system, by which one organ takes upon itself the duties of another, by which a blank surface is lit up into an organization the most exquisite ; and a communication suddenly opened with the external world, without apparent means or organs for communicating.

Astonishing cases of functional transfiguration had been witnessed previously to the instances now put on record by the French Committee : and reasonably enough, in one of those previous cases, as narrated by the Baron de Strombeck, the observer had described his own panic as not less than what might have been anticipated from the sudden apparition of a being confessedly supernatural. So overpowering, indeed, was the sense of the marvellous which still remained on the minds of the French Committee, even after a series of experiments had, in some measure, reconciled them to the fact, and broken its first effect of shocking them, that, at the conclusion of their report, though claiming an absolute confidence, as regarded their honourable intentions, they candidly renounce the hope of meeting with a ready or complete belief : " we conceive," say they, " that a great proportion of these facts are of a nature so extraordinary, that you *cannot* accord them such a credence."

We shall preface the cases we are going to cite with a very brief notice of the general classification under which the series of marvels developed in Animal Magnetism have long been arranged in Germany. There are six degrees, or graduated stages, usually distinguished in the progress of the magnetic influence. The *first* stage is not very determinately or characteristically marked. The *second* begins to indicate the presence of some new and disturbing agency ; the sensibility is now untuned, as it were, for its ordinary action ; the eye gradually withdraws itself from the power of the will ; and preparations are now obscurely making for introverting or throwing inwards the ordinary action of the senses. In the *third* stage this process is so far accomplished, that the commerce maintained by the senses with the external world, is entirely suspended ; and there now takes place what is called the *magnetic sleep*. The *fourth* restores the patient to consciousness ; he awakens, as it were, but to a

world within himself; and his connexion is restored with the external world; but, as will be seen, by some new and inexplicable process, carried on by vicarious organs. This, in opposition to the second stage, which is sometimes called the imperfect crisis, is considered the perfect crisis, or the stage of magnetic *somnambulism*. Thus far the patient attains no powers which are in an absolute sense new; they are new only as regards the means. Old ends are now accomplished by new machinery; and by machinery which seems irrelevant and preposterous. But in the *fifth* stage, new powers are developed—new faculties, without parallel, analogy, or the dimmest prefiguration in any previous condition of human nature as known to philosophy. The patient now suddenly emerges into a state of intellectual light, which may be called the faculty of *self-contemplation*, or perhaps better (as Mr. Colquhoun has named it) of *self-intuition*. In France, this state is called *Clairvoyance*; and in Germany, by an expression of the same import, *Hellschen*. The patient now obtains a clear unobstructed view of his own internal condition, both bodily and mental; he finds himself endowed with a new skill for pointing out the nature and phenomena of any malady which afflicts him, and for directing its proper medical treatment;* a prophetic power arises within him for determining as to the day, and even as to the hour, the recurrences of his own complaint; and finally this faculty extends itself to the cases of others, with whom the patient is brought into magnetic sympathy. Beyond this stage there is still a higher, the *sixth* and last, in which the *clairvoyance*, or faculty of unobstructed vision, is carried still further, surmounting all impediments of space and time, and extending to all objects, near or remote, without distinction. What are the ultimate ascents attainable in this stage at present is mere matter of conjecture; since that may depend both on special fitness of the individual temperament, and also upon further progress to be made in the science of magnetism, and in the management of its manipulations. Meantime, this one remark may be added with respect to all the stages. That, although, cases are not wanting in which the ultimate powers of the magnetic state were attained instantaneously, it is held, however, that even in such instances the entire series of lower stages is regularly traversed, with whatsoever velocity, and no matter how imperceptibly; that each separate stage is, in fact, the *conditio sine quâ non*, for effecting the passage to the next in succession; and that all transition from one degree to any other, must proceed continuously, and not *per saltum*.——Having made this preparatory explanation, we shall now present a rapid outline of the most striking cases in the Report of the French Royal Academy, dismissing their details, and the many circumstantiations there alleged, (not for the sake of any scientific value ascribed to them as illustrations, but purely for their legal value as verifications,) confining our abstract, in short, to those cardinal facts in the record, which illustrate indirectly, or which directly exemplify the scale of degrees as explained above, by which the effects of magnetism are distinguished and characterized as to their amount and their quality.

* It is in this point only, the least marvellous of the whole, that we have seen reason to distrust the French report. The patients prescribed for themselves; and, generally speaking, they were non-medical persons. But still, they only rang the changes upon those common remedies in French practice, which, no doubt, had sometimes been discussed in their presence by medical attendants, or which, at all events, having been often administered to themselves, and recurred to by name in conversation with all about them, could not but have left upon their memories materials sufficient for the purpose of self-prescription.

The first case which came before the committee of any great interest, is that of Paul Villagrand. He was a young student of law, French by birth, who had suffered a stroke of apoplexy, followed by paralysis of the whole left side of the body, on Christmas day of 1825, being then in his 23d year. After continued medical treatment, in the course of which he had sustained two fresh attacks, on the 8th of April, 1827, he had been admitted into the *Hospital de la Charité*. At this period he walked with crutches; and his general condition of infirmity was marked by the following features: he could not support himself upon the left foot; the left arm he could not raise to his head; he scarcely saw at all with the right eye; he was very hard of hearing with both ears; and, besides the very evident paralysis which afflicted him, he now betrayed symptoms of hypertrophy of the heart. Deranged health, or constitutional weakness is held favourable, on the whole, to the action of magnetism; on which principle, it must be allowed, that here was a most hopeful subject for magnetic experiments. On the 29th of August, 1829, having previously been treated medically, according to the common modes used in the hospital, he first entered upon a course of magnetic experiments. On that day, for the very first time, he was magnetised. We shall not dwell upon the symptoms which followed: the most striking was intense sleepiness; this the patient resisted with all his powers, but ineffectually; he could not keep his eyelids open; his head drooped upon his breast; and at length he fell into slumber, which, however, did not for some days become profound, not in fact before the ninth sitting; and at the tenth he began to answer by inarticulate sounds the questions addressed to him. Concurrently with this magnetic sleep commenced the relief of his malady, and the immediate disappearance of the most distressing amongst its symptoms—in particular, of his deafness and his headaches. On the 25th of September, Paul was again magnetised, and thrown into the state of somnambulism. In that state he prescribed for himself very circumstantially; and, in conclusion, he predicted the next revolution in his medical condition: three days from that date, viz., on the 28th September, he would be able to lay aside his crutches, as he now announced, provided only his own prescriptions were followed. They were followed to the letter; and the result is thus reported by the committee:—"Upon the day named, September 28th, the committee repaired to the *Hospital de la Charité*. Paul came, supported on his crutches, into the consulting-room, where he was magnetised as usual, and placed in a state of somnambulism. In this state," [a state, we must remind the reader, of entire oblivion, and with an utter obliteration of consciousness, as regarded all things external to himself, excepting in so far as a new mode of consciousness was re-established partially by magnetic means,] "he assured us that he should return to bed without the aid of his crutches; in fact, without adventitious support of any kind. Upon awaking," [here the reader must bear in mind that, by quitting his magnetic state of somnambulism, he quitted, at the same time, his higher modes of intuition, lost his advantages for perceiving truth, and forgot instantaneously all his internal experiences; and hence the reader must explain the fact, that upon awaking,] "he asked for his crutches: we (the committee) told him that he had no longer any need of them. In fact he rose, supported himself on the palsied leg, passed through the surrounding crowd, descended a flight of steps, and, having sat down to rest himself for two minutes, he re-ascended, with a slight support, the twenty-four steps leading to his bed-room; sat down again for a mo-

ment, and then, taking another walk within the dormitory, to the great amazement of all his fellow patients in the same room, finally retired to bed. And thus, according to his own prediction, (unknown to himself in his waking state,) terminated his use of crutches. After this day, the 28th of September, 1827, Paul never resumed them."

On the 11th of October following, the committee re-assembled at the same hospital. Paul was again magnetised up to the point of somnambulism; and again the prophetic faculty was developed within him. On this occasion the amount of his prediction was, that, at the end of the current year, he should be radically cured, but (as before) under the medical condition that his own prescriptions were punctually adopted. To some readers it may have occurred as a bare possibility, that our friend Paul might all this time be hoaxing, or (in the French phrase) mystifying them, and amusing himself by a little scheme of knavery. That idea occurred to Messieurs of the Special Committee; and they proceeded, therefore, at this sitting, to probe Mr. Paul's honesty, by the *lens tormentum* of—a pin. After "treating" Mr. Paul (as the chemists express it) with a course of "pinching," which led to no results, the committee next drew their pins; and, like the tormentors of Falstaff under Herne the huntsman's oak, each committee man, jealous of tricks upon the Royal Academy of Sciences, gathered round the suspected somnambulist, hemmed him in, and, at a signal given, plunged their pins "to the depth of a line," (one-tenth, we suppose, of an inch,) into his eyebrows and his wrist. The *hora Paulina* could not have passed very comfortably at this sitting, supposing Paul to have been shamming Abraham; but the trial terminated to Paul's credit: he neither groaned, nor winced, nor manifested any other symptoms of sensibility: to all appearance, under every variety of trial and torment, and though regularly set up like a *rippepin*, to be persecuted by the French Royal Academy of Sciences, Paul discovered no signs of life externally; he proved to be as callous, as impassive, and as hard of hearing as an old Whig, when requested, upon constitutional principles, to resign a sinecure of £800 *per annum*.

Things were now ripening for the *denouement*, as predicted by Paul, when a little episode occurred in the main action, which sufficiently illustrates the state of medical feeling towards the rising powers of magnetism. The experiments of the committee, and Paul's convalescence, had by this time taken wind; the ruling powers in the Hospital *de la Charité* came at length to hear what heresies were in a course of incubation within their own walls. Thunder began to roll in this Olympus; and soon came a short rescript, begging that Messieurs of the Committee would "have the goodness" to retire, bag and baggage, from the precincts of the House of Charity. What a crisis of magnetic consternation! and what a picture the several parties must have composed in the agonies of packing up! The magnetiser packing up his apparatus, with little hope of having so much as a single *shy* at the old dons who were thundering down upon the Committee, and emptying upon them not the *vials*, but the *phials* of their wrath, from the board of the Hospital. Yet how happy, if he might but give them a cast of his office, and thunder back upon the Board by somnambulizing the whole of them! But this being hopeless, imagine Monsieur the magnetiser sulkily packing up his operating apparatus; imagine Monsieur Paul packing up his crutches; and, lastly, in advance of both, Messieurs the Special Committee, packing up their bloody pins. However, one comfort attended the

affronted party ; Paul, at any rate, was theirs. He was *their* paralytic, and not the inhospitable Board's. We go, said they, but Paul goes with us ; mind you that. Paul *did* go with them, they took private lodgings for their pet, and all went on as before ; the magnetic rods were again at work, Paul again shouldered his crutch, and the Special Committee again unsheathed their blood-stained pins.

Meantime, excepting this little episode of wrath in high quarters [*tantæne animis celestibus ira ?*], everything else went on as before, and Paul's prophecy still stood, as at first, for new year's day of the year 1828. Several sittings took place, both before and after that day, with the usual operations for producing magnetic somnambulism, and followed by some singular results, the amount of which we shall presently notice. But first of all, to finish what concerns the only question left in suspense, Paul's match against time, as the reader knows, was to "come off" on New Year's day ; and come off it did, according to terms of agreement. Paul undertook, that on the day assigned, subject however to this sole condition, that his own medical treatment should be adopted from his own dictation, under what may be called magnetic inspiration, he Paul, the paralytic of three years' standing, would stand up a sound man, perfectly re-established in health, and reinstated in all his faculties. By his own express desire he was magnetised on Christmas day, and throughout the entire week from that day to the first of the new year [1828], he continued in a state of somnambulism, except that for a space of about twelve hours in the whole amount, but at unequal intervals, he was awakened ; and during these brief interspaces, "he was made to believe that he had been only a few hours asleep." Throughout this long sleep, the digestive functions, (as generally happens with magnetic somnambulism,) were performed with increased activity. Upon the 1st of January, we, the committee, (says their representative,) "again met in the house of M. Foissac, where we found Paul asleep since the 25th of December. The 1st of January, as most people know, is called by the French, and especially by the Parisians, *Le jour de l'an*, and is veritably so treated and considered. It is a day hallowed and consecrated, if any day can be so in France, to all ranks and orders of men. And to Paul, above all men in Europe, it hallowed itself for ever by the full accomplishment of his unconscious prediction ; on that day, say the committee, Paul "declared that he was now cured ; that, unless guilty of some imprudence, he should live to an advanced age ; and that he should die at last of an attack of apoplexy." They add, "while still asleep, he went out of the house, and walked and ran along the street with a firm and assured step. Upon his return, he carried with the greatest facility one of the persons present, whom he could scarcely have lifted before he was laid asleep magnetically."

Such was the termination, so far as it is traced by the committee, of this particular case : upon which we shall remark only, as other and much more striking cases are in reserve, that although it may seem an easy expedient for one who claims a magnetic faculty of prediction, to ratify at one and the same time that pretension, and the sanative pretensions of magnetism, by first predicting the cure of his malady on a day assigned ; and then, secondly, on the arrival of that day, by declaring solemnly—*Now I am cured* ;—yet, on the other hand, it must be remembered, that paralysis, and the dreadful ravages which it occasions, do not rank amongst the vague and indeterminate class of maladies, such as nervous derangements or simple derangements of the digestive

functions, without corresponding derangements in the *organic structure* of the alimentary system. Disturbances of a mere function may be palliated, soothed, and disguised—the symptoms may altogether retire for a season ; but disturbances of structure, organic lesion, and derangements as absolute as paralysis and apoplexy, do not submit to mask or lay aside their symptoms. These symptoms are indicated by the pulse, and in other ways, so that it will be next to impossible for an impostor to assume or to lay down such complaints on a simple notion of self-interest, without instant detection from a body of practised physiologists and physicians, like those who composed the French Committee. To have passed the ordeal of these systematic tormentors is a sufficient guarantee and pledge for the validity of his representations. Under so deadly a system of disturbing forces as existed at starting in his bodily frame, some prodigious revolution must have been effected to give even a momentary colour of truth, in the judgment of medical men, to his final representation of his own case, on January 1st, 1828,—viz. That he was absolutely cured.

But besides this direct change wrought in his health, there were, in the course of those experiments, which we expressly omitted to notice before, (as too much interrupting the main experiment on his medical condition,) some indirect effects accomplished, which demonstrate the prodigious power which magnetism held over his temperament, and at the same time exhibit some of its lower marvels. Two in particular we shall here notice ;—one, that (measured upon the scale of the *dynamometer*) his strength during magnetic sleep was more than quadrupled—an enormous accession of power ! The other effect was, that whilst his eyes were sealed up in profound magnetic slumbers, he read passages (printed and manuscript) with ease, on various separate trials. He did not read, nor could have read, by any aid of the optical apparatus. How then, and by what vicarious organ, in *his* case, is quite undetermined. It is certain, however, that in him the epigastrium did not usurp the office of the eye ; for, on a direct application of a book to the pit of his stomach, he could not read a letter. So that in this feature of magnetic influence, as being in him vaguer than in many others, and more purely *negative*—[we know that it was *not* the eye which read, but what it was that *did* read is wholly unknown]—the case of Paul, though important and interesting, is less so than that of others.* We now pass to a second (and a more remarkable) case.

Pierre Cazot, aged twenty, and born of an epileptic mother, had for ten years been subject to attacks of epilepsy, recurring five or six times a week, at the time when he was first admitted to the Hospital *de la Charité*. That admission took place about the beginning of August,

* From the indeterminate, or the careless phrases which have accidentally escaped the committee, here and there, some readers may have doubted whether, upon the whole, they did not mean to throw a shade of suspicion upon this one particular case. But besides that, the mere selection, on their part, of *any* case, is already a sufficient expression of their entire reliance upon the good faith of the person concerned,—in this instance they have more directly and formally guaranteed the truth of all the circumstances, by drawing the four following inferences from it, as embodying its main results:—1. A patient, (say they,) whose malady resisted the most distinguished medical skill, was cured by a magnetic treatment, or by means suggested to him in a state of magnetic somnambulism. 2. His strength was enormously multiplied by magnetism. 3. He read—*how* we do not know—but certainly with his eyes absolutely closed and impervious to light. 4. He predicted the very day of his final cure ; and the prediction most accurately coincided with the fact.

1827. He was immediately treated magnetically; was laid asleep at the third sitting; and was placed in the state of magnetic somnambulism, at the tenth, which occurred on the 19th of August. At nine A. M. of that day, being in this state, he predicted a fit as certain to occur, unless forestalled by magnetism, at four P. M. on that same day. The remedy was purposely neglected, and he was watched carefully. At one P. M. he was seized with violent headache; at three he was obliged to go to bed; at four precisely the fit came on, and lasted five minutes. Severe lacerations or punctures of very delicate parts of the body, exciting no marks of sensibility or the least uneasiness, left no room to suspect any imposture. On the 24th of August, Cazot was magnetized; but in his case the magnetic influence was conveyed *entirely by looks*, a distance of six feet being maintained between the patient and the magnetiser; no manipulations of any kind were used, and in eight minutes he fell asleep. Violent means were now used to excite external sensibility, but without effect. He remained callous to every attempt at rousing sensation, either by tickling, pinching, pricking, or by the most irritating effluvia from chemical preparations. Nothing could awaken him. He was fully able, however, to maintain a conversation, and to answer all questions addressed to him. Amongst other remarkable circumstances, he predicted two fits—one on the 27th of August, at twenty minutes before three P. M.; and a second at a distance of fifteen days, viz. on the 7th of September. The first fit, as it happened that accidental circumstances made it difficult for the Committee to witness it, they intercepted by magnetism. But the second occurred precisely as had been predicted, and was witnessed by the Committee. On the tenth of the same month the Committee met again to renew the experiments on Cazot: and on this occasion it happened that Cazot became aware of the magnetiser's neighbourhood by mere force of occult sympathy; for three minutes after the magnetiser had entered an adjoining room, (separated, however, from Cazot's room by two closed doors,) the latter exclaimed, "I think M. Foissac (the magnetiser) must be there," pointing to the ante-chamber, in which he really was at that time; "for I feel myself stupified." The magnetiser on this particular occasion did not enter the room occupied by the patient, but continued to operate at an interval of twelve feet. In eight minutes the process was complete, and Cazot laid into profound sleep. Nothing remarkable occurred at this time, for it had ceased to be considered remarkable in Cazot—that he should exactly, and perhaps to a second, assign the date of his next epileptic attack. At present, (September 10,) he fixed the 1st of October for the next attack, at the hour of noon, *minus* two minutes. The day fell precisely on the third octave (*i. e.* the same day three weeks) from the day of prediction; and the Committee were careful to observe the sequel. On that account they attended, as early as half-past eleven A. M., at the house of a hat manufacturer, M. George's, under whom Cazot worked as a journeyman. Accident had thus placed the Committee in communication with the person of all others the best qualified to report faithfully on Cazot's moral character. This they were happy to find excellent. His integrity was unimpeachable; and not less from that consideration, and the strictness of his moral principles, than from the frank and straightforward character of his manners and moral tastes,—those who knew him agreed that rarely was a man to be met with whose plain-dealing offered less encouragement to any scheme of a fraudulent complexion. With respect to the immediate purpose of the Committee, it appeared that Cazot had already

retired from work on that day—yielding to the general indisposition which preceded his dreadful attacks; and in fact their conversation upon the man was abruptly broken off by a summons to attend his bedside. The seizure had probably tallied with the prediction to a fractional nicety of time; for by the watch which the Committee used in regulating their movements, at the very instant of reaching the *sixth* storey from the street, (to which, however, on the hasty summons they had ascended as hastily,) it appeared to be just one minute short of noon—true time. Indeed, so severe was the uniform accuracy of this man's predictions, that if any opening had been left for suspecting a fraud of any kind, the only hypothesis conceivable in such a case would be—that the fraud, if any, lay not in squaring the prediction to the attack, but in so counterfeiting the attack as to square *that* to the prediction. And such a thing is not impracticable, as many people know. Simulated attacks of epilepsy, catalepsy, and all modes of convulsive or spasmodic action, have been notoriously supported with so much histrionic skill as to impose upon casual bystanders, or even upon medical observers, not very well qualified to detect frauds. But in this case, the very decided features of the attack, the severe form which the symptoms of opisthotonos assumed, the violent effects on the pulse and on the larynx, make that hypothesis quite untenable.

Other experiments took place in Cazot: fresh predictions on his part, and fresh accomplishments, to the letter, of all these predictions. But at length came a tragical catastrophe, which at once defeated and baffled both prophet and prophecy—both epilepsy and epileptic patient,—by abruptly cutting off at once the unhappy man himself. On the 22d of April, 1828, Cazot had suffered an attack of unusual violence, which had, like all before it, since his magnetic treatment, been foreseen more than two calendar months previously, and its limits in respect to time punctually assigned. From the over-mastering violence of this fit, which had driven Cazot to bite his own arm with great fury, he had, as usual, been delivered by the magnetic process; his feelings had been soothed and tranquillized; and having gradually passed into the state of somnambulism, he had foretold two more fits, as destined to be the two last which should afflict him. From these anticipations, however, he appeared to shrink with peculiar pain of heart; and the reason for his melancholy manifested itself as soon as he had dismissed his wife from the room. For in the interval between the two fits, it seems that he saw (and in the same clear vision as the rest of the revelations) his own insanity, as an inevitable phenomenon of the case. It was true that this insanity was destined to a very brief duration; but at the same time it was to be violent in a degree corresponding to its limited range; and one gloomy probability, according to his anticipations, beset this short, but fiery trial, which greatly shook his fortitude; he beheld himself, in the clearest vision, under some strong temptation to commit murder; and it was evident, though he wished to drive away the miserable belief from his thoughts, that his wife or child was the person on whom the peril chiefly settled in his own apprehensions. He was to be a murderer; and the victim of his fury was to be one of those two who were dearest to him, perhaps both; and the dreadful trial was close at hand: in June of 1828, was to be his next (and penultimate) attack of epilepsy; in August the final one; and the scene of frenzy and blood lay between the two.

Meantime, Providence had arranged things otherwise: *Dis aliter visum est*, and by a brief (possibly a merciful) dispensation of calamity un-

forescen, the epilepsy, and the madness, and the murder, were all interrupted and confounded :—"On the 22d of April, these predictions were made ; and two days afterwards, the 24th, Cazot attempting to stop a spirited horse who had taken the bit in his teeth, was thrown against the wheel of a cabriolet, which shattered the skull, and bruised him shockingly. He was taken to the hospital Beaujon, and died there upon the 15th of May.*

Here we pause. Cases to any extent might be multiplied, by recurring to the German annals of magnetism, which exhibit the same phenomena, but carried to a higher degree of unaccountable sympathy with an absent or distant object—of prescience applied equally to the patient's own circumstances, and those of others ; and all the various characteristics of the magnetic somnambulism. These, however, are sufficiently illustrated for the purposes of a mere specimen, and as an irritation to the curiosity, by the records we have cited from the French report. For the last place, and as a climax to the whole, we lay before the readers the following cases, which, to us, appear the most mysterious of the whole.

Nearly two centuries ago, the celebrated Van Helmont† was trying experiments upon poisons, and particularly upon the *napellus*. "Having rudely prepared a root, he tasted it with the point of his tongue. He swallowed none of it, and spat out a good deal of saliva. At first he felt as if his head were bound tightly with a baulage : and soon afterwards the following symptoms occurred : *He perceived, with astonishment, that he no longer heard, thought, knew, or imagined any thing by means of the cerebral organs ; but that all their ordinary and peculiar functions appeared to be transferred to the epigastrium or pit of the stomach. His head still retained motion and feeling : but the reasoning faculty had passed to the epigastrium. This state lasted two hours.*" By means of the *napellus*, Van Helmont was never able to re-produce this wonderful result.

But modern magnetism has re-produced it in so large a variety of cases that, as a matter of fact, it is no longer open to the doubts of the

* It is so clear a case in logic, that Cazot's predictions were in their nature conditional, that is to say, that his assertion must be uniformly supposed of this nature—Given that my epileptic power has a sphere of manifestation allowed, given therefore, (*inter alia*,) that I myself continue to live ; all this is so clear, and therefore, as a consequence, it is also so clear that his prophetic faculty, whatever, and howsoever limited, was in no wise impeached by his abrupt and violent fate,—that it somewhat discredits a writer as a logician, to be found labouring so self-evident a point, though on the right side. Else, allowing for that weakness, the following remark is ingeniously expressed in the French Report, and (in the image drawn from the watch) felicitously illustrated.—"The prevision of Cazot was not rigorous and absolute, but conditional ; inasmuch as, when predicting a fit, he announced that it would not take place, provided he were magnetised ; and in reality it did not take place ; it was altogether organic and internal. Thus we can conceive, how he did not foresee an event altogether external, viz., that he should accidentally meet a restive horse, that he should have the imprudence to attempt to stop it ; and that he should receive a mortal wound. He might then have foreseen a fit which was never to have taken place. It is the hand of a watch, which in a given time ought to traverse a certain portion of the arch of the dial-plate, and which does not describe it, because the watch happens to be broken.

† We take this account of Van Helmont's experiments from Mr. Colquhoun. Meantime, we may observe that there occur some indirect notices of Van Helmont in a book not much known at this day—the letters of Henry More the Platonist. He and the younger Van Helmont were common friends, and sometimes guests, of an Englishman of rank. But, apparently, as often happens to eccentric men of talent and visionaries, had little esteem for each other.

most sceptical. M. Petetin, a French physician, tried magnetic experiments upon eight different patients, *all* of whom “exhibited the same transference of the faculties to the epigastrium; with the addition (as in Van Helmont’s case) of a prodigious development of the intellectual powers, and a foresight of their future diseased symptoms.” But the original accident which led M. Petetin to make these experiments, may stand as a representative case for the whole:—“He had a catleptic patient, who appeared to be for a long time in a state of absolute insensibility. No stimulant had any effect upon her: her eyes and ears had entirely lost the power of receiving sensations. M. Petetin, however, was greatly astonished by the discovery that she heard him perfectly when he spoke upon her stomach. Having satisfied himself of this fact, by repeated trials, he afterwards perceived that the case was the same in regard to the senses of sight and smell. The catleptic patient *read with the stomach even through an intervening opaque body.*”

This discovery was made quite independently of Mesmer’s suggestions and experiments, though at or about the same period. And M. Petetin was one of those who neither knew much of Mesmer, nor much esteemed him. Since that period many volumes might be collected of similar cases.

But we have said enough to awaken that curiosity which is the first and indispensable condition for obtaining a fair hearing upon such a subject in this country. Our primary purpose is, to push into further development a discovery which opens nothing less than a new world to the prospects of Psychology, and, generally speaking, to the knowledge of the human mind. Meantime, as we are well aware that such a purpose will meet with little encouragement in England, unless indirectly, as it may chance to follow in the train of others more immediately connected with practical benefits, we shall mention that Animal Magnetism has been found to give eminent relief in some of the most formidable maladies to which flesh is heir. The worst forms of toothache and headache it has cured, and, therefore, it is supposed, might offer a cure in *tic douloureux*, a growing scourge in our over-civilized land. The worst forms of spasmodic disease it has cured, as epilepsy, tetanus, &c. Why not, then, hydrophobia? And in this way we might go through other tribes of disease, which, at present, form the opprobrium of medicine. But, in the meantime, it must not be overlooked, that if our anticipations are conjectural, the grounds upon which we advance them are not so, but matters of absolute certainty.

Finally, if there were no other bribe for winning a professional interest to the subject of magnetism, the following case, we apprehend, might, of itself, avail for that purpose:—A lady in Paris, sixty-four years of age, suffered under an ulcerated cancer on the right breast. An operation became indispensable, of which ~~she~~ ^{she} herself, however, could not think without horror. Meantime, she had been magnetised for some months; and the profound sleep which resulted, during which the ideas remained, but the sensibility seemed abolished, suggested the plan of operating while the magnetic slumbers lasted. The day having arrived, she attended mass, returned home, and was magnetised. Everything having been arranged, she undressed herself, and sat down upon a chair. All this during the magnetic slumber. M. Cloquet, the celebrated surgeon, operated, assisted by a pupil from one of the hospitals. In less than twelve minutes the cancerous tumour was extirpated. All went on well. In two days the lady was awakened. She had suffered nothing, nor even been aware of the operation. On seeing her children, around

her, she manifested too lively an emotion, and was again immediately restored to magnetic sleep. But the case travelled on to a prosperous termination, whilst all pain, and the febrile irritation of pain, were entirely evaded. A discovery this, which opens a new æra for surgery !

LAYS OF THE CRUSADES.

THE RALLY.

Up rose the shout of victory,
 The Cross still scorns to yield ;
 And, " Allah, Allah," is the cry,
 Along the battle field.
 Down comes the din, and sword and lance
 Flash onward, four to one ;
 And like the red Simoom advance
 The children of the Sun.
 The sacred * Oriflamme is down,—
 De Valence turns to flee,
 And William, of the Iron Crown,
 Is heaten on his knee :
 Onward they come,—the shield of Spain
 Lies trampled down in mud,
 Beside, Leon and Aquitaine
 Are weltering in their blood ;
 In vain Auvergne waves his band
 Of long-tried followers on,—
 Unnerved for once, the soldiers stand,—
 He goes to die alone.
 " Allah, il Allah,"—down they come,—
 The boldest check grows pale ;
 The hard won fame of Christendom
 Now trembles in the scale :
 Before the shock, the mail of steel,
 Sword, shield, and lance give way,
 And back the Christian horsemen wheel :
 The Moslem has the day.
 Where—where are now, the young, the brave,
 Who led their thousands on ?
 Earth has no portion for them, save
 Oblivion,—they are gone !
 Where now, De Vere, thy snowy plume,—
 Thy star emblazoned shield ?
 Down, and around thee is the doom
 Of many a thousand scaled.
 Vauban, La Tour, Auvergne too,
 All knights without a stain,
 First in the fight, their corpses strew
 The crowded battle plain.

* The Royal Standard of France, during the middle æges.

Still one lone banner freely waves
Above the broken line ;
And still one arm the tempest braves,
Raimond St. Clair, 'tis thine !
Hurrah ! toward that banner ride
The brave, who scorn to fly ;
And hundreds gather by his side,
With good St. Clair to die.—
“ Hurrah ! upon the heathen foe !
The dogs are nobly met ;
By Heaven they waver—blow for blow !
There's glory waits us yet.”
Thus spoke St. Clair, and heaved again
His battle axe on high ;
When sudden burst across the plain,
The wild Provençal cry ;
And spurring onward, sword in hand,
To stay the recreant flight,
The fierce de Montfort and his band
Dashed madly to the fight.—
“ Back, back !” he cried, “ Knights, Esquires, back !
There's triumph in the deed ;
For life ! again to the attack,
And follow where I lead.
On every side there's victory,—
All, all, advance but you ;
Mark how the Styrian eagles fly—
Already they pursue :
Behold the English Leopard takes
The field upon the right ;
Away !—by Heaven the Paynim breaks
Before them into flight :
Upon them, then ! let victory be
The war-cry of Provence ;
Set forward, men of Burgundy,
St. Denis ! shout for France.”

“ Hurrah !” once more into the strife
The feathered helmets go,
And, like a storm burst of life,
Are closing on the foe.
Down go the mighty Prophet's seed,
His Crescents one by one ;
And, like a whirlwind in speed,
The victor's task is done.

Then aside Montfort sheathed his blade,
And wiped his blood-stained brow,
He turned him round, and only said,
“ Whose is the triumph now ?”

OGIER.

THE MISERIES OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

EVERY one has, it is said, one's misfortune, a favourite grievance, which grows to a head, withdrawing the attention from other evils, and carrying off the discontents of the system,—a sort of healthy disease, if I may so express it. So *Ætna* and *Hecla* have been called safety-valves of the earth, great pimples, which every now and then relieve our venerable mother from a too great heat of the system. My pimple, or safety-valve, has been my teeth, or rather, my want of teeth; true, I have had what some may think greater misfortunes; I have lost money—much more than was convenient; have lost friends also; and, perhaps, I may say, consequently, I have lost an eye, and three fingers on the sword-hand by the cut of a sabre. Some people would call these greater misfortunes. Bah! They did not hinder me from eating, talking, and laughing, as usual; but when I lost my teeth—my invaluable *incisores* and *molars*, and, by the rigid laws of society, was obliged to supply their place with false ones, then, indeed, and for the first time, I felt what is meant by the troubles of life, and such like lugubre phrases;—then, when an embargo was laid on my mouth, and I could not eat, talk, or laugh as I had been used to do, my fortitude was shaken, and I felt that man is, indeed, born to trouble. But I believe it is usual, in a piece of autobiography, for the reader to be introduced, with more or less of form, to the writer. Briefly then, to my intimates, and at the Club generally, I am Jack Webster merely,—to the rest of the world, my name and addition are Major Webster of the ——— Regiment of the line; pretty well known, I believe, as a Sub in the Peninsular War, a Captain at Waterloo, and, since peace, a Major,—though peace itself has been war to the Major, as you shall see. More I say not on this head; the intelligent reader will pick up an idea of my character, as he will surely sympathize with my misfortunes, in the course of the following narrative. No one, as I have said, knew less of pain and grief than I did before I lost my teeth,—those “inestimable instruments of mastication, utterance, and beauty,” as they are styled in the *affiches* of advertising dentists. Since then I am certainly, in some sort, an altered man. How far I am excusable, from the circumstances of the case, I now proceed to show:—

About five years ago, (I am now five and forty, or thereabout,) I first perceived little dusky specks between my front teeth, and shortly after, on the occasion of a sharp but temporary bout of illness, felt a tenderness about my gums, and found that my teeth, like those of a portcullis, had a tendency to drop,—this I mentioned to my medical man, who, after examining them closely, told me, with all the cold-blooded precision which they affect on these occasions, that he thought it more than probable that I should “not be able to save them!”—Not save them! Heaven and earth! the idea of being toothless had never seriously, and to its full extent, occurred to me for a moment. This my *Mephistophiles* of a doctor well knew, and stood grinning at my consternation, much like his prototype, in the inimitable designs of Retzsch,—the twenty-third of the series, I think it is. However, his prediction was true; out they all came,—not all at one time, however,—and only in the upper jaw; but the front teeth in this all deserted, on different occasions, in the course of a few weeks. One—the first, a front tooth—I shall never forget it—came out as I was sucking an orange; and not being sufficiently on my guard, went down my throat before I was aware of any-

thing being the matter ; I felt it, indeed, rather scrape on my œsophagus as it passed, but thought I had only swallowed a pip, or some such matter ; my tongue, however, soon detected the gap that was left, and told me—more gently, certainly, than any other tongue could do—the grievous event that had happened. To be brief, they all followed, one after another ; not, I mean, down my throat ; I was too much on my guard for that ; for though teeth are the necessary instruments of digestion, they are not, I believe, very digestible things themselves. But this was only a *foretaste* of what I was doomed to suffer, as you shall see. When I next saw the doctor, I told him what had happened, which, indeed, it was not possible for me to open my mouth without doing ; when he told me, with another Mephistophelian smile, that it was of no great consequence, as I could easily get a new set. This idea was some comfort to me at the moment ; unfortunate people catch at straws, and are easily made grateful, for I almost forgave him the display of his own firm white set with which he conveyed the intelligence to me ; though it was, I am now sure, at the thought of the unknown misery I was going to endure in the wearing of artificial teeth. Next morning, my mouth muffled up, and squeezed into the corner of my cab, I drove to Mr —, the fashionable dentist in — Street. The case was a clear one ; not a peg (or a stump) to hang a doubt upon. I must have “ a whole set,” or “ an under and upper piece,” as they are technically called. Such was the decision—disinterested one, no doubt—of the man of teeth. Here I would fain give to the uninitiated reader an idea of the dire and complicated piece of machinery which was proposed to me ; but no,—my graphic powers are, I feel, quite unequal to the task. To the inquisitive loiterer through the streets of London, who has ever been drifted by the current of Sydney's Alley and St. Martin's Court, into the neighbourhood of May's Buildings, little explanation will be necessary ; and I think it better to refer those who would have an adequate idea of what sort of “ infernal machines” some people carry about with them in their mouths, to this place, which is the market for this kind of ware—the Bezesteen of tooth-drawers. Here, on every hand, are to be seen glass cases filled with all sorts and descriptions of this precious merchandise, “ from a single tooth to a full set,” grinning insultingly, in all the pride of white and scarlet, on the toothless passenger ; but many cannot, or will not, visit the shops of these plebeian tooth-drawers : let them imagine, then, a something which presents to the sight about so much of the teeth and gums as are to be seen when the lips are drawn forcibly back, called in English a “ piece or set ;” and at Paris somewhat more elegantly “ *un ratellier*.” It consists of two parts,—the *cadre* or frame, and the teeth themselves ; the former is a piece of metal, or of the tusk of the hippopotamus, or of the walrus, made to fit in some degree to the gums, and a part of the roof ; to this human teeth are usually riveted, though sometimes, to save expense, the material of the frame itself is employed. In order to keep this machine from falling out of the mouth, which, from its weight and bulk, it has a strong propensity to do, a stiff spiral wire spring is employed ; one of which is attached on each side of the two pieces, and unites them, so that when the teeth are put into their natural posture, the springs being bent back into the hollow of the cheek, force the two pieces against the upper and lower jaws respectively, and keeps the whole apparatus in its place, that is, until something disturbs it, and after all, in a most uncomfortable and precarious state. All this, and much more, I learnt on my first visit to the dentist ; quite enough,

indeed, to open my eyes to the unfortunate situation in which I was placed. I went home, therefore, in no very jocund mood, pondering over, and balancing the dire alternatives that were before me, no easy matter to decide. On one hand the question was no less than to pass the remainder of my days with a mouth filled with metal plates, spiral springs, and dead men's teeth; on the other, to give up *talking, laughing, flirting*, in short, the world—retire to some “nook merely monastick,” and feed on pottage and batter puddings—“a trim reckoning!” For a whole week I mused and calculated the sacrifices on either side; the scales so nearly balanced that each alternately seemed going down. The world, with a thing nearly as big as a musical snuff-box, in one's mouth (*che boccone!*) or a hermitage with toothless gums, that was the question. Society, I well knew, by its rigid code, allows no one with any conspicuous personal defects, remediable or not, to join its ranks; and a blotched face, or a broken mouth, would exclude a man from many circles more decidedly than doubtful arts, or a broken reputation. This may be very right, at least so far as regards the disqualifying character of personal defects; at any rate, I who had been a strict disciplinarian in this matter, had no right to expect any special indulgence in my own favour. At last the world prevailed; I was only forty, had always lived in society; postponed—not given up matrimony; I felt, too, like a soldier, ashamed of a retreat; and thought with my experience and *savoir vivre*, under all disadvantages, the last chances of the game were still worth playing for.

The next morning, accordingly, I drove to my dentist's again, seated myself with a kind of desperate courage in his vile operating fauteuil, and told him to proceed; in five minutes he was prepared, and at my side, with a large lump of bees-wax in his hand. This he stuffed into my mouth, pressing against the roof and gums, to get, as he said, a form or mould for a model of the *locale*. No very pleasant operation this, in a man's hand, and half a pound of bees-wax, for some minutes together, in one's mouth, half-stifled, and hardly able to restrain an insurrectionary disposition in the stomach, to explode all his wax-work in his face. A detail, however, is impossible of half the annoyances to be endured between the initiative process of “taking the model,” and the completion of the work. A week at least elapses; and three or more of these purgatorial sort of operations. But my job was finished, and the engine was jammed between my jaws, with about the same sort of sensation on my part, as I suppose a young horse feels when the breaker's bit is first brought into his mouth. Imagine, ye who never experienced the like,—for I shall never be able to describe it,—what I felt on finding my mouth full of metal plates, strong wire springs, and teeth that ought to have been lying quietly with their original owners in some neighbouring church-yard,—a combination of physical and moral annoyances, that can hardly be equalled, I think, in the class of minor evils, as they are called. From this time I was an altered man; looks, manners, temper, all gave way in some degree, and my spirit was fairly broken in by this vile “bit” in my mouth. My friends all observed an extraordinary change in me; from gay to grave, from talk to taciturnity,—and puzzled themselves mightily about the cause. Some guessed one thing, some another. I had something on my conscience, seemed to be the general opinion. Some crime committed in my youth, remorse for which had at last overtaken me. Some were content to say I was only suffering the usual consequences of early debauchery and hard drinking: I was guiltless in all and every respect;

but I said nothing. I had only to open my mouth to clear up my character and explain everything, but I prudently preferred to keep my mouth shut, and suffer in silence. All my attempts to return to my former habitudes, and regain my place in society, were in vain; the difficulties I had to contend with were too much for me; and after struggling with them for a twelvemonth, I gave it up, and made a retreat to a small and tolerant circle of old friends and relations in a provincial city.

I shall here describe a few of the difficulties and annoyances which I have endured, to show the world that I am not the chicken-hearted fellow that some have supposed, or have yielded to slight or imaginary evils. I shall give these instances of my sufferings without any order or connexion, save that in which they shall occur to my memory, and shall add, perhaps, before I conclude, some part of the mass of information which I have gained in the course of my experience in the matter of artificial teeth. The subject is not without its curious points, its arcana. Some are piquant enough, and even border on the horrid; they are also for the most part little known, *une lettre close*, to the multitude. They can only be known by personal experience, and are seldom communicated; for vanity, a better guard than masonic oaths, keeps the secret. And first, for my personal annoyances. A man's mouth is useful in so many ways, (a woman's certainly not less so,) that to have, as it were, a padlock put on it, and all its functions embargoed, must, it is clear, be no trifling calamity; thus I found, so soon as my mouth was fitted up with the diabolical machinery which I have been describing, that, besides the misery of such a mouthful, I could neither eat nor talk with any degree of ease or security; laughing was quite out of the question, though I confess I had not much disposition to exercise the faculty just at that time. After a short period, however, I thought I would make trial of the efficiency of my new weapons, and make my first essays at the club and in a few morning calls. The results, however, were by no means so encouraging as to induce me to venture on the more arduous field-day of a dinner, or evening society; for though the clink of my metallic mouth-piece was perhaps audible only to my own watchful ears, yet now and then the spiral springs, which should remain curved in the hollow of the cheek, escaped and sprang forward, projecting between my lips like the gold and silver out of the good girl's mouth in the fairy tale, and often resisted all my efforts, with my handkerchief to my mouth, to force it back into its place again. On one of these occasions, my friends seeing me, with my eyes rolling about, and unable to speak, thought I was going to be choked; and one old lady, in her fright, gave me some hard thumps on the back, by way of relieving me. What could I do with half-a-dozen astonished faces turned towards me? Explanation was impossible; I could not utter a word. A hasty and unexplained retreat was the only course that my military or social tactics could suggest; this I effected, and through the doorway too, though I should not have refused the window; and would have given my half-year's pay to have been able to descend through a trap-door in the floor, like the ghost in Hamlet, veiled in blue smoke. On another occasion, while talking with some acquaintances at the dog's of our club, a sudden inclination to yawn, not prudently resisted or in time, again threw all my tackle into disorder, and I remained for some time a silent, though not very attentive, listener to a political discussion in which I had been taking an active part. My silence at last, and projecting lips, drew upon me the

scrutinizing eyes of my companions; if I had attempted to speak, I should certainly have delivered something much more solid and sterling than is usually depicted in such conversations; but then my secret would infallibly have come out, clattering upon the pavement, like Belphegor, when told that his wife was a-coin^g. A thought, however, luckily occurred to me—the cholera, which was then rife in the land. Screwing up my face, therefore, as if in great pain, and pressing my hand against my epigastrium, I hobbled off, without looking to the right hand or to the left, as if labouring under an incipient stage of the epidemic. My escape, however, was not yet complete. I was still in the street, and almost certain of meeting some acquaintance, for few men have a greater number. I therefore continued my retreat into the Park, where, thinking myself secure from observation, I relieved my mouth of its burden, and proceeded to re-adjust and replace my teeth according to the directions of my dentist, in such case made and provided,—namely, by placing the springs backward, and then pressing the two pieces together, in the natural position, with the forefinger and thumb of each hand—back it into its place in my mouth again. But all this is not done by an inexperienced hand in a moment; it took me some time, and so absorbed my attention, that I did not observe a group of nursemaids who had approached the part of the garden where I stood, and who were stilling their little ones, to have a better view of what I was about. At last, as I was cautiously raising my double set of teeth to place it in my mouth—lifting up my eyes in the operation—I beheld half-a-dozen funny faces peeping at me over each other's shoulders, and only waiting that signal to burst into a general laugh. Here no generalship could be of any avail—a retreat, anyhow, was the only thing to be thought of; so, without any more ado, I crammed my teeth into my pocket, and made off as fast as I could, reaching home luckily without meeting any one to speak to. I cannot pretend, however, to detail all, or half of what I suffered in this way. At last I resolved on leaving London. Whatever has been connected with our griefs seems a part or a cause of them. I would try country air—the sea air—Madeira—the Cape—anywhere—to escape from my annoyances; and indeed it was necessary to think of getting away, at least for a season, for my acquaintances began to whisper about that there was something not quite right about me. If they had said that all was not right in my head, they would not have been far from the truth. *Enfin*, I thought of a sea-bathing place in Wales, where, unknown and unquizzed, I might practise on this new mouth-organ of mine at leisure, and prepare myself to return to the world by degrees. I chose Aberistwith, and inquired for a quiet boarding-house. I can't live alone,—that's the devil of it. Nothing to fear here, thought I, when I saw my fellow-boarders: three or four old ladies—fixtures—such as always form the nucleus of these establishments; an East Indian; an old Irish doctor; and a banker, and his wife and daughter, (with his cursed political economy,) from the neighbourhood of Cirencester. But who can conceal anything from the scrutiny of a regular boarding-house old lady's eye? Before three days were over they had found out my secret, and watched every mouthful I took, with the kind expectation of seeing my teeth tumble into my plate, tried to make me talk for the same benevolent purpose, and inquired, very significantly, if I was ever troubled with the toothache? Use, however, had now begun to lessen the piquancy of these and similar annoyances. We soon get accus-

tomed to, and indulgent in our own defects; besides, my tongue and lips were now drilled into better management of the new-comers, over which they stood guard unceasingly,—the tongue especially, who was constantly going his rounds, to feel that all was right, or re-adjust any disorder that had taken place. Still I was then, and for the next two or three years, constantly meeting with accidents and *contretemps* with my borrowed teeth, of which my space will only allow me the brief mention of a few, as *echantillons*, of the mass of miseries I have endured from this prolific cause.

On one occasion, I recollect being at the opera with some ladies. Hanging over the front of the box for a moment, to see who were in the house, and speaking at the same time, out sprang my unlucky teeth, and fell into the pit. Without any explanation, (what could I say without my teeth?) I hurried down, and though the alley was much crowded, began to search quietly for my lost property. The men standing there supposed at first that I had dropped a glove, or some such matter, and took little notice of me. At last I caught sight of my set of teeth, partly concealed under the shoe of an officer in the Guards. The avidity with which I begged him to move his foot and picked it up, excited their notice, and made them think that I had found something of value. They began to feel for their snuff-boxes, &c.; and one of them, thinking that he missed his box, followed me into the corridor, and requested to see what I had found. I refused, of course; high words ensued; and a crowd came round us to see what was the matter. The affair was awkward enough, and I was completely at a loss what to do. Seeing, however, an officer of police coming up, I took him aside, and showing him the cause of all the hubbub, desired him to inform the gentleman that the property was mine, and of no sort of value to anybody but the owner; and of not much to him, he might have added. I stood aloof while this explanation was made, and heard him exclaim, "But what is it, then? why can't I see it?" The man, finding no other way out of the affair, whispered something—the bare fact, I suppose—into his ear, which was immediately followed by a rather indecorous laugh, as it seemed to me; the disposition to which, before I could get out of hearing, was rapidly extending itself among the bystanders.

On another occasion, I was staying at a friend's house in the country. On going to bed, I placed my set of teeth, as was usual with me, on the table of my dressing-room. I had not been long asleep, when I was awakened by a noise, which, I soon found, was made by the favourite spaniel of the lady of the house; but what had brought him to my dressing-room I could not guess. I rose, however, and, just as I was, took the lamp, and went to turn him out; when, lo, and behold! there was little Fidele with my set of teeth in his mouth, gnawing away merrily at them under the table. It was a set, the frame of which was made of the tusk of the hippopotamus, and he had taken it, I suppose, for a bone; follow him I must, for how could I carry off the war without my teeth, and a house full of ladies? Not being well acquainted, however, with the geography of the back-staircases, I stumbled, threw down the lamp, and brought out all the servants and the master of the house, to see what was the matter. There was I in my night gear and red kerchief bound round my head, and brandishing an umbrella, which I had snatched up in my hurry to make the beast refund my grinders; vexed as I was, I could not help joining in the laugh, which my picturesque figure occasioned. The affair, however, was no joke to me, and

this I was obliged to explain to the assembled nightcaps, who, as soon as they were informed of the case, instantly gave chase, in full cry, for the recovery of my teeth. The spaniel dodged us some time ; but being hard pressed, stood at last at bay, at the door of his mistress's bed-chamber, still holding his bone, as he thought it, between his teeth ; being a pet dog, no one dared to touch him, for fear of offending my lady, into whose fair hands alone, and after much coaxing, he consented to give up his prize. Of course the affair was no secret at the breakfast table next morning, and the grave congratulations were not few which I received at the success of the chase of the night before. I will mention one more of my misfortunes in this way, and that of a somewhat less vexatious character, or, at least, in which the expense of the ludicrous did not fall wholly on me,—one of the city companies, (I don't exactly know which,) bearing at the least their share of it, and thus it fell out. One Lord Mayor's day, I was coaxed by two young nieces into taking them to see the procession, "the Show," as it is still called ; and accordingly procured a seat at the rich silversmith's first floor window, in Cheapside : well, when the show made its appearance, I, with one on each side of me, and all our necks stretched out of the window, was playing the part of showman, and explaining, as well as I could make it out, the "order of the course," when, at a very exciting part of the pageant—the men in armour I think—down fell my unfortunate teeth perpendicularly into the street ; they did not reach the ground, however, on this occasion ; for it so happened that one of Birch's men, was passing just at that moment, with a large jar of mock-turtle on his head, ordered for some city company, to form a part, and a favourite one I understand, of a grand dinner they gave on this occasion. My little nieces laughed like mad things, and I too ; indeed the affair was not very serious so far as I was concerned ; for this set of teeth had done hard duty, and were getting rather too old and discoloured to be worn much longer ; and so much the worse, I am obliged to confess, for the glass-cutters' company, (or whichever it was, who had this windfall added to their annual banquet.) I am, perhaps, rather scrupulous on some points, and thought it right, on this occasion, to send a servant after the man to bring him and the soup back again ; but Birch's man was self-willed, or perhaps much hurried on a Lord Mayor's day ; for on he went his way in spite of my message, and the destiny of the worshipful company was fulfilled. I was really concerned at this part of the adventure ; for I am fond of mock-turtle myself. It was some alleviation, however, to think, that, as the specific gravity of my *dents postiches* was much greater than that of the turtle soup ;—for I saw it plainly sinking between the pieces of floating fat, and forced-meat balls—unless they should eat very gluttonously, and reach the bottom of the tureen, the addition which I had made to the soup would not be apparent ; and, on the other hand, if they should eat their way to the bottom, and perceive something suspicious lying there, it would not be until the pleasure of eating (the main point in a city feast I take it) had been actually "had and received ;" and no one would then think of refunding, at least on a point of delicacy ; and besides, the uninitiated in artificial teeth had never, perhaps, seen such a production of art before, and might easily mistake it for a part of the calf's head, which the cook, much hurried on a Lord Mayor's day, had baled out of the copper by mistake.

ON GENIUS, TALENT, SCIENCE, AND LEARNING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "EXPOSITION OF THE FALSE MEDIUM," &c.

MANY a modern critic, has committed himself disgracefully, and beyond recall, in every important subject he may have foolishly "rushed in" upon, from not understanding the fundamental and generic value of the words expressing great qualities. This is chiefly attributable to his not understanding the qualities themselves. The imperfection of language, as well as the natural complexity of *all* qualities, renders, it would appear, a perfect verbal definition impossible in any case; so that hypercritics and sciolists may always find plenty of room for their starveling objections. But by bringing imagination as the subsidiary illustrator of reason, and sensibility to vivify and subtilize judgment, a sufficiently accurate definition of the highest intellectual qualities and passions, may be made out, for men to understand each other; provided their prejudices do not blind them, and that they are not deficient in the requisite degree of comprehension. The most prominent characteristics, are all that we shall here attempt.

There are no two distinct qualities oftener, or more stupidly, confounded, than Genius and Talent. A man of genius, speaking generally, translates or interprets what he feels; a man of talent, expresses what he thinks. The former, therefore, moulds his thoughts according to his practical and imaginative standard of humanity: the latter is very apt to make humanity vary with his fluctuating thoughts. Genius imagines and creates: talent recollects and re-modifies. The one transcribes from his heart: the other sits down to compose from his store-house of the brain. Metaphysically speaking, we may reverse the ordinary position thus:—genius borrows wholesale from nature, and is so far right; talent invents laboriously and minutely; but having no mastery over elements, is commonly wrong. The first is a prodigal, who freely spends what his Great Parent has given him; the other is a studious mechanic, who works night and day to acquire a knowledge of what others have done and said, in order to turn it to account in a business-like way. The former is very liable to end like Timon of Athens; while the latter is keeping wassail with bloated doctors, and punster lords. Genius excites the finest passions and moral reflections; talent leaves you, after various manœuvres at parade, "as you were." The power and the truth, the beauty and the sensibility of a work, are *essentially* distinct, (though often harmoniously united,) from elegance of style, purity of language, an ingenuity of fancy, an imposing outline, and a tact in general frame-work and management. Genius is a gift; talent an acquirement. But the minds of some men of very superior ability are often a mixture of both; the respective shades of which, it is scarcely possible, without the most subtle metaphysical analysis of the effects, to distinguish or separate. Certainly it cannot be done by a phrenological chart.

Science (except some of the abstract sciences) is knowledge derived from the experience of ages in *physical facts*; and is advanced by deductions from, and practical applications of them. Science is to genius what the crutches of time are to his wings; but is superior to talent, inasmuch as it has the solid earth, however "earthy," under it, for a sure foundation to its slow effects; while talent is as likely to build a fine-looking edifice upon a mistake, as upon a truth, not knowing anything of elementary principles. Yet science has no necessary connexion with either genius

or talent. Very good geologists, chemists, botanists, &c. have frequently been very stupid men; and not a few of them have been without talent sufficient to write three consecutive sentences of decent English, or even common grammar. Ornithologists, and Entomologists, are famous for this latter peculiarity, besides being, as we often see, very insect-minded men, or pluming themselves with a most foolish and *exclusive* vanity. Bacon and Newtons are like "angel visits."

Learning is, for the most part, the profound verbal knowledge of books in various languages. It is very seldom associated with great genius; not often with any; and not generally with science or talent. It is rather incompatible with genius:

"For the more languages a man can speak,
His knowledge has but found the greater leak!"

Butler had a right to say this of others, being a great exception to the above opinion. Milton might have said the same; so might Shelley, &c. But in general, it is by no means a characteristic of a strong mind, and certainly not of an original one, to pass the greater part of a life in decyphering the ideas of others through the kaleidoscope of a dozen different languages. It is very unlikely that Homer understood any language but his mother-tongue. But all men are not Homers or Shakspeares, you will say? True enough: the greater reason why minds of less strength and compass should concentrate the power they possess as much as possible. A man anxious for the fundamental truths of nature, will study to understand a given question or thing; and if he accomplish this, he certainly can understand no *more* of it by being able to read it from, or cast it into, the verbal moulds of all the chief nations of the world. To such a man it would be very like *casting* his head into the sea.

With reference to the world's appreciation of these four qualities, genius is most admired and worshipped; (whether the man starve or not;) science, most respected and promoted; (whether the man starve or not;) learning most admired and patronized—by the learned; (a scanty patronage!) and talent, soonest noticed and best paid; because it finds a ready way to ordinary comprehensions, which always mistake it for something better. Genius and science are the Kings of Time.

MELODY OF THE PROVERBS.

'When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn.'—C. xxix. v. 2.

With the righteous on the throne,
There is glory thro' the land;
And our foes are crumbled down,
And scattered like the sand.
The harvest field is shorn
To the reapers' merry song—
There is gladness on the morrow;
There is joy when day is gone.
With the righteous on the throne,
There is worship all around,
And the bosom's anthem'd tone
Thro' the temples doth resound.
There is prayer where many kneel
Without pride or bigotry:
And the peasant takes his meal
Beneath his own fig-tree.
When the wicked beareth rule,
Like a tempest on the sea,
There is counsel of the fool,
With the lash or tyranny.

There is blood upon the sword,
And blasphemy of God;
And the Temple of the Lord
Is roofless and untrod!
There is the canker breath of fear
On the Monarch's guilty heart;
The houseless widow's tear,
And the orphan's bitter smart,
Are the silent prayers of earth:
And the peasant, beaten low,
In his drunkenness, doth curse
His children as they grow!
As the hearers of a pall,
The serfs to labour stroll;
Extinguished in the hall
Are the lights of pleasure's bowl.
The dark assassin's knife
Gleameth in the guilty hand,
Seeking the sacrifice of life,
When the wicked rule the land!
M. S. M.

MR. MACAULEY, A LEGISLATOR FOR THE HINDOOS.

(From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.)

It is the fashion nowadays to indulge in much abuse of what are called Political Adventurers. We have no objection to this proceeding, provided that there be a right understanding as to what does and what does not constitute a political adventurer. If that which is really odious and mischievous be selected for the object of reproach, we heartily concur with the prevailing talk, and will lend our aid, humble though it be, to give force and sharpness to the shaft which is directed against all, or any of the tribe. However, it is to be feared that the judgments of the public on this matter are conducted on a principle wholly at variance with their real interests: In fact, that they favour knaves while they visit the honest and deserving with unmerited obloquy.

If any one, not possessed of affluence, gain, or attempt to gain the confidence of the public,—if, at the same time, he oppose the reigning powers, and stand out and resist the temptations of place and profit,—if he pursue unflinchingly the interests of the many, and do not apply his efforts to forwarding the views of any peculiar class, this man, simply because he is not rich, is termed a political adventurer. They who usually write and talk respecting political matters are seldom capable of understanding that class of feelings which leads any one to undertake great labour, and undergo much abuse and opprobrium, simply from a desire to forward the general interests of his race. Ordinary politicians invariably believe, or assert that they believe, that the narrowest self-interest is the ruling motive of all who seek to do good to the public; and they never endeavour to reconcile the strange contradiction between the motive supposed to be acting,—that is to say, the end in view,—and the course adopted to attain it. They either call the conduct in question a deep-laid scheme, or they declare that the screen is too scanty to cover the manifestly selfish object sought for; but they never advert to the strange discrepancy existing between their various assertions. For example, the persons who are acting the apparently independent and honest part we have just described, are often allowed to be persons of no mean acquirements, no common ability; and yet, at the same time, they are said to place before themselves an object, and adopt the very means least likely to attain it. They are asserted to act on selfish motives, because the existence of exalted and generous sympathies is deemed a fable. But, if this be so, does it not seem rash folly, to use a pretext, leading almost necessarily to no personal advantage? On the other hand, if a person, precisely in the same condition respecting fortune, should be so fortunate as to gain the suffrages of a portion of his countrymen, and pursue party interests,—if he take the most direct and certain course to the attainment of profit and place,—if he adopt the very best method to forward his private ends, viz. siding with the ruling powers,—he, curiously enough, is never called an adventurer, nor accused of selfishness: he is deemed an upright and worthy person, who is honourably employing his talents and knowledge to the furtherance of his own fortunes.

Let us, however, for an instant, compare the two modes of proceeding, and endeavour to judge of them, not by the peculiar standard usually employed on the occasion, but by those more general tests which men apply in ordinary circumstances.

It is quite clear, that he who pursues the course of opposition to the

ruling powers, whatever *may* be his views, at least takes the longest, the most dangerous and difficult path, if his object be a selfish one. This circumstance at least gives, or ought to give him the benefit of a doubt as to his alleged motive: while he who follows the direct road to honour and emolument cannot assuredly have such a claim to any hesitation as to his principle of action. If we are to judge, by ordinary rules, of the conduct of each, we should pronounce at once, that the chances are greatly in favour of that person's honesty and disinterestedness, who undergoes difficulty, and suffers obloquy in consequence of the opinions he professes—we mean of him who opposes, rather than of him who sides with the powers that be.

Let us suppose two young men starting in life, of equal ability, and commencing with nothing but their own industry and talent as a means to the attainment of fame and emolument. Fancy these two young men discoursing with each other as to the course to be pursued. Suppose one of them to say, I shall turn patriot: that appears to me the most ready way to honours. Might not his more wary companion hereupon begin, thus to set forth the wisdom of the opposite course? "Observe," he would say, "how much more easy and certain is the mode that I recommend. At the very outset of your career you will have to meet every possible opposition. Believe me, the rich and the aristocratic of this country are not to be easily braved. Incur their resentment you assuredly will; and they will direct against you all the potent and various engines which they possess of annoying and insulting you. They will taunt you with your poverty: they will assert, that having no property, you seek only to create a disturbance for the purpose of plundering those richer than yourself. You will be called an adventurer; and the weak, the timid, the foolish, and the knavish, will become a fraternity to oppose and crush you. Every step you take will be one of battle: if you be successful it will be by a miracle; and, at all events, your life will be one constant scene of turmoil, anxiety, and trial. I now turn to the other side of the picture. I shall commence my career, having determined on the opposite course, with taxing my ingenuity for arguments in defence of the doctrines professed by the aristocracy. Having been in a certain degree trained to intellectual labour, I can find necessarily more acute and plausible reasons for their opinions than they themselves can furnish. This will please them, it will prepossess them in my favour, and they will never direct attention to my poverty. They will never call *me* an adventurer. I shall do all this in one of the periodical publications dedicated to their support, say the *Edinburgh Review* for example. Just at this moment, the arguments in favour of many of the old saws of Government are rudely assailed by a class of cool and clear-sighted reasoners. I will put myself in opposition to these men, and employ my eloquence and art in glossing over the knavery and absurdity of the old Whig political creed. Whether I believe what I say, is nothing to the purpose. It is true I have been intimate with those whom I am about to assail: I know their real views, and am well aware of the uprightness of their intentions, and the comprehensiveness and penetration of their understandings. Such qualities make them dangerous foes of the aristocracy; and these last will repay me by their favour, and eventually by profit. Having gained a reputation by these means, I shall certainly be put into Parliament by some borough patron. When there, I shall pursue the same game. Going into the House, as a rising man attached to one of the great parties in that assembly; if I acquit myself but toler-

ably, I am sure of support. If I surpass their herd of aristocratic young gentlemen, they will laud me to the skies: my eloquence will be a theme for universal admiration; and, as I shall prove useful, they will quickly and amply reward me. Compare this, my prosperous condition, with the chill and gloomy aspect of your fortunes. My bark will reach her haven in gallant trim; a gentle and favourable breeze will swell my sails, and I shall be wafted into port without danger, almost without trouble; while your buffeted vessel will have to win her weary way, against adverse wind and tide. The rough gale will try every timber, and blow your canvass into ribbons: and should you at last outlive its fury, you will be shattered, and almost utterly useless." We say compare these descriptions, and then determine who ought to be deemed and called the adventurer.

These observations have been suggested in consequence of the late appointment of Mr. Macauley to a high and lucrative office in India. The duties of this office are of the most delicate and difficult description, requiring for their due performance knowledge of a very peculiar nature; knowledge which the study of a life could alone acquire; and, at the same time, great insight into the characters of individuals and nations; and also, that most difficult of all acquirements, the power of practically applying the great and comprehensive principles of an intricate and difficult science. In short, Mr. Macauley is appointed to legislate for the people of Hindostan. This successful result of Mr. Macauley's political endeavours forcibly illustrates the view we have here taken of the mode in which the people of this country judge of the political morality of the various public men of the day, and singularly supports our positions respecting the personal advantages accruing to him who advocates the aristocratic against the democratic interests of the community. The career of Mr. Macauley has been peculiarly fortunate; and men are naturally led to inquire, whether that be owing to any remarkable merit in the man himself, or to the dexterous mode in which he has played his game. Candidly, we own that Mr. Macauley may thank his own worldly prudence for his success. We entirely acquit him of having prospered in consequence of any peculiar capabilities for the office he has undertaken, or of any display of great talent, or usefulness as a Parliamentary supporter of the Government. The Whigs, forming great expectations respecting him before he entered the House, did, in his case, as they have done in a hundred others,—they forced a reputation for him. He has lived and thriven on that factitious fame from the time he entered the House till the present moment, and has finally reaped this gigantic reward. In the House he was evidently a failure; for though able to make a school-boy oration, he cannot debate. The Ministry, therefore, were not unwilling to spare him from that field of strife; and since he has obtained the reputation of philosophy, (of which, indeed, the Ministry can only judge by report,) they have sent him to try his hand on the poor Hindoos, in order that he may make in that country the experiment *in corpore vili*, which he so coolly recommended in the case of Ireland.

Mr. Macauley gave, as a young man, promise of talent, and gained a sort of college reputation. He was known at Cambridge as an orator of their "Union," and remarkable for the liberality of his views. It was observed, however, by those who knew him, that a great change took place in his language on his entering into life. He was admitted into the Whig circles, and was fed with that incense which they know so well how to administer. Any one of ordinary penetration could have per-

ceived that the easy way to fame and emolument, was to adopt the views of one of the great leading parties,—viz., either of the Tories or the Whigs; for, under any circumstances, these powerful persons are able both to foster a young reputation, and to find small places for rising young men. Besides, there was an evident set in the public mind towards liberalism, and so a little dash of liberality did a young man no mischief, particularly where there was strong evidence that this liberality was well fenced in and surrounded by prudent considerations of interest, and a proper respect for constituted powers: in other words, that the views entertained were wholly of a speculative nature, and went not to affect the practical conduct of the individual. Mr. Macauley became talked of as a rising young man, of the Whig party. Lord, then Mr. Brongham was consulted as to the course which he was to pursue to become an orator; and a letter from that learned person was, as we then understood, handed about to admiring friends, detailing the plan to be pursued.* Studied orations were upon wise occasions delivered by the aspirant orator; and the hack question of slave emancipation offered, we well remember, an admirable collection of commonplaces, in which the young gentleman employed his arguments, and tried the extent and efficiency of his powers. The *Edinburgh Review* then was judiciously used; and the Whig compromise between liberal principles and aristocratic predilections was not unsuccessfully imitated. Not long after, began Mr. Macauley's controversy with the *Westminster Review*; which controversy commenced on the occasion of an attack made by him on the celebrated article of Mr. Mill, in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, on the subject of Government. This controversy, luckily for Mr. Macauley,—and none felt his good fortune more acutely than himself,—was not conducted by the author whom he had attacked, or by any of the persons who formed the body of writers, from whom the peculiar views set forth in the article "Government" originally emanated. Mr. Macauley knew, though the world did not, that they in a body had ceased to write for the *Westminster Review*. However, one advantage resulted. Mr. Macauley's sentiments on many great subjects were recorded, and his utter incapacity to seize and comprehend a philosophical distinction very distinctly evinced.† He has never formally recanted the doctrines he then supported; but many of the speeches of the honourable gentleman, since that time, have been in direct opposition to them; and most of the arguments he has used in support of his more liberal views, have been taken from the very persons whom he had formerly attacked. We could point to passages almost copied verbatim from the pages of Mill and Bentham—passages, which, during the controversy in the *Edinburgh*, had been the subject of his animadversion. This defence of the constitutional

* One precept of that letter was certainly not forgotten "Talk, talk, talk," was one rule:—assuredly it has been, it is acted up to.

† Mr. M. ventured, unwisely, in Philosophy; and among other things, to please his Whig friends, attacked Mr. Bentham and the principle of utility; and while so doing, fancied utility a sanction. He shewed himself totally incapable of understanding the difference between a *sanction* and a *rule*. A more remarkable instance of thorough shallowness was never afforded, or a greater proof given of the very low character of philosophy in this country. A glib talker, and a maker of flowing phrases, may here venture on any subject, and never fear detection. They who wish to know the difference between Mr. Macauley's school-boy flourishes, and a philosophical discussion of the same question, had better compare the papers in the *Edinburgh*, with the exposition given by Mr. Austin in his *Limits of Jurisprudence Defined*.

views went not without its reward. Mr. Macauley was made a Commissioner of Bankrupts.

The remaining portion of his career is well known to the public. Brought into Parliament by Lord Lansdowne, he supported the Whig views of every subject; and finally was returned for Leeds, to the first Reformed Parliament. On the death of Mr. Hyde Villiers, he became Secretary to the Board of Control; and being thus made a parcel of the Ministry, supported them through thick and thin during the session. His Parliamentary efforts consist of a few studied orations—orations of mere display; the grand object always being to exhibit the orator, not to benefit the cause of truth, or to forward the interests of the community. The time and opportunity were always carefully selected, with reference solely to personal considerations; and as he advanced no doctrines disagreeable to the majority of the House, and clothed his ideas, such as they were, in ornate and not inelegant phraseology, he easily, on the rare occasions of his appearance, attained an attentive hearing. It was the fashion to praise his eloquence; and as every thing amongst us is governed by fashion, people listened, and thought it necessary to admire. As an orator, however, his manner is peculiarly ungraceful, and devoid of real earnestness and energy. His utterance is rapid, and attended by a peculiar and disagreeable whistle; his style is over-laboured, and no one ever feels warmed by his appeals, or convinced by his reasoning; and although it was the fashion to admire him, none ever did more; and the Ministers feel that they have sustained no loss, by his secession from the House.

But we hasten now to the important question, What is there in Mr. Macauley to fit him for the office to which he has been appointed? Is he capable of adequately fulfilling its duties? We answer, without hesitation, that he is totally unequal to the task imposed on him; and we assert that the Ministers have grossly erred in passing over so many, far more deserving by their acquirements and their abilities, and thus choosing one whose sole recommendation has been an unflinching support of all their proceedings. It would be invidious to particularize; but assuredly, if fitness be a quality worth considering, the Ministry cannot fail to be sensible that they have sacrificed the interests of many millions of people to mere personal considerations,—that by neglecting to select the talent and ability of which they have had ample proof in matters connected with India, they have rendered themselves liable to a heavy charge of selfishness and neglect.

The duties of Mr. Macauley's office relate to the framing of laws for Hindostan. Are there not, we ask, many who thoroughly understand the people of India; and who, besides, have studied the science of law; but who have been passed over?—and is *not*, we also ask, Mr. Macauley utterly ignorant, both of the science of law, and of the people, for whom he is to legislate? But it may be said, he will learn both matters. To this our answer is twofold: 1st, As there are persons already capable, persons of far more splendid abilities than any to which Mr. Macauley can lay claim, ready immediately to perform the duties of this office, it is a gross and culpable error to select one who has to learn his duty. The people of India are, we suppose, to be experimented on, and Mr. Macauley is to skim over the surface of the great science of law on his outward passage. Truly there is much of the ridiculous in this scheme, combined with no ordinary culpability. Our second answer is, that, from the character of his mind, we believe that Mr. Macauley will never acquire the know-

ledge requisite. It is one thing to write flashy articles upon politics and literature, to flit over the fields of poetry and art, and indite glib and shallow sophistry concerning them ; it is another, and a very different thing, to study and comprehend a difficult and intricate science,—to watch human nature under various and novel aspects, and to suit to those circumstances general rules of morality and law. There are minds amongst us capable of doing this last : amongst them is not that of Mr. Macmuley.

Our space will not permit of further inquiry or observation. Let us close this short paper, however, by observing, that here the people may see a striking illustration of the life of a political adventurer, and an example of the mode in which a reforming Ministry select trustworthy and capable functionaries.

JOHNSTONE'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAP AND DEAR PERIODICALS.

THE experiment of a Cheap Monthly Magazine has been fairly tried, and has proved eminently successful. In four months, *Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine* has attained a circulation, in Scotland, of five thousand copies ; and as its literary merits and unprecedented cheapness are beginning to attract notice throughout England and Ireland, a corresponding degree of success may be expected in these quarters. This is another remarkable illustration of the demand for cheap reading which distinguishes our times. To obtain so high a circulation in Scotland so soon, it may be supposed that literary merit of no mean character was requisite. But high as this publication is allowed to stand in point of talent, its literary merit could have procured nothing like so instantaneous and extensive encouragement from the people of Scotland, without the now indispensable adjunct—cheapness of price. *Johnstone's Magazine* is, indeed, among monthly periodicals, cheap beyond all precedent. Even the *Penny Magazine*, wondrously cheap as it at first appeared to be, must give way to this Monthly, in respect of the cheapness with which a certain quantity of letter-press is furnished ; although the *Penny Magazine* may claim something on account of its beautiful wooden cuts, which operate as a powerful attraction to more than children. To beat the *Penny Magazine* in cheapness, is no slight achievement ; and, at the same time, to equal the best of the expensive monthly periodicals in the excellence of its literary contents, as *Johnstone's Magazine* is admitted, by the best judges, to have done, constitutes a claim on public favour, such as no monthly periodical has hitherto preferred.

We have watched the experiment of cheap monthly publications with attentive eyes ; and have been not a little encouraged to make the important financial reduction announced in our opening paper, by its complete success, so far as regards Scotland ; and by the presumption we see, of equal success, in due time, in the more distant but far wealthier markets of England. The experiment was attended with some doubt. To secure a large circulation, it is not enough that a work be very good and very cheap : There must be a large number of people who look to

reading for a regular source of gratification, and whose intelligence and means correspond with the contents and price of the work presented. The issue of the experiment has proved that there is a very large class who have intelligence enough to relish the comparatively long and elaborate papers of a monthly periodical, as much as the short and more simple articles of a *weekly*, and who can afford eightpence per month, in one payment, for their intellectual gratification.

The experiment, as to weekly publications, at a penny or three-half-pence, had been tried about twelve months earlier, in the cases of *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, and the *Penny* and *Saturday Magazines*, &c. and with a result which bids fair to alter the whole form and pressure of our periodical literature. There was an immediate inundation of cheap reading. The success of these publications was instantaneous, and, it is no exaggeration to say, prodigious. Had worthy Dominio Sampson lived to see this literary tide setting in, with the rapidity and volume of the Solway, his favourite exclamation would not have been without ample warrant, in both the nature and the extent of the influx. In a few months, purchasers were regularly found for cheap weekly publications, to the number of two hundred thousands. A new era in literature had evidently commenced. And this immense supply of periodical reading was little indebted for its reception to forcing, by advertisements, or any of the other means of procuring sales, well understood by publishers. It was welcomed as is the genial shower by the parched land. In comparison with this abundant shower, the old periodical literature appeared little better than laborious, expensive, and partial irrigation, which might saturate particular spots with fertilizing moisture, but could not do otherwise than leave the far greater portion of the extensive field barren and unprofitable.

The effect of this new supply of reading, regular, extensive, and cheap, upon the other descriptions of literary publications, was speedily felt. The regular booksellers resisted, as was natural, this rushing influx of what they called cheap trash, which threatened to sweep away all those higher-priced articles in which they dealt,—to render useless that knowledge of bookselling craft by which they had their bread, and force them to compete with every man, woman, or child, who should open a booth for the sale of cheap periodicals, with perhaps a capital stock amounting to one pound, in addition to the shop-fittings, and with no other knowledge of literature or bookselling than the faculty of distinguishing, by the shape or general appearance, *Chambers' Journal* from the *Penny Magazine*, *et c contra*. The resistance of *The Trade* was vain. It had no perceptible effect on the sale of the "Trash." As the trash was in demand, vendors of it were quickly found; and *The Trade* had the mortification to see that they had diverted the stream of custom from themselves to a shoal of new rivals, whom they would scarcely acknowledge as booksellers. They had no power to stop the current. Equally vain is it to wait until the flood of cheap weekly publications shall exhaust itself. It will run for ever, let who will wait on the brink.

Another tide, if we mistake not the signs of the times in all that respects literature, is setting in.

THERE WILL BE CHEAP MONTHLY, AS WELL AS CHEAP WEEKLY PERIODICALS. The Monthly current will, from its nature, neither be so large nor so rapid as the Weekly; but it is not less certain to flow, and to endure. Monthly periodicals, although relatively as cheap as the Weeklies, are addressed to a higher class; higher in point of wealth, and higher in intel-

lectual attainments; and, therefore, a less numerous, although still a very large class. As sure as there is a large class to supply with suitable mental food, and that the largeness of the class enables publishers to supply this food cheap, will there be an immense trade in cheap Monthly literature: and any attempt to arrest the natural and necessary course of this new tide, will be as vain as was the resistance to the cheap Weeklies.

While public favour has been so strongly attracted to the new system of cheap publication, it has, as was inevitable, been receding in a corresponding degree from the old dear system. The expensive quartos and octavos, which used to issue in such swarms from Albemarle Street, and The Row, and from the Edinburgh press in *Constable's* days, have given place to the *Waverley Novels*, *Lord's Cyclopædia*, *The Edinburgh Cabinet Library*; and some scores more of similar works, published in monthly parts, at cheap prices. There may be now said to be only two great classes to whom publication is addressed, and for whose tastes it is adapted. First, those who are willing to purchase a book or take in a periodical, if sold very cheap; secondly, the readers at circulating libraries, book clubs, &c. For the first class, a book must be made good, and not only cheap as compared with the quantity of letter-press given, but of positively low price, so as to come within the means of thousands. In the other case, goodness is not so essentially necessary, unless the book be a periodical; and the price *must* be high. The reason of this is obvious: Although circulating libraries, village associations for reading, &c. have increased prodigiously within the last ten years, they are not yet numerous enough to take off a very large impression of a book; and unless the book has peculiar attractions, it cannot now be forced upon more than a certain number of the libraries. High prices helped to drive people to circulating libraries and book clubs, who previously used to purchase. In their turn, the libraries, by the cheap reading they afford, have reacted upon the purchasers of high-priced books, still further reducing the number of such books published. The libraries have ceased to increase, and are now suffering considerable hardship from the badness of the times, but more from the custom now prevalent with those who used to be their readers, of *purchasing* a number of *Chambers*, the *Penny Magazine*, *Johnstone's Magazine*, or some other cheap periodical, instead of *borrowing* a volume or two, on a leisure evening. This applies to high-priced periodicals as much as to high-priced books. First, people cease to take in the high-priced periodicals, and read them out of a library; next they begin to purchase a *Chambers* or a *Johnstone*, instead of hiring a reading of the *New Monthly*, or other Magazines of high price. Such is the practice at present, and such practice is likely to continue.

From these two causes, (the first being the increase of reading at circulating libraries, instead of purchasing, the second, the purchasing of cheap periodicals, in preference to reading at the libraries,) the high-priced periodicals have, for a considerable time, been on the decline. The *Quarterly Review*, the organ of the wealthy classes of wealthy England, was once as high in circulation as 14,000 and is now understood to have fallen to 9,000 or 8,000. The *Edinburgh Review* has steadily been sinking from 12,000, to somewhere about 7,000 or 6,000. The *Westminster Review*, and *Foreign Quarterly Review*, both comparatively recent works, conducted with great talent,—have not fallen, it is true, because they had not so high a circulation to fall from; but have found it very difficult, with all their talent and all their perse-

verance, to rise. We believe that the *Westminster* has never yet reached a circulation of 3,000 copies, nor the *Foreign Review* 2,000, although, were it possible for dear periodicals in our days to obtain large circulation, we have no journals more worthy of public favour than these two. If we look to the monthly periodicals, the facts in confirmation of our opinion as to the small degree of success which can now be obtained by dear, as compared with cheap periodicals, are no less striking. There are only six high-priced magazines of some standing, which are generally known. These are *Blackwood*, *The New Monthly*, *Fraser*, *The Metropolitan*, *The Monthly*, and *Tait*. And of these only one has been eminently successful as a publication; that is to say, has both attracted a large share of the world's attention, and obtained as extensive a circulation as the *Edinburgh Review*. *Fraser* and *Tait* have accomplished the first of these conditions of eminent success; but not the second. *Blackwood's Magazine*, which has had all the advantages of time and perseverance, claims a circulation of 9,000; which, if correct, is more than three times the circulation of any of the other magazines. But suppose it 7,000; that is a circulation which no other high-priced magazine has the least chance to attain, nor *Blackwood* to keep. It is above the par of our times. This number of a *Half-crown Monthly*, has only been attained by the unremitted efforts of seventeen years, many of them up-hill work; by the fall or the wearing out of every competitor; and by high literary celebrity. Nor would all these merits have achieved the difficult conquest of 7,000 half-crowns a month, without the *tact* (to call it by the polite name) with which the publisher and editors have always identified themselves with the rich classes of Churchmen, Tories, Anti-Catholics, Orangemen, Slaveholders, and scoffers at all reform; and have dexterously bound the profifiers by abuses to the interests of their publication. As one class of supporters falls away, another is created. The twaddle verses of "Persons of Quality," succeed to the extinct Protestant ascendancy, and make hundreds of old women purchasers, and thousands readers; and Greek scholars—who are little else—are summoned to figure, in person, upon the boards from which the Ettrick Shepherd has vanished; and are thus in duty bound to support the House. This is the present foundation of the only monthly magazine that has attained distinguished success. The *New Monthly Magazine* was once as high as 4,500 or 5,000, but speedily fell. To arrest its declension, Mr. Lytton Bulwer, one of the first writers of the day, was engaged as editor. The magazine improved greatly under his management; but the price was 3s. 6d., and the circulation continued to fall. The publisher attributed the decline in circulation to Mr. Bulwer's liberal and independent political papers, which were by far the most valuable articles in the magazine: but the 3s. 6d. was the real cause of the fall, and not Mr. Bulwer's politics. The *Metropolitan Magazine* never has been in high circulation. It is not long since its number was believed to be little above 1,000. It may have risen since then, for it is an amusing and well-got-up work; and the editor, Captain Marryatt, is in himself a host,—one of the best magazine writers and novelists of his day: but magazines,

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat

a price of three shillings and sixpence. Still lower in circulation is the *Monthly Magazine*; although, in point of mere amusement, or of furnishing the means of spending agreeably an hour or two, it excels most of the contemporary periodicals. But the most complete proof of the difficulty

of a high-priced periodical attaining great success in these days, is to be found in *Fraser's Magazine*. This work is conducted in London, the great centre to which talent of every kind presses for employment. The chief writers and the conductors of the magazine are some of those eminently clever men to whom *Blackwood* owes so much of his early fame and success,—Dr. Maginn for one, the renowned Morgan O'Doherty. *Fraser* has had the advantage, too, of a very active and perseveringly industrious publisher, who has been no niggard of his capital any more than of his personal exertions. *Fraser* is in its fourth year; has always had a reputation for talent, and those piquant unscrupulous sort of articles which were thought to have been of so much use in gaining notoriety to *Blackwood*. Moreover, *Fraser* has, from the first, enjoyed the favour and regular notice of the newspaper press, and has been constantly kept before the public eye: and what is the result? Only, as before remarked, the success which consists in occupying a large share of the world's attention, with a circulation very far below *Blackwood's*. Yet *Fraser's* great drawback is not so much that *Blackwood* was before him, as that half-crowns are now scarce, and thirty shillings a-year a consideration to even that wealthy class to which Tory periodicals are addressed.

Our own experience is another confirmation of the opinion we have expressed as to the prospects of expensive periodicals. We started at a time of great political excitement: our politics were of that bold and thoroughgoing cast, which, at that time, and as long as the Reform Bill and the places of the Whig Ministry were in jeopardy, was most agreeable to party Whigs, as well as to Independent and Radical Reformers. We had the most gifted political writers of the day with us, and a publisher who, for activity and industry, has not been surpassed, and who had the important advantages of experience and literary friends. At once we started into the third place, among the six magazines, in point of circulation; which we have maintained ever since. But we have made little more progress in one quarter than we have lost in another, owing to the same cause by which all the Magazines are suffering. Our sale in Scotland, at present, is much about the same as that of *Blackwood* and the *Edinburgh Review*; neither of which, however, circulate to anything like the extent in Scotland which they did in other days, when there were no cheap periodicals. It was long before *Blackwood* sold 100 copies in Dublin, although he became an Orangeman. We sell more than that; but certainly anticipate no increase of sale, at our present price, in Ireland. In England, our sale, which has been good from the first, has increased; but is still far below the English sale of *Blackwood*, or the *Edinburgh Review*. Were the prospects of expensive magazines good, we might yet expect from wealthy England a rich harvest of readers; at least, if we would labour less for the diffusion of honest politics, and more to please the taste of circulating library readers. But to furnish merely light reading for the libraries was no part of the design of this magazine. It had a higher purpose, to which it has ever adhered, and which it will never abandon.

Of the large comparative sales which cheapness produces, we shall now give an illustration, first, by exhibiting the entire sales of the principal cheap and dear periodicals in a single town. Pains have been taken to ascertain the exact sale; and the general accuracy of the statement may be relied on. The town in question is one where persons connected with one of the classes whose interests *Blackwood* has long and strenu-

ously advocated, are rife, and form the wealthiest portion of the inhabitants. Hence the superiority of the sale of *Blackwood's Magazine*, their organ, over *Tait's* in this particular locality.

Quarterly Review,	price 6s.	... 6 copies
Edinburgh Review,	„ 6s.	... 8 „
Westminster Review,	„ 6s.	... 5 „
Foreign Quarterly,	„ 6s.	... 2 „
Journal of Education,	„ 5s.	... 4 „
Edinburgh Philosophical Journal,	„ 7s. 6d.	... 2 „
Quarterly Journal of Agriculture,	„ 6s.	... 2 „
Presbyterian Review,	„ 3s.	... 6 „
Blackwood's Magazine,	„ 2s. 6d.	... 14 „
Tait's Magazine,	„ 2s. 6d.	... 6 „
Fraser's Magazine,	„ 2s. 6d.	... 3 „
New Monthly Magazine,	„ 3s. 6d.	... 3 „
Metropolitan Magazine,	„ 3s. 6d.	... 2 „
Monthly Magazine,	„ 2s. 6d.	... 1 „
Monthly Review,	„ 3s.	... 2 „
United Service Journal,	„ 3s. 6d.	... 2 „
Court Magazine,	„ 3s. 6d.	... 1 „
Lady's Magazine,	„ 3s. 6d.	... 2 „

Of the above the greater part are obviously taken in for libraries, reading rooms, or clubs only.

Contrast these small numbers with the following, published monthly :

Evangelical Magazine,	price 6d.	... 17 copies
Scottish Missionary Register,	6d.	... 20 „
Christian Instructor,	6d.	... 25 „
British Cyclopædia,	1s. 0d.	... 50 „
Library of Useful Knowledge	6d.	... 40 „
Scottish Pulpit,	2d.	... 60 „
Chambers' Historical Newspaper	1½d.	... 175 „
Johnstone's Magazine,	8d.	... 200 „
To say nothing of the following, <i>weekly</i> .		
Chambers' Journal,	1½d.	... 700 „
— Information,	1½d.	... 225 „
Penny Cyclopædia,	1d.	... 65 „
Penny Magazine,	1d.	... 260 „

Here we find the circulation proportionately rising as the price decreases. This is a principle neither to be overlooked by the politician, who wishes to spread his opinions, nor by the man of business, who foresees and adapts himself to the tendencies of trade. Look at the sale of the principal Reviews and of the principal Magazines. What do we find? A circulation varying from one to eight copies. Then look at the immense sale of the cheap periodicals. The *Wrecks* may not be thought a fair subject of comparison ; for there are troubles, expenses, and losses attending them, which must be set off against the enormous sales they obtain. But take the case of the *British Cyclopædia* and *Johnstone's Magazine* ; monthly, giving a large quantity of matter at a small price, as we intend to do. The *British Cyclopædia* sells at one shilling ; *Johnstone's Magazine* at eightpence ; and their sales are, in this single town, 50 *British Cyclopædia*, and 200 *Johnstone* ; to pair off,

be it remarked, against twenty-nine copies of the six dear monthlies; *Blackwood, Tait, Fraser, Metropolitan, Monthly, and New Monthly*, mustering among them the twenty-nine! In the town cited, the *British Magazine*, the new organ of such pious Tories and high Churchmen as are shocked by the laxness and indecorum of *Blackwood and Fraser*, is totally unknown. So are the Dublin Magazines, and even *Cobbett's Magazine*. The family name is attractive; but it is tainted with the inexcusable vice of two shillings for each monthly exhibition.

The experiment of monthly periodicals, combining great literary merit with extreme cheapness, was first conducted by Mr. Tait, our publisher, in the case of *Johnstone's Magazine*; and 200 copies of one cheap work, in place of twenty-nine copies of the six high-priced periodicals, is a tolerably fair test. In other towns the same *ratio* holds for these monthly works. Of the Weeklies and Cyclopædias we cannot so exactly say. *Johnstone's Magazine*, from having no politics, has perhaps one advantage over *Blackwood, Tait, and Fraser*, by being addressed to every class; but then, *Johnstone*, and all works of that kind, have the corresponding disadvantage of being without political friends.

Another illustration of the comparative sales of dear and cheap periodicals may not be unacceptable. The town this time, though not large, is in the centre of an extensive agricultural district: hence the large sale of the *Journal of Agriculture*. The neighbourhood is remarkable for liberality of political principles; hence the comparatively large sale of *Tait's Magazine*, and the small sale of *Blackwood*.

Quarterly Review,	5	copies
Edinburgh Review,	4	„
Westminster Review,	1	„
Foreign Quarterly Review,	1	„
Journal of Education,	0	„
Edinburgh Philosophical Journal,	0	„
Quarterly Journal of Agriculture,	15	„
Presbyterian Review,	0	„
Blackwood's Magazine,	7	„
Tait's Magazine,	15	„
Fraser's Magazine,	0	„
New Monthly Magazine,	0	„
Metropolitan Magazine,	0	„
Monthly Magazine,	0	„
Monthly Review,	0	„
Court Magazine,	0	„
Lady's Magazine,	0	„
British Cyclopædia,	9	„
Chambers' Historical Newspaper,	30	„
Johnstone's Magazine,	40	„
Chambers' Journal, (weekly)	180	„
Information,	30	„

In this town we have a sale of *Johnstone's Magazine* already equal to ten times the sale of the *Edinburgh Review*; and of *Chambers' Journal* thirty-six times the sale of the *Quarterly*.

In the former town, the sale of *Johnstone* is twenty-five times that of the *Quarterly Review*, and thirty-three times the sale of the *Edinburgh*!

The difference between the rate of charge of the dear and cheap publications is so great, that the explanation of the seeming mystery cannot be uninteresting to such of our readers as are not versed in the economics of publication. Such persons often suppose that the explanation lies in the well-known fact, that a large business can be conducted to advantage with a much smaller rate of profit on the goods sold, than a small business. They suppose that the whole of the parties concerned in getting up a cheap publication can afford to perform their functions for a smaller rate of profit than is necessary in the case of a dear work, by reason of the great quantity of the commodity which they put through their hands. It may surprise such persons to learn that the writers, the printers who set the types, the stereotyper, (if stereotyping be required,) the paper-maker, all receive the same rate of remuneration for what they do, as in the case of dear works. This is invariably true with respect to the paper-maker, the compositor of types, and the stereotyper; and holds equally as to the writers, if the same individuals are engaged to contribute to cheap who write for the dear works. It is nothing to a literary man whether the sheets which he elaborates, are to be sold at the rate of one penny or of one shilling. The proprietor of the work can, indeed, and generally does, content himself with a very small rate of profit on each copy of a cheap publication, and cannot dispense with a high rate on a dear one; but the wholesale bookseller's rate of charge, and the retailer's, amounting together to about a third of the retail price, are the same in both kinds of publications. What, then, is the chief cause of the cheapness of the new order of periodicals? It is a saving of expense in their production.

If sales are so much increased by cheapness of price, large sales are no less effective in producing cheapness of cost. The expenses of a periodical consist of the following *items* :

- Payment of Editor and contributors.
- Expense of setting the types.
- Expense of stereotyping.
- Expense of paper.
- Expense of printing at press.
- Expense of sewing, stitching, or binding.

The expense of the first three of these items is the same, whatever be the impression. Only the remaining three add to the cost, if the number be increased. But the increase of expense is not always in proportion to the increase of the impression. There is often a great saving in the expense of printing at press. A sheet of paper, of the ordinary size used for Magazines and Reviews, is printed at the common printing press, and charged at the rate of 16s. per 1000 copies; but a sheet one-half larger, or even twice as large, may, if the impression is great, be printed, by means of the newly invented printing machine, at the rate of ten or twelve shillings per thousand. The expense of sewing is a small *item*. Even upon it there is a saving of about forty per cent. when the quantity is large. Thus, there is only one *item* of the six, the expense of which increases in proportion to the number of copies printed:—paper is charged at the same rate, whatever be the quantity required. Paper for 2000 copies costs exactly double of the paper for 1000. But this supposes paper to be used of the same size, weight, and fineness. Important savings may be made in the paper, in several ways; some of these ways, however, attended with disadvantages which may balance

the saving. By making the paper thinner, or of less fine quality, or both, its cost may be considerably diminished. By increasing the size, and diminishing the number of pages, no saving is obtained on the *paper*; but as a large sheet is printed as rapidly and easily by the printing machine as a small one, there is a large saving in the press-work. Again, by the same increase of the size of paper, double columns in the printing become necessary; and a double-columned page holds more matter than an ordinary page, as it requires less margin, and admits of a smaller type than looks well, or can be easily read in long lines. In this way a great saving of paper can be effected.

In these savings consists the economical secret of the cheap periodicals. It is, in fact, the financial secret that the reduction of a tax, by increasing the consumption, causes no decrease, but often an increase of revenue. When these savings are considered, the wonder at the cheapness of *Chambers* or *Johnstone* ceases; and people are rather disposed to inquire why cheap periodicals were so long of being thought of. The answer to this is, that it was necessary that the number of people who derive amusement from reading should increase, and the increase be known, before cheap periodicals could be ventured on with safety; and without the aid of the printing machine, which has only recently come into use, neither the requisite despatch nor cheapness of printing could be obtained. Since the discovery of the superior efficiency of cheap periodicals was made, it has not been allowed to remain useless. The discovery has been acted on to a very great extent, considering the short time that has since elapsed. In fact, cheap periodicals, of one kind or another, from the *Waverley Novels*, down to *Chambers*, and the *Penny Magazine*, constitute the principal part of the reading of the day. This the retail booksellers well know; and to this, publishers who wish to promote their own interest, and writers who wish to diffuse their opinions so extensively as to influence large masses of men, must accommodate themselves.

The limits we had prescribed to ourselves are already greatly exceeded; yet there are two circumstances relating to Dear and Cheap Periodicals too important to be passed over.

The cheap monthly periodicals are seldom lent out to read by libraries; the cheap weeklies never; but a very considerable part of the sale of the expensive periodicals is to libraries, book-clubs, coffee-rooms, passage-vessels, &c. While the circulation of these periodicals has fallen to the extent which has been noted, the number of libraries, &c. which take them in, has greatly increased. The decrease in the individual subscribers is therefore in a greater proportion than the total decrease of sale appears to warrant. Now, the readers who resort to the circulating libraries, clubs, &c. are of a cast decidedly inferior to the private subscribers to those periodicals which address the understanding, and are not the vehicles of mere amusing balderdash, which goes in at the eye and out at the ear. For example, a person who, for his own present use and after reference, takes in the *Westminster Review*, *The Quarterly Review*, *Tait's Magazine*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, *The Monthly Repository*, or the *Examiner* or *Spectator*, or *Weekly True Sun* newspaper, may be supposed a more intellectual person than the generality of circulating-library readers, or of reading-room loungers. The Quarterly Reviews have retained a greater proportion of private subscribers than the dear Monthly Magazines. The Magazines have, indeed, fallen upon evil days, and an evil generation of readers. Few private subscribers have they now. Their grand supporters

are the reading-rooms and circulating libraries. *Blackwood* and *Tait*, as vigorous advocates of certain very opposite political opinions, have private subscribers, not a few, and these of the most intellectual cast ; but who ever stumbles, in Scotland, upon a private subscriber to *Fraser*, *The Metropolitan*, or *The Monthly* ? With an extensive acquaintance with the literary people of Edinburgh and Glasgow, we never, in our lives, discovered a single private subscriber, in these towns, or in any other town in which it was our fortune to be, to any of these three Magazines. Doubtless there *are* some, although few and far between. *The New Monthly*, like “ The lovely young Lavinia, once had friends, and fortune smiled propitious on” its new birth, under the dynasty of Thomas Campbell. Its circulation in Scotland was then very considerable for a London Magazine—possibly about a third or a fourth of the Scottish circulation of *Blackwood* or *Tait* at the present time. But, *tempora mutantur* ; and the demand for the *New Monthly* in the north *mutatur in illis*. We do not now happen to know a single person who takes in *The New Monthly*, although we conjecture that it has private subscribers in Scotland, and possibly, from old custom, as many as all the other London Magazines put together. The four London Magazines could not, we believe, muster 150 private subscribers in Scotland, among them all ; nor are we, by any means, firmly persuaded that they reach so far as half that number. The entire sale of *Fraser*, *The New Monthly*, *The Metropolitan*, and *The Monthly*, in Scotland, we have reason for supposing about 100 copies ; *The New Monthly* and *Fraser* having most of it. Of that sale, not less than three-fourths is among circulating libraries and reading-rooms.

The other circumstance to which we have to allude, is the deterioration of the dear periodicals from the nature of their present circulation. On the Quarterly Reviews, no great change has been produced. They are conducted in the same manner as when a larger proportion of their sales were to private subscribers. Articles of permanent interest ; profound historical, philosophical, and political disquisitions, still occupy great part of their space. Reviews of books, containing important new information ; and criticisms, with illustrative extracts of works of imagination, occupy the rest of the space. Rarely is a *flash* article, under pretence of being a review, admitted into the pages of the great Reviews. With the London monthly magazines, to speak generally, the case is reversed. Flash articles are the rule, (many of them excellent in their way ;) and papers of the kind which forms the staple of the Reviews, the exception. This choice of matter is intended to hit the taste of the circulating libraries. Nothing but light articles, it is thought, will be read by the frequenters of the libraries, reading rooms, &c. There is too much foundation for the supposition ; but it may not be wholly correct, for the Quarterly Reviews are seen in the same libraries. This aim at the library readers has injured the Magazines. Their contents are of too slight and ephemeral a character. Lightness of matter is now so much regarded as the necessary property of the whole contents of a monthly periodical, that every really valuable, because useful article, that appears in a Monthly, is denounced as “ heavy,” or “ unsuitable for a magazine.” Why unsuitable ? The same kind of matter that is suitable for a Quarterly should not be out of place in a Monthly, if confined to moderate space. We fear there is not much of wisdom, public virtue, private morality, or religion, to be learned from the Monthly Magazines ; and, for our lives, we cannot see why it should be so.

It is cheering to all who take a deep interest in the advancement of their fellow-men in knowledge and virtue, to see the cheap periodicals sailing on a better tack than their expensive elder brethren. Useful information is the chief part of their freight, with only a just proportion of merely "light" matter. So may they go on, and prosper exceedingly !

"This was a power, in certain men innate, in others attained by magical practices, of discovering whatsoever hidden wealth lay in unsuspected places of the earth. It was accompanied by a discernment of all spots where unknown dead were buried, and of the scenes of ancient murders ; so that the possessor thereof was numbered amongst the unhappy. Of such, many have been known in Almain, where they mostly die young. In Spa they are called by the people *Zahori*."

'Tis written : Strength of heart and hand
Upreared the giant-thrones of old ;
The Mighty spake—from land to land,
In rushing waves, the nations rolled.
Our lot is drawn by meaner things,
And Power has changed for harpies'-wings
Her dragon-pinions broad and bold :—
And he to-day is King of kings,
Who fills his hands with gold.

And such am I ! The Icydian's heap
Were naught to him, whose gifted eyes
Can trace the priceless hoards that sleep,
Hid in the lap of centuries.
For these have tyrants called me mate ;
And all that wealth begets or buys—
Praise, service, splendour, royal state,
The crown of love, the wand of fate,—
Became the peasant's prize.

No timid hand or trembling lip,
To drain the cup of joy, I bore :
No sated languor came to strip
One rose-leaf from the wreath it wore.
Strong was my heart—the golden blaze
But warmed a spirit, born to soar :
The eagles' eyes untiring gaze
Full in the Sun-god's keenest rays,—
And not that mine were dim or sore,
I loathe my lot of hateful days,
' And wish my life were o'er !

But none the treasure-gift may win
 With sense to darker secrets blind ;—
 The bitter dust that rots within,
 No Dead-Sea apple's glowing rind
 Can hide from mine : on Nature's breast,
 The wounds that time would veil or bind,
 I mark, in bleeding lines imprest ;—
 O, that this burning eye could find
 One green, unhaunted spot of rest,
 The visor of one wedding-guest,
 Without a skull behind !

Ye bid me note what kind repose
 Steals o'er the moor, when eventide
 Comes with its whispering breath to close
 The heath, bell and the briar-rose
 That tremble by the rannel's side.
 To me, yon flower-entangled stones
 Reveal a storm-slain wanderer's bones,—
 The winter smote his heart and cried
 As though it mocked the yearning tones
 That murmured of a distant bride—
 Who might not hear her lover's moans,
 Or kiss him ere he died !

Ay ! dance along the gorgeous halls
 For Pleasure's temple bravely built :
 For you no finger on the walls
 Depicts the scene of former guilt.
 How thickly o'er the marble stair,
 The burning drops of life are spilt !
 And lo ! the slayer's rigid stare,
 Fixed on his brother panting there—
 The tangles of his clotted hair
 Entwine a dagger's hilt !

With harvest-ears the breezy plain
 Is waving like a golden sea ;
 And hark ! amidst the fallen grain,
 How joyous sounds the reapers' glee !
 These village-girls that stoop to glean,
 Laugh out the nodding sheaves between ;
 And village sires with placid mien,
 Look on beneath the whispering tree ;—
 And shall I mar so fair a scene,
 And tell thee what I see ?

The smoking prints of battle's tread !
 The swart cloud blots the waning day ;
 And mingled with the piles of dead,
 What ghastly relics of the fray,
 Thick as sear leaves by Autumn shed,
 Lie mangled on the reeking clay !

The blackened grass, the trampled mud
Are slipping with their curdling blood.

How wildly breaks the charger's neigh,
On the low gasp of agony ;
The stifled prayer, the shuddering sigh
Of death—and hark ! a distant bay—
The wolf hath heard the raven's cry,
And hastens to his prey !

I smile not 'midst the banquet's cheer ;
For o'er the board with garlands crowned,
A vision lifts the shrouded bier,
With pallid mourners ranged around.
I loose the folds of Beauty's zone,
And feel the lurking skeleton,
With straining arms about me wound !
The Antic grins behind the throne ;
And in the city's haunted ground,
His finger points to every stone,
And shows a burial mound.

I cannot lay my weary head
On one lone spot beneath the sky,
But time-worn figures of the dead
Arise, and wander moaning by.
And if I sleep, in dreams return
The same companions, pale and stern.
The sun is like a mourner's eye
That watches o'er a funeral urn ;
And all the sounds of Nature turn
To one sepulchral sigh !

All sight and joy of living things,
All brightness of this breathing whole,
Are shrouded by the shape that flings
A pall of darkness o'er my soul.
Through the dim chambers of the past,
The present, like a riven scroll,
Flies from me on the rushing blast,
That o'er the gulf of graves, aghast
I hear for ever roll !

Come, mournful dreamer, thou hast sought,
And deemed thy lot were blest, to gain
The fearful treasure-stores of thought ;
And waked, like me, a phantom train,
And cursed the wealth too dearly bought
By haggard brow and fevered brain.
A heart that funeral fires consume ;
An eye that dared the Isis-gloom,
In search of bliss, and found its bane,—
Have bound us in a common doom :
Come, aid me to complain !

LITERARY REGISTER.

OLYMPIA MORATA, HER TIMES, LIFE, AND WRITINGS. By the Author of *Selwyn, Protection, Tales of the Moors, &c.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

OLYMPIA MORATA was a lady of Ferrara, bred in the refined Court of the Duchess Renée, the excellent daughter of Louis the Twelfth. The father of Olympia had embraced the reformed doctrines, in which he instructed his children. His eldest daughter, Olympia, early became an accomplished Greek and Latin scholar, and a poetess. When disgraced at Court, and dismissed to obscurity; and on the death of her father, deserted by sunshine friends, her strong and cultivated mind fervently embraced the truths of religion, and she became as much distinguished for piety as school-learning. The sufferings of the early Reformers and of her father, endeared to Olympia the cause of genuine Christianity, then first emerging from the darkness of superstition. Her life adorned her faith. She devoted herself in her widowed mother's house to the education of her younger sisters, where she had the good fortune to be found and chosen by an estimable and learned young German physician then on his travels. In the country of her husband, her faith was farther enlightened, and confirmed, and elevated. She shared with him the sufferings and horrors of the long siege of the Protestant city of Schwienfurt, and died at the age of twenty-nine, of consumption. A cordial sympathy in these times of persecution and suffering pervaded the professors of the new doctrines. The bonds of the faith were then strict and affectionate: to this the pious Olympia Morata appears to owe much of her reputation for literary accomplishment which is here claimed. Her writings, principally translations of the Psalms into Greek, were destroyed during the protracted siege, or in the subsequent burning of the plundered city. The dialogue preserved here certainly gives no favourable impression of her talents; but her remaining letters shew something nobler,—an amiable character, and a steadfast and fervent spirit, strong in duty. On these remains, and the contemporary history of the Court of Ferrara, where the Protestant cause, as is well known, found a zealous adherent and supporter in the Duchess, this volume is framed. The writer, with pardonable enthusiasm, sees much more in the subject selected than every reader may be able to perceive; but as the example of piety and virtue, combined with masculine cultivation, and womanly tenderness of heart, and sweetness of disposition, can never be too often placed in the most inviting lights, we welcome this as a work which cannot fail to be both agreeable and improving.

STORIES OF THE STUDY. By GALT. London: Cochrane and M'Crone. 3 vols.

WE rejoice to see Mr. Galt so far recovered as to fairly outrun the critics. A pair of volumes a month are nothing to him; but he must not outrun the readers, though they can take him by divisions and one squadron relieve another. The present work contains several tales; some of them characteristic of the author of the *Annals of the Parish*, and others, the longer ones, that bear no striking token of their avowed parentage. *The Lutheran*, is a story of the Reformation, and

occupies half the work. *The Black Pirate*, and the *Lumberers* are sketches of the lighter magazine kind; but the best things in the collection, are the *Dean of Guild*, and Mr. Wamble's *Jaunt*. The Dean goes to London during the reform ferment, to sound which side it may be wisest for the council of Raglen, to take—Duke or Earl. He has interviews with both parties, and also with the Chancellor, Lord Brougham, and faithfully reports the conversations, and all the uncos he saw and remarked. The *Jaunt* sends Mr. Daidles and his wife from Inverkip to Athens, to visit their son, who is a Greek hero; their route through England and France, and classic sojourn at the Maid of Athens' Head, gives scope to much amusing absurdity. Take it altogether, Mr. Daidles' Greek tour, (we presume the original Thomas, the friend of Mr. Balquidder and Sir Andrew Wyllie,) is the most entertaining we have ever read. His observations on classic antiquities, and meditations on ruined palaces and temples, are striking and profound, and what is rare to tell of a traveller in Greece, perfectly original.

SAINT MONDAY. A Poem. London: Steil.

HERE is a sturdy little poem, descriptive of the joys and business of the Artisan's Day of Festival, and containing pictures which, we fear, are more true than they are generally inviting. But the author, a stout Radical, apparently places the saddle on the right horse at last. He lauds the Artisan, and thus exalts his own theme:—

What could we do without the artisan?
 Surely but little, and that little weakly,
 And on a wishy-washy baby plan,
 And all would go on awkwardly and sickly.
 Without them, heroes could not rush to war,
 Or lovers woo: and those with pride full-blown,
 Would be but simple things; the "bench" and "bar"
 Would want their solemn wig and silken gown;
 E'en WILLIAM, our good King, would be without a throne.

Whence springs old England's power the world to lead?
 Her palaces? her splendid argosies?
 The golden lading of her ships that speed,
 Like mighty spirits wing'd, on every breeze?
 The artisan, alas! he's the soul.

The source of all her wealth, tho' little priz'd;
 From his incessant toil her treasures roll,
 And in that toil his life is sacrific'd,
 And he too is condemn'd, neglect'd, and despis'd.

The swift Machine, what cunning master fram'd it?
 Who gave the mighty monster, "steam," its birth?
 Who to the mighty engine yok'd and tam'd it,
 And gave it pow'r o'er ocean and all earth?
 The artisan, 'twas he! then why condemn him?
 Why break his spirit, and his mind debase?
 Why in cold blood to ignorance condemn him,
 And of the gifts of heaven rob his race?
 And for his "sweat of brow," give hunger and disgrace.

O, if the "sweet of brow" its wages had, &
 Then competence the artisan would bless,
 His Home would pleasant be, his children glad,
 His mourning chang'd to joy and happiness:
 His age of strength would be untorn with care,
 Untroubled too his life's last dark'ning hour,
 With helpless crying offspring and despair;
 For this for e'er would be his children's dow'r,
 'The sweetness of each fruit, the fragrance of each flow'r.

The author apologizes to the steam-engine for calling it a monster, and professes, that if it ever fulfil the purposes for which it is fitted, of giving leisure and plenty to mankind, he will call it angel or archangel ; but that, while it continues to enrich one family, while it impoverishes a hundred, he must continue to give it hard names. This is poetic licence, and about as reasonable as the baby striking the table on which it had knocked its head. The monster is a harmless monster. The author of *St. Monday* shows respectable descriptive powers and an excellent purpose. The factory breakfast, and the sparring match, are really admirable sketches.

PERIODICALS.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, having nearly reached a half century, is vowing to renew its youth like the eagle. It has an old fame, but that will not alone suffice. It sees that, with so many vigorous young competitors, it must be up and doing ; and a new plan is formed to make it the best of possible magazines. A bird in hand being worth two in a bush : however it may be with future numbers, we can safely say that this one for December is excellent ; amusing, diversified, and smart ; with no more politics than any stomach may easily digest.

THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY also concludes the year with a capital number, and expresses its purpose of in future exceeding itself.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES, PARIS.

This periodical is at once Magazine and Review. It gives some attention to music, the drama, and the arts ; and we wish to point it out as a useful work to those among us who may like to know something of how these things are at present "ordered in France."

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S BOOK. London: Baldwin and Cradock.

A GREAT quantity of pleasant, instructive, and entertaining reading is selected under the above title, and arranged in separate divisions, devoted to popular science, natural history, and didactic and moral pieces. The volume, which is neatly printed and *got up*, is interspersed with many elegant poetical extracts, connected with the subject of the particular section. The *Young Gentleman's Book* is adapted to form a good class-book for young people, or, select *scrap-reading* for persons of any age.

LIBRARY OF ROMANCE—THE DARK LADY OF DOONA. By the Author of *Wild Sports of the West*.

THE Library makes a hit this month—the *Dark Ladie*, the brave, and, though somewhat wild, the generous *Begum* of Carrickahowla, forms the centre of an Irish romance of the reign of Elizabeth ;—full of spirit and life, and fashioned almost cut-and-dry to the play-wright's hand, for a melo-drama at any of the Minors.

THE SELECT LIBRARY. EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY. By CHARLES P. McILVAINE, Bishop of Ohio. London: Fisher and Jackson.

THESE EVIDENCES were originally brought forward in a course of lectures delivered to the young men of New York, about two years back. They are now published in this country, under the superintendence of Dr. Gregory, of the Military Academy. They are, of course, perfectly orthodox in opinion ; but from their comprehensive and popular design, they may be read with advantage by every sincere searcher after truth, whatever may be his denomination. We have one objection, which was

lately stated in noticing another work. Does Christianity require the support of such Apocryphal stories as are here introduced in notes, about the death-bed of Hume, Paine, and the French philosophers? Surely not; although they were as well authenticated as they are doubtful. The distracted thoughts of avowed infidels in their dying moments should be discarded from volumes of solid sober argument.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN GREECE, CHIEFLY POETICAL. By RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES. London: Menon.

THIS work is exactly what the name imports; memorials of a tour, kept in pleasing verses and agreeable prose sketches, with nothing that need peculiarly interest any portion of mankind beyond the circle of the writer's friends.

SKETCHES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF COLONEL DAVID CROCKETT, of West Tennessee. London: Rich.

THE sketch of this famous hero of the backwoods is full of humour and Jonathan traits, and, moreover, a curious specimen of American literature. We recommend it to all who love character and anecdote.

THE EXAMINATION OF AN INDEPENDENT IN CHURCH AND STATE. London: Effingham Wilson.

THIS little tract is a curiosity of its kind. The author is a Voluntary Churchman, a journeyman printer, who has at once composed his few pence worth of good arguments in types, and published them for the benefit of the world.

THE HISTORY OF WALES. Arranged as a Catechism. By a Welch Lady. Shrewsbury: Eddowes.

THIS is a useful little work, on the plan of the other historical catechisms, and may be useful to those grown gentlemen who wish to know something of the principality.

WALKER'S KEY TO THE CLASSICAL PRONUNCIATION OF GREEK, LATIN, AND SCRIPTURE NAMES, with Explanations, revised by the Rev. W. TROLLOPE, one of the Masters of Christ Church Hospital. London: Fisher and Jackson.

HERE is another work principally intended for schools, but of general utility; for what havoc do we every day hear made with names. Mispronunciation, if not always a certain indication of ignorance, is a strong presumption of it, and a proof of bad tuition. It is therefore to be avoided by every scholar and speaker; and here are the means afforded to those who have neglected their studies, or wanted the opportunity of acquiring correct pronunciation.

THE OCEAN BRIDE. A Tale of the Sea; in Six Cantos. By M. S. MILTON, Author of THE BROKEN HEART. Edinburgh: Tait.

WHERE, in our narrow precincts, are we honourably to place the *Ocean Bride, or Tale of the Sea*; a metrical romance, equal to two or three ordinary volumes? Six cantos, with each a long introduction; a sweet toned, a bold, or melancholy symphony, prelude to the coming theme, defies the special notice; and what good purpose is ever served by a few unintelligible general remarks. When we have premised that Mr. Milton's—not Milton, Mr. John's—very fertility and facility have been injurious to him, we may add, that his poem, with many marks of haste and carelessness, displays both poetic beauty and fervour, and powers of description, that are often of a striking kind. The subject he

has chosen, though somewhat hackneyed, abounds in the elements of the highest species of passionate and descriptive poetry. *The Tale of the Sea* is of a lucanier, brave, accomplished, generous, driven by his destiny on evil courses. Chance places in his power the beautiful Agnes, to whom, in her girlhood, and in his own days of innocence, he had been devoted. She is the *Ocean Bride*. The story should have ended with her death, without another word.

She plunged into the boiling wave;
The Rover and his Bride are low!

but it is dragged on after that. To secure the author justice with the impatient, we would also advise such readers to plunge into the work at the beginning of the third canto, and read backwards at his leisure as he likes. The earlier ones are tediously retrospective. The third, fourth, fifth, and most of the sixth, are generally animated, and often impetuous, and kindling and flowing with sea-life. The fight between the *Sea-mew*, the Rover's vessel, and the frigate, in the Mall of Galloway, is dashed off with great spirit. Upon the waters our poet is always more at home than on the land. In the sunshine he is apt to dally and trifle, but he warms and rises with the battle and the storm, be it of human passions, or of the conflicting elements.

VOLUNTARY CHURCH MAGAZINE. No. X. Glasgow: Robertson,

In this number there is a history of the Edinburgh annuity conflict, which is now drawing to a close, to the triumph of justice, liberality, and, above all, Christian principle. There is an able review of the Defence of the American Ecclesiastical Statistics, which originally appeared in the Voluntary Church Magazine. But the most important article is undoubtedly the Remarks on the Arguments for Church Establishments, brought forward by Mr. E. L. Bulwer in his late work, *England and the English*. That section of this clever work is inscribed to Dr. Chalmers, whose notions on this question the able and highly gifted author of *Pelham* and *Eugene Aram* has adopted, without, as it appears to us, very profound consideration of the subject, on which he must yet look back. Mr. Bulwer has made such rapid advances on the right path, that he cannot be expected to have carefully examined every mountain and headland on his route.

ADAMS' ROMAN ANTIQUITIES, with Notes, by Dr. BOYD, of the Edinburgh High School. Glasgow: Blackie and Son.

We seldom or never notice school-books. Those that are known have an established character already, and new elementary works for youth require more time and space than is fitted to a political and literary Magazine. This work forms an exception as a classic guide, adapted to students of Roman history, whatever be their age. The work itself is well known. In references and annotations, the editor has bestowed immense pains. The pages are literally crammed. Many of the lengthened notes descriptive of ancient customs are most valuable. The publishers have done their duty in supplying numerous illustrative engravings, and thus a really good book is produced.

POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA. PART VII. Glasgow: Blackie and Son.

This work goes on prosperously; nor should we now have noticed it, save to commend the *botanical chart* it contains. This is a most valuable sheet to the student of botany; and, when the proper time comes, we hope to see it made accessible in a separate form.

FINE ARTS.

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE LIFE AND WORKS OF LORD BYRON.

Murray and Tilt.

A SECOND appendix to this beautiful work has just been published, accompanied by a frontispiece, and vignette title, after Stanfield; the former a view of Rome, full of sunshine, repose, and truth; the latter of Lonsame, with its placid lake, and distant mountains—both exquisite. The conductors seem to have been as happy in their choice of pen, as of pencil. Familiar with much of the scenery illustrated, and with a mind well furnished with classic lore, than Mr. Brackendon, few writers could impart more valuable, or more interesting information on the subjects treated; and he is entitled to great credit for the manner in which he has managed his assigned task.

The recent numbers of the Illustrations, (too fast approaching to a close,) are to the full as excellent as their predecessors—no slight prurience. Among, if not the best, at least the most pleasing, are Stanfield's "Scene" of Interlachen, and Prout's Venice, (St. Mark's,) an old subject viewed from a new point, and very cleverly handled. There are two portraits in the last parts of the laureate Southey, and Gifford the Terrible, each a choice copy of a great original.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE POETICAL WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. Tilt.

THE publication of this work is a practical evidence of the extent of public favour bestowed on that which has just been concluded. It is proposed that the present shall be completed in twelve parts, each, like the other, to contain five plates, with occasional fairy portraits of the principal female characters which figure in his poems: a very excellent proposal, to which many a lover of Scott's divagations would no doubt be delighted to assent. Already have appeared some very interesting views from paintings by Copley Fielding, Cattermole, Ridson, (poor dear Robson!) Dewint, and Turner: by-the-by, Master Turner's name provokes an observation or two.

Some few weeks back, he and our friend Tilt had a tilt before the Lord Mayor, touching a question of copyright. Whatever were the equity of the thing, it seems pretty clear that the law was against the academist; for since that day, he has taken special care to warn the public, by advertisement, that such and such prints, so and so published, are not taken from his, Mr. Turner's drawings. It is always painful to see men of genius boxing themselves up in money squabbles; the sacred seclusion of science—every son of Erin will allow that the fine arts are a science—forsaken, for the paths of bawling and dispute. Mr. Turner has the reputation of being a thrifty man, and somewhat fore-loving—qualities all very well in their way, and faultless enough when not carried to excess; but, if he thinks that this recent encounter has added to his glory, or elicited hot feelings in his behalf, we surmise he will be mistaken. Had Mr. Tilt been wrong in law, or in equity, a single disclaimer by Turner would have righted his name, if ignominiously employed; but the darty occurrence of a five-and-sixpenny advertisement, telling every body that they are not a bodle about, so they get pretty pictures, smacks of an ignoble mind and an unkind spirit. Mr. Turner should essay to support a far higher character; he can well afford to do so.

This new series is creditable alike to the public, in so far as regards demand, and to the publisher as touching supply. The profit will no doubt be mutual; and we trust the interests of both will long be reciprocal.

FINDEN'S GALLERY OF THE GRACES. Tilt.

THE ninth is the most unpleasant number we have yet received; for it contains the announcement that three more will complete the Gallery. Is there, as the song says, "a heart that is not to be sold," and if so, how can it be sold the charming way, he mingling in all the grades and variety of female loveliness, with which it teems withal? For the triple sake of gallantry, of beauty, and of taste, it is to be hoped not; but if there be, the emotionless churl to whom they are appurtenant, deserves indeed to be consigned to some, the most desolate of all desert shores, and hawled into nibility by the very savagest of monsters, in their savagest of manners. Can it be for want of love or money that this pretty work is brought to so speedy an end? Are there no more lovely faces to portray, or no more graceless wights to buy? Fie for shame, O, publi, or proprietor!

MEMORIALS OF OXFORD.

GOING on steadily, well, and, we hope, prosperously. The drawings of Mr. Mackenzie are less showy than faithful—a property most desirable in publications of the class,—while Lekox, in his engravings, abandoning the tricks of his art, aims only at furnishing accurate transcripts of the drawn illustrations. The wood-cuts are of

neater execution, though still amendable, than they were wont to be; and the letter-press of that sober nature which stern facts require in historical matters.

THE USE OF THE LEAD PENCIL, ADVOCATED AND EXPLAINED.

By J. D. HARDING.

MR. HARDING, whose talents we have so often eulogized, and never unjustifiably, has announced the publication of a work which he designates as the "Elementary Art," for the purpose of exhibiting the connexion subsisting between art and nature; "how the mechanism of the former must be founded on a knowledge of the latter; and to lead to a taste for each, by an acquaintance with both; to expose the errors common in the first steps of all to this acquirement; and, more particularly, to describe the study of landscape, from the earliest efforts to the more complicated results." This he purposes doing by a series of lithographic illustrations; and as there are few artists more competent to the task, so we trust the public will afford to his efforts the extensive patronage his merits so thoroughly deserve.

FISHER'S DRAWING-ROOM SHRAP-BOOK.

THIS is, out of sight, the most beautiful table-book the season has produced. It is a *quarto*, always an advantage for a pictorial work. The plates are skilfully contrasted and diversified. Lively house views, splendid oriental scenes, celebrated monuments of antiquity, a few portraits, and engravings of some beautiful sculptures, and all executed in the most style of art. The charm of the pictures makes one halt forget Miss Landon's illustrative poetry; but one gazes and returns to it. One of the prints has its story told in a metrical tale of the East of considerable length.

FISHER'S GAZE D'AMIE FOR 1831.

THIS work is also called the Northern Tourist. It contains seventy-three views in Westmoreland, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland,—including all the proud castles and hospitable halls of this picturesque portion of England. It is, if less splendid and attractive than the superb Shrap-Book, as valuable as a faithful "transcript of tatheland."

MAJOR'S CABINET GALLERY. No. IV., Vol. II.

THIS is a quiet number. Its grace is a portrait of Mortimer by himself, admirably engraved, and two excellent sketches of character, by Allan Cunningham.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

ENGLAND.

THE proceedings of the Corporation Commissioners have caused much alarm to the members of corporations throughout England, from the anticipation that many instances of the misappropriation of funds, and many other malpractices of the corporators will be brought to light. A thorough investigation cannot, however, take place, without an Act of Parliament, several corporations having, under the advice of eminent legal authorities, refused to give any information whatever to the Commissioners. The Merchant Tailors' Company of London, have published a series of resolutions declaratory of their determination to resist the inquiry. They maintain, that the Crown cannot by virtue of the prerogative alone, compel any subject to make communications or disclosures on oath, or otherwise, except in the due course of the administration of justice; that the address or concurrence of one House of the Legislature only, can add nothing to the validity of the commission; for although the House of Commons may enforce, by means of its own privilege, the attendance of witnesses, and

the production of papers and records before its own committees of inquiry, yet it cannot arrogate such a power to the Crown; and then the known legal manner of inquiring into the misconduct of an incorporation is by information in the Court of King's Bench, which can only be granted on some special charge.

ASSESSED TAXES.

THE agitation on the subject of Assessed Taxes still continues in London, but has made little progress in other parts of the Kingdom. At a meeting in the parish of St. George's, Marston, Dr. Lushington, in explanation of his conduct in speaking against the House and Window Duties during his canvass, and afterwards resisting their repeal in Parliament, stated, that on apprising Lord Althorp of his intention to vote against these Taxes, Ministers declared that if the Assessed Taxes and the Malt Tax were repealed, a property-tax would become inevitable, and they must resign; and that, in such circumstances, he considered he was doing a service to his country by supporting Ministers. Seizures of goods for these taxes have been made in several parts of the

metropolis. In some instances the sheriffs have been deterred from making the seizures by the assemblage of large mobs, but in most instances they have been quietly permitted to obey their instructions.

CHURCH RATES.

THE resistance to Church Rates has become general throughout England. At a vestry meeting held at Idle, near Bradford, the following amendment to a motion for imposing a rate was unanimously carried:—"That it is contrary to the spirit of Christianity, to compel pecuniary payments to support what we conscientiously disapprove, and in the hope of a speedy legislative enactment for the destruction of Church Rates, that the consideration for laying on a Church rate be postponed to this day twelve months." Similar meetings have recently taken place at Coventry, and in Hertfordshire, with a like result.

THE DISSENTERS.

THE influence of the Dissenters has been greatly increased by the reform in the representation; and, as has already taken place in Scotland, additional power will be given them by the Corporation Reform. The Church Establishment cannot exist long in its present form. The Dissenters in the north-west of England are already on the alert, and memorials to Government are in the course of preparation, explaining their views. The points principally insisted in are, 1. The abolition of all exactions from Dissenters for the support of the Church. 2. Free admission to all the National Seminaries of Education. 3. Right of Marriage without the Church service, or the payment of fees to a clergyman. 4. The Right of Burial in parochial grounds, their own ministers officiating. 5. A General registration of Births. The Established Clergy are taking alarm at these movements on the part of the Dissenters, and have begun to form Church Unions, "to withstand all change which involves any denial or suppression of the doctrines of the Church of England—a departure from the primitive practice in religious offices, or innovations upon the apostolical prerogatives, order, and commission, of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons." The object of such Unions is obvious; it is to resist, by every possible means, any reformation in the Church, and more especially any diminution of the power, influence or revenues of the Clergy. The issue of the struggle cannot however long remain doubtful. The Dissenters have the right, and if they have not already, will soon have the might on their side. The very formation of Unions shows us, in a striking man-

ner, the consciousness entertained by the Established Clergy of their own weakness.

TRADES' UNIONS.

THE important benefits secured by the political unions during the struggle for reform, has turned the attention of all classes to the efficacy of associations, for the attainment of a common end. The operative classes, not only in Great Britain, but in several countries of the Continent, are rapidly forming themselves into unions for the protection of labour. Such unions have never hitherto had much effect in raising wages; and were their efforts confined, for a time at least, to attempts to obtain a repeal of the Corn Laws, and of the other restrictions against the importation of food, the operatives would, we believe, be much more benefited, than by endeavouring to keep up a rate of wages higher than the demand for labour, when contrasted with the numbers of the working population, renders natural. In all countries it has been found that as the population became more dense the rate of wages decreases. There has never been any need of unions to keep up wages in the newly planted Colonies; and no combination has been able to stop their diminution in old peopled States. In such States there is no other mode of ameliorating the condition of the working classes than by diminishing the price of provisions.

MR. T. B. MACAULAY has received an ample reward for his efforts in favour of the Whigs. He has been named an Indian Counsellor, with a salary of £10,000 a-year, and £12,000 for an outfit. What are the particular qualifications of this flash orator and smart essay-writer, for his new office, the public have not yet been able to discover. Mr. Leonard Horner, another well known Whig, has also been rewarded for his services, whatever they may be, by the office of Inspector of Factories for Scotland and the North of England, with a salary of £1,000 a-year.

EARL GREY.—RUMOURS have been in circulation during the month, of the resignation of his Lordship; but much difficulty has been experienced in finding a successor; and his Lordship, it is believed, will hold office for some time longer. Lord Brougham is said to be anxious that Earl Grey should retain the Premiership, until, by the separation of the Chancellor's judicial from his political functions, he is ready to accept the office himself. We hope that if Lord Brougham has any aspirations to the high office in question, he will adopt a more decided line of political conduct than he has for some time assumed, for he has

shown so much inclination of late for the *juste milieu* system, that he has rendered himself suspicious to his best friends.

IRELAND.

THE agitation of the questions of the abolition of Tithes, and the repeal of the Union, has broken out with renewed vigour; and it has been much increased by a false step taken by Government. Several months ago, Mr. Barrett, the editor of the *Dublin Pilot*, copied from the *True Sun*, a letter addressed by Mr. O'Connell, to the people of Ireland. He was afterwards prosecuted by Lord Anglesea's Government; but, by accident or design, there was no jury to try him, and the matter was generally believed to be at an end. The proceedings have, however, been revived. Mr. Barrett has been tried by a jury of twelve Protestants, and convicted. The jury recommended Mr. Barrett to mercy, and intimated their willingness to explain their reasons; but the judge, no doubt, suspecting that they would not be complimentary to the Government, refused to hear them. Eight counsel were arrayed on the part of Government against the accused; he was defended by Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Shiel, and three others. The letter containing the libellous matter was read at full length, and Mr. O'Connell had an opportunity, in defending Mr. Barrett, to enforce his arguments for a repeal of the Union, with all the latitude which the privileges of a court of law permits. Two or three reports of the trial have already been published, so that the letter, with an ample commentary, by its author, has obtained probably tenfold the circulation it originally possessed. Such are the common effects of Government prosecutions for libel.

There is something extremely mean and dastardly in this proceeding. The Government does not venture to attack Mr. O'Connell, the avowed author of the letter, nor the editor of the *True Sun*, the original publisher, but it attacks the *Dublin* newspaper, the only demerit of which was that it copied what had already obtained extensive circulation. Did the Government fear that O'Connell was too strong for them, and that they might be worsted in the struggle with him,—and that an English jury could not be prevailed on to convict? Are these the reasons, why an Irish jury of Protestants, and in all probability of Orangemen, is resorted to, to try a Catholic and a Repealer?

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—Owing to the failure of the potatoe crop, the distress in Munster and Connaught is very great. King's County, Kildare, and Kilkenny, notwithstanding the boasted operation of

the Coercion Act, present a scene of turbulence and violence, which threatens the very extinction of the law.

MR. O'CONNELL.—The trial of Mr. Barrett, and the renewed agitation of the Repeal Question, have been highly favourable for the collection of the Rent. Many parishes have subscribed a half more than they did last year. Never was there a more convincing proof of the popularity and influence of any man, than the subscription of the large sums which Mr. O'Connell has received from the Irish, year after year. In the very height of the triumph for the success of the Reform Bill, attempts were everywhere made to obtain subscriptions for the erection of a monument to Earl Grey, but these attempts turned out most wretched failures. How much more popular, then, must O'Connell be in Ireland than Earl Grey ever was in England.

SCOTLAND.

DUNDEE continues to support the character, as one of the most liberal, if indeed, it is not the most liberal, town in Scotland; and it has the happiness to possess, or rather has had the good sense to choose, a representative—Sir Henry Parvill—who is certainly not to be exceeded by any other Scotch member, for honesty of purpose, extent of information, and liberality of spirit. At a late dinner given by the constituency of Dundee to their member, some observations were made, which are worthy of being recorded. Sir Henry stated, that, in his opinion, had Ministers acted with more courage throughout the session, they would have managed matters with more success, and with more advantage to themselves and the public. They gave way too much to the apprehension of opposition in the House of Lords. They should have regarded the House of Lords as possessing a power which would not be submitted to in this country. If they had felt that the people would never suffer themselves to be governed by the House of Lords, they might, in the end, have secured the passing of their measures by the support of public opinion, and they might have brought the House of Lords to give way to what was the prevailing wish of the country. These just remarks were loudly cheered by the meeting.

CHURCH PATRONAGE.

The days of Church Patronage are numbered; and, if due exertions are used, the next session of Parliament must see it either entirely abolished or greatly modified, with a view to its speedy abolition. A meeting, numerously attended, of the Anti-patronage Society, was lately held in Edinburgh, to petition Parliament on the

subject. Mr. Sinclair, who was in the chair, blamed the conduct of the Ministry, and especially of the members for Edinburgh, who showed much supineness, or rather hostility, in relation to this cause. The truth is, that in this, as in other reforms, the Whigs are inclined to move as slowly forward, as the people will permit them; and it is not to the Ministry, but to their own exertions, the reformers must look for the removal of the abuses which abound in every department of the State.

CORN LAWS.

We are happy to announce, that an association has been formed in Edinburgh for the abolition of the Corn Laws, and that a similar association is forming at Glasgow.

THE ANNUITY-TAX.

The Clergy have ceased for a time from their persecutions; and, we trust, that before the lapse of six months, they will be deprived of the power of imprisoning their parishioners for payment of their stipends. A bill is preparing for uncollegiating such of those churches in Edinburgh as have at present two ministers. It is a matter of notoriety that these churches are the worst attended, and that the clergy who officiate in them perform the most negligently their duties, several of them residing, for the greater part of the year, at considerable distances from their parishes. The bill will therefore, not only give a considerable relief, by saving the expense of the maintenance of several clergymen; but in all probability render the Establishment in Edinburgh more efficacious.

THE SHAWL MANUFACTURE has greatly increased in Scotland of late years. It is calculated that there are at present 50,000 artisans employed in the manufacture of shawls, from the wool of the Cashmere or Thibet goat. The method of manufacturing the wool into yarn, is not however known in this country, and the whole of the yarn is consequently procured from France.

CENTENARY OF THE SECESSION.—

On the 10th December, a public dinner was held in Edinburgh, in celebration of the Centenary of the Secession. Upwards of 400 dissenters were present. The Rev. John Brown was in the chair, supported on the right by the Rev. Dr. Jamieson, and on the left, by the Rev. David Wardlaw. The assembly was the largest which had ever met on a similar occasion. All the speakers confidently anticipated a speedy abolition of the connexion between Church and State. On the 13th December, divine worship was performed in the Secession Churches in this city in commemoration of the same event.

FRANCE.

WE learn from a gentleman who has just returned from an extensive tour in France, that much discontent exists against the Government of Louis Philippe, and that his Majesty is almost as much detested as Charles X. was in 1830. It is, however, reported, not very consistently with the above statement, that the departmental elections have terminated in the choice of a large majority of the Government candidates, and that the Republicans have been generally defeated. The Liberals have eluded their time with regard to the interference of the French Government in the affairs of Spain. They were anxious that an army should be sent to assist the Queen; but they now see, that supporting her Majesty may be a very different matter from supporting a liberal Government; and therefore wish the interference confined to a loan of money. There is, however, no probability of the French Government taking any active part in the Spanish struggle.

SPAIN.

THE Queen's cause in Spain prospers. The Carlist insurrection in the North has met with a severe check. The Queen's troops entered Vittoria on the 22d, and Bilbao on the 26th of November. The Duke of Grenada, who has been styled the Generalissimo of the rebels, has retired into France. Merino, another leader, has been defeated by Sarrailh at Belarado; but it is not known whether he has retreated, though reports are in circulation that he has thrown himself between Burgos and Madrid. The conquerors have made a savage use of their success. The carnage among the Carlists has been great and indiscriminate.

M. Cruz, the Minister of War, has been dismissed, and M. Zuloaga del Valle, a decided Liberal, has been appointed to his place, *ad interim*. Sarrailh, having given dissatisfaction by his want of vigour against the rebels, has resigned the command of the army to General Valdez. Great efforts have been made by Count Florida Blanca, to obtain the removal of Zea Bermudez from office; but the firm support of M. Raynval, the French ambassador, keeps him secure. The *Madrid Gazette* of the 12th November, contains an official decree, declaring that the Queen Regent, being justly dissatisfied with the conduct of Don Miguel, in countenancing the pretensions of Don Carlos to the throne of Spain, has resolved to break off all connexion with him, and that she is engaging herself, in concert with the King of Great Britain, to bring about a reconciliation between the contending parties in Portugal. On the 6th November, M. Villiers formally presented his credentials

to the Queen Regent at Madrid. Of the liberty which the press enjoys under the present Government, we may judge from the fact, that the *Courier*, a liberal newspaper, having indulged in some jests on Zea Bermudez, was entirely suppressed, and the property of the editor confiscated, without any form of trial whatever.

PORTUGAL.

It was generally believed, that when Don Miguel was driven from his lines before Lisbon, and forced to retreat to Santarem, that the struggle was near a close. Don Pedro, however, neither appears to have the means of making an effectual attack on that fortress, nor of carrying on the war elsewhere with vigour. On the contrary, an attack was made on the 2d November, by a body of Miguelites, 1500 strong, under Colonel Lemos, on Alcacer de Sal, a small town near St. Ubes, garrisoned by 1100 Pedroites, and the latter were defeated, and totally dispersed. A great number of the Pedroites went over to the enemy, and the loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, was not less than 800 men. The Pedroites behaved in the most cowardly manner, large bodies of them throwing away their arms, and betaking themselves to flight without firing a shot. Miguel has lately increased his force, by 3000 men, drawn from the army before Oporto; and while Pedro makes no progress in the interior, Miguel has despatched troops into the Alentejo, with the intention, it is supposed, of attacking Faro and Lagos in the Algarve. The Miguelites are busy recruiting in England, and money does not seem to be wanting. Spain, France, and Britain have proffered their mediation for the settlement of the dispute, but little hopes of success are entertained.

ITALY.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the efforts of despotism, Italy, from time to time, shows symptoms of the revival of liberty. The King of Sardinia has shown himself a worthy disciple of the Three Powers, by persecuting every man within his dominions suspected of liberal opinions. Neither the essential rules of justice, nor the forms of law, have been observed in his tyrannical proceedings. But, notwithstanding the severity of his examples, it has been found impossible to maintain tranquillity. In consequence, Metternich has applied to the Duc de Broglie for permission to march into Piedmont a body of Austrian troops. But the Duke, acting with a spirit which we should rejoice to observe oftener distinguishing the French

councils, replied, that if the Austrians took possession of Piedmont, the French troops should instantly occupy Savoy and Nice. This reply has, for the present, checked the interference of Austria.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

THE Dutch Chambers are tired of the great expense occasioned by the maintenance of the huge military force, which Holland has kept on foot since the rupture with Belgium, and it is reported that 14,000 men are to be disbanded without delay. The difficulties respecting the relief of the garrison of Maestricht were attempted to be got over, by certain concessions regarding the navigation of the Meuse being made by the King of Holland; his Majesty, in return, being allowed to march a fresh garrison through the Belgian territory. It, however, appears, that the Belgian negotiators exceeded their powers, as the new Belgian constitution enacts, that "no foreign troops can be received into the service of the state, occupy or traverse the territory, except by virtue of a law." Affairs in Belgium proceed smoothly. The addresses to the King's speech were passed unanimously by both Chambers. The Austrian and Prussian ambassadors have reached Brussels. The latter is active in his endeavours to effect a commercial treaty, the real object of which is to exclude British manufactures from the Continent.

GERMANY.

THE influence of the Emperor of Russia is daily on the increase in Germany, and the machinations of the Congress at Munchengrätz begin to develop themselves. At that Congress, it was resolved to expel all Polish refugees from every part of the Continent, where the influence of the despot could reach. This resolution is now enforced; the unfortunate Poles are seized wherever they can be found, thrown into dungeons, or confined in fortresses, and shipped off by hundreds from Dantzic and Trieste to America and elsewhere. William the Reformer, King of Hanover, was the first to yield to the demands of Russia, by the surrender of the state papers of the Polish Diet; and the Kings of Bavaria and Saxony have since permitted the seizure of the refugees in their territories. The *Neckar Gazette*, which occasionally indulged in language offensive to the despots, has been suppressed by the Germanic Diet; the suppression having been suggested by the Emperor of Russia, and being intimated to the proprietors in the name of the Three Powers. Such is the despotism which, in the 19th century, exists in Germany.

TURKEY.

THE only piece of information from this quarter is, that the French and English squadrons have entered the Dardanelles, in spite of the recent treaty between Russia and Turkey. The Russian fleet in the Black Sea has been ordered to get ready for sea; but whither bound, or for what object, has not been ascertained. Fires still occasionally take place at Constantinople. They are supposed to be the work of incendiaries.

THE WEST INDIES.

FROM the accounts which have been received from the West Indian Colonies, it appears that little opposition is to be expected to the principle of the Slave Emancipation plan, though much difficulty will undoubtedly be found in carrying the details into operation. The House of Assembly at Jamaica has appointed a committee to report on the plan, and much hostility is anticipated towards the compensation clause. In Jamaica, Barbadoes, and the older colonies, a calculation of the value of the slaves *per capita* would be preferred; but this would be unfair towards the more recently settled colonies, whose slaves are more valuable.

The Government plan of apportioning the compensation according to the market price of slaves in each colony is, therefore, the most equitable.

The joint committee of both Houses of the Legislature of Antigua disapprove of the apprenticeship clause, and recommend unrestricted emancipation in 1834. They state that, even under the present system of coercion, the provisions reaped by the labour of the slaves seldom supply more than one-half of their consumption; and that the restricted labour of forty-five hours per week, proposed under the scheme of apprenticeship, would, therefore, neither secure food, nor yield a sufficient return of produce to the proprietor to enable him to procure it. They also consider the distinction regarding the time of servitude of the *prædial* and *non-prædial* slaves calculated to excite a jealousy between these different classes. The apprenticeship clause is not received with much favour by the slaves themselves, who would be much better satisfied with an immediate arrangement to receive wages. The slaves do not appear to be so much elated as was generally expected, with the approaching change in their condition.

TRADE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, &c.

WE are happy to observe that Mr. Poulett Thomson has taken advantage of the leisure afforded him by the vacation of Parliament, to proceed with the negotiations with France, for the removal of the restrictions which impede the commercial intercourse of Great Britain with that country. The French minister of commerce, has announced his intention of submitting to the Chamber of Deputies, a new tariff of duties, in which many very material concessions to the mercantile interest generally, and particularly to the merchants of this country will be made. Much opposition on the part of the French iron masters is feared; the duties on British iron, amounting at present to 120 per cent. The French manufacturers and merchants in general are, however, much inclined for a closer commercial intercourse with Britain, than they have hitherto enjoyed. They appear now to be fully convinced, that commercial restrictions, instead of being advantageous, are ruinous to the country which imposes them, and consequently the present time is highly propitious to the attempt to carry through a commercial treaty.

The evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to investigate the state of our Shipping, Commerce, and Manufactures, presents a

singular contrast with that taken before the Committee on Agriculture. In the latter, we read of nothing but distress, misery, and ruin; in the former, all is prosperity, security, and confidence. In the north and west of England, trade and manufactures were never carried to such an extent; in Liverpool whole streets are building; in the country, new villages and factories are everywhere springing up. At Glasgow, the cotton trade is extending rapidly, and great activity prevails in all its branches. The silk trade has made prodigious strides within the last ten years. In 1820, we exported manufactured silks to the value of £371,775; in 1830, the exports amounted to £521,000. The iron trade, which has been in a state of depression for many years, has participated in the general improvement. It appears, from the evidence of the bankers examined, that bills were at no former period more regularly paid. The trading intelligence of the country is much increased since 1825. The disastrous speculations of that year have taught a lesson which will not soon be forgotten. Trade is now very much carried on in ready money; the credits given are shorter, and speculation has, in a great measure, ceased. Profits are low; but as there is comparatively little risk, trade is

in as healthy a state as ever it has been. The evidence as to the condition of the operatives is contradictory. Some of the witnesses assert that they are better off than during the war, because their wages have fallen less than the price of provisions; others, that they are worse off, much less animal food being consumed by them now than formerly, and many now receive parochial relief, who formerly paid poor-rates. Shipping is greatly depressed, and freights are too low to yield profit to any, except those who have lately purchased or built ships. But, although, ships have fallen greatly in value, because the materials for ship building do not cost nearly so much as they did some years ago, the shipping is a fair trade for one to enter into who commences it at present. The retail shopkeepers, there is every reason to believe, are however, in a depressed situation. None of them were examined, unfortunately, and the evidence as to their situation is consequently very defective. On the whole, we conclude, that trade of all kinds, where large capitals are invested, may be carried on with a small profit, provided much industry and attention are employed, but that small traders are going on with difficulty.

The high price of cotton wool induced many of the cotton manufacturers in the West of England, for some weeks, to work only half time; but the price of cotton having fallen considerably, the factories are again working full time. Hand loom weavers, though fully employed, cannot earn more on the average than 5s. 6d. per week. At Preston, in consequence of yarns having settled down to the prices paid previously to the late speculations, plain goods are dull of sale, but checks are in great request. The exports of cotton goods have, during the last three or four months, declined from 20 to 25 per cent., in consequence of the rise in price. Sheep's wool still maintains its high price, and the cloth trade has in consequence been rather dull. The exportation of machinery for finishing woollens, has of late been carried on to a considerable extent.

Owing to the advance of the price of raw silk, not less than 20 per cent since July—the silk weaving and dying round Manchester is depressed. The hating business in the West of England is also dull. At Sheffield, trade is generally brisk, and the exports have been greater this year than last. The glove trade partakes of the activity which generally prevails. Foreign skins of some descriptions have advanced from L.7 to L.10, per 100.

IRON still maintains its price, and a trifling advance on pig iron, has in some instances been obtained. The average prices at the works are,—Forge Pig, L.4, 17s. 6d. per ton; Common Bars L.8; Common Rods, L.8, 5s.; Hoops, L.9; Singles, L.9, 10s.

AGRICULTURE.

THE question of the Corn Laws will, we have little doubt, be discussed at an early period of the ensuing session of Parliament. The people are becoming more and more difficult to convince that it is for their interest to pay a high price for their food, and a material relaxation of the restrictions against importation cannot much longer be denied. Ministers, we are told, are not prepared to make any material alterations on the Corn Laws. They fear, it is said, the preponderating influence of the landed interest in Parliament, and we verily believe that, in this, as in other instances, they will do no more good than they can possibly avoid. The restrictions on the import of foreign corn, cattle, and food of all kinds, will remain in force, until the inhabitants of the towns exert themselves for their removal. Associations against the Corn Laws should be formed in every city, town, and village, throughout the country, to demand the repeal of the taxes on food, in reiterated petitions to Parliament. The landed interest are banded together, and hold the Government of the country under control. No Ministry dare openly thwart them. That interest is in the undisputed possession of one of the branches of the Legislature, and commands the great majority of another. By means of agricultural societies the influence of the proprietors is made to operate on the tenantry, who, in their turn, influence their labourers, and in this manner nearly one-third of the population of the kingdom, is prevailed on to give their support to the limiting of the importation of foreign food. That such limitation is as injurious to the tenantry, and to the agricultural labourers, as it is to every other class of the community, with the single exception of the proprietors of land, it requires no great sagacity to perceive, yet it is only the most enlightened part of the tenantry that are yet able to see that dear bread is not permanently for their advantage. Without great effort, therefore, the abolition of the Corn Laws need not be expected; and it will, in all probability, require the labours of several sessions to attain that desirable object.

Meanwhile, it is pleasing to observe that means have been devised to evade the Corn Laws. Forty thousand quarters of wheat have lately arrived at Montreal

from Archangel. This wheat will, no doubt, be again shipped from Montreal to Britain, as the produce of Canada, and thus, instead of paying the present enormous duty of 36s. 9d. per quarter, exacted on foreign wheat, it will be admitted in payment of the colonial duty of 5s. per quarter. It appears that the same operation has, during the summer, been carried on to a considerable extent, at Liverpool, with bonded grain. Wheat may be carried from Great Britain to Canada and back again for 11s. 6d. per quarter, all expenses included; and as the difference of the duty is about 30s. an ample profit may be realized. It has been suggested that bake-houses might be established on the French and Dutch coasts to export bread to Britain. The bread might, by means of steam-boats, be brought over before it had time to cool; and as the difference in the price of the flour in Britain and the Continent is very considerable, and the duty on bread imported is only 20 per cent., the speculation would, we have little doubt, turn out very profitable. But it is not the mere abolition of the Corn Laws which should satisfy the industrious and moneyed classes. They should insist for the repeal of the laws which prohibit the importation of cattle and sheep from the Continent. Were this prohibition removed, the price of butcher meat would fall very considerably. During the whole of this summer, great numbers of cattle and sheep have been sent from Edinburgh and Aberdeen to the London market, and until lately considerable profits have been realized by the traffic. Cattle and sheep could be purchased at a much lower rate on the Continent than in Scotland; and the voyage would not, on the average, occupy more than one-fifth of the time of those we have mentioned. But to obtain cheap bread and cheap meat, agitation and continual discussion must be resorted to. The subject must never be allowed to rest; and among the most efficient means for getting justice, we recommend the formation of Anti-Bread Tax Associations.

The weather has been favourable for the sowing of wheat, which is everywhere well planted, and shows a vigorous blade. Although the turnip crop has improved, it is still below an average, the deficiency arising not so much from a want of plants as from the smallness of the pulbs. Turnips have consequently risen greatly in price during the last two months, as it was not until the crop began to be consumed that the real extent of the deficiency was seen. Young clover, which, at the cutting of

the crop looked thin, has now a promising appearance. The potatoe crop is generally deficient in quantity, though excellent in quality. In East Lothian, it has been calculated that the crop will not average 30 old bolls per acre, each boll weighing four cwt. In England and Ireland there are also many complaints of the deficiency of the crop. The drowth in the south-eastern parts of Scotland has been almost unprecedented this autumn. Great difficulty in thrashing out their crops has been experienced by farmers who leave water mills, from want of water; and until the beginning of November, stiff soils could hardly be ploughed, from the same cause.

The wheat crop turns out remarkably well on the barn-floor. In quantity it reaches a full average crop, notwithstanding the deficiency of straw and the thinness of its appearance on the ground. Its quantity in Scotland is superior to any crop we have had for the last seven years. Bailey is very various in quality: some remarkably fine samples are to be seen, while in others there are to be found many unripe pickles, from the seed having branched unequally. In England, a great proportion of the crop is steely, and does not grow equally on the malting floor. The barley crop is rather under an average in quantity, and the same is true of the oat crop. Markets have of late been dull and declining, and the fall of price has lately been considerable. Beans form the only exception to this remark. They have been rising of late; as it is now ascertained that the deficiency in that crop is considerable.

CATTLE MARKETS.

The price of cattle still looks upwards. At Hallow Fair held at Edinburgh on the 12th November, there was about an average show of highland cattle. They sold from 10 to 20 per cent. above the prices of last year, and considerably above the Falkirk and Doune markets. All sorts of cattle were readily sold, particularly small Highlanders. The prices were as follows:—Best lots of Angus and Aberdeenshire four-year-olds, from L.10, 10s. to L.14, 14s.; three-year-olds, L.9 to L.12. Three-year-old Highland stots, L.8 to L.10, 10s.; two-year-olds, L.5 to L.8. Three-year-old queys, L.5 to L.7, 7s.; two-year-olds, L.4 to L.5, 10s.

SHEEP.—At Winchester Fair, on the 30th October, nearly 25,000 sheep were penned. The sale was dull, and prices lower than at the preceding fairs. Ewes brought from 28s. to 40s.; lambs 18s. to 28s.; wethers 30s. to 42s.

